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THREE DAY LOAN

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GROUND GRIP
TRACTOR TIRE

**THE TIRES THAT
PULL BETTER LONGER**

IMPLEMENT TIRE

HIGH-SPEED TRUCK TIRE

DELUXE CHAMPION
PASSENGER CAR TIRE



FIRESTONE PUT THE FARM ON RUBBER

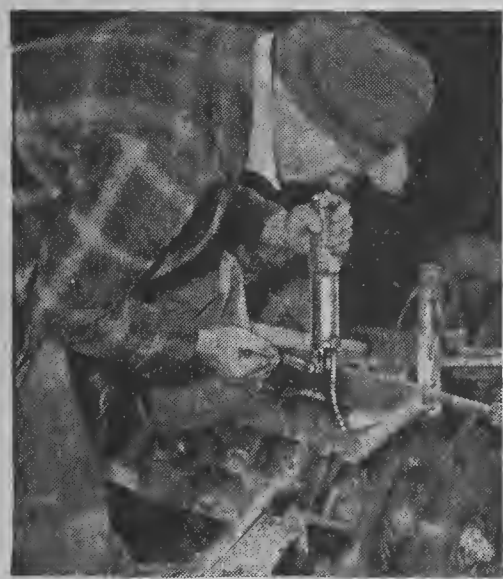
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WHAT'S BEHIND THE TAX AGREEMENTS?

EIGHTY years ago, come the First of July, the British North America Act was proclaimed. It had been designed by the Fathers of Confederation and approved by the mother of parliaments. But foreign events had influenced its form and substance. When Canadian statesmen were forging its provisions the Americans had just emerged from bloody fratricidal strife. Their constitution provided for a federation of sovereign states and the Southerners believed that a sovereign state had the constitutional right to withdraw from the Union. Several of them did so and formed the Confederacy. Lincoln's greatest concept was expressed in the five simple words, "The Union must be preserved." It was preserved, but at what a cost!

Now the Federating Fathers, before whose very eyes this sanguinary object lesson had been enacted, sought to avoid forming a Dominion of Canada in which one part might think it had the right to a quit claim in case it got heated up over a sectional difference. And so they planned a confederation in which the sovereign power was centralized in the national parliament. They even went so far as to give parliament the power to disallow provincial legislation.

Some still cling to the compact or treaty theory of confederation, though the handhold is pretty slippery. The Fathers themselves seem to have been blissfully unconscious of any such idea, which apparently occurred to some bright mind at a later date. According to this theory the four provinces, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, each a sovereign state, put their heads together and set up a federation to which they delegated certain of their own powers.

One snag the compact theory runs into is that at that time there was no Ontario or Quebec. Since 1840 they had together been known as the Province of Canada. The provinces which came in later made no agreement with those already in, but with the Dominion only, while the last two, Saskatchewan and Alberta, were created by the Autonomy Acts, with slight consideration by the Laurier government for Haultain and his associates who made up the old Territorial Government. I once heard Walter Scott, the first premier of Saskatchewan, declare that as a member of the House of Commons he had favored making two provinces instead of three out of the prairie region. Apparently the central government wouldn't listen even to him.

The titular head of a province is the lieutenant-governor, who opens each session of a provincial legislature with a speech from the throne in which he frequently refers to "my government." And who appoints him? It is the federal government.

Important amendments have been made to the B.N.A. Act since confederation without referring them to the provinces. That important instrument makes no mention of the retention of sovereignty by the provinces. The Fathers didn't make Canada a unitary state, with one central government, though they considered such a proposal. They provided that for local purposes provincial governments should be maintained or set up but they prescribed and defined and limited the powers of these local governments and their decisions were written into the B.N.A. Act, which created the Dominion of Canada. The compact theory, that each province is a sovereign entity, rolls out pretty thin, doesn't it?

THOUGH the Fathers were discerning men their discernment halted this side of prophecy. It would have placed a strain on the inspiration of the most gifted of prophets to have foretold the changes which have taken place since 1867. Confederation was

achieved not so long ago. Scores of Canadians remember it. But in terms of change 1867 was further removed from 1947 than it was from 1066. That is not saying that the people were not happier in 1867 than at either of the other dates. And since human weal is at the bottom of most of this Dominion-provincial woe we have been experiencing, it might be well to enlarge a bit just here.

It is the fashion with those who can't remember it to be snippy about the Victorian Age. Those who are old enough to have recollections of it may be pardoned if their recollections are a bit nostalgic at times. Don't be too critical of the old boy who said, "Durin' my life I have seen a lot o' changes and I'm agin every one of them." With the exception of advances in medicine there is something to be said for his point of view. The same idea was expressed, in more classical language, by J. M. Barrie in his rectoral address at St. Andrew's University in 1922 when he said, "Don't forget to speak scornfully of the Victorian Age; there will be time for meekness when you try to better it."

Those were the days of the simple life and its simplicity was simplified in the pioneer life of Canada. The most important economic fact in Upper and Lower Canada was the family farm with two cradles, one to rock the baby and the other to cut the grain. One was never empty and the other never rusty. The Maritimes were breeding iron men to sail the wooden ships they beat the world in building. Manitoba was still the Red River Settlement and from there to the mountains the country was a buffalo pasture with buffalo pasturing on it. True, they didn't have to go by way of Cape Horn to get to the primitive settlements which are now British Columbia. There was a short cut by rail through the United States and up the Pacific Coast.

Nearly everyone worked with their hands, also their arms, legs and back, though the three learned professions seem to have been readily accessible. I don't

R. D. COLQUETTE

Tells in plain language why Messrs. Drew and Duplessis and the Eastern press appear to be scandalized at what they politely call centralization

know what a preacher had to go through to become one but he came out loaded with straight old-fashioned theology, which was what he went in for. To become a doctor a man taught school for a year or two, and then spent three years in a medical school, with no pre-med. course or internship to worry about. No wonder the morning devotions sometimes included petitions for the preservation of the family's health. Stephen Leacock tells in one of his books how a young fellow became a lawyer in those days. He read law for two summers, worked in a sawmill for two winters and then hung

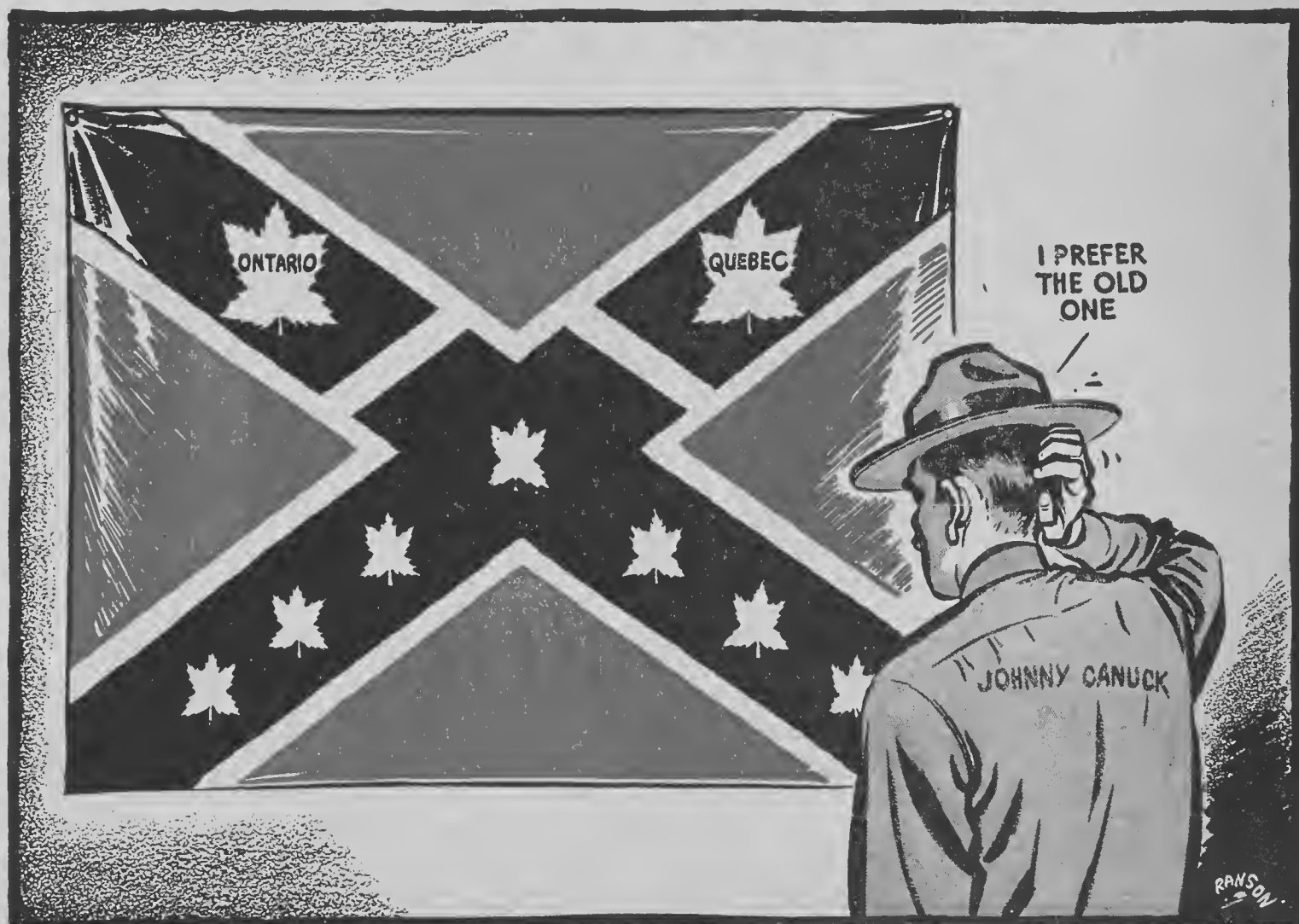
out his shingle. At the age at which his great-grandson graduates from a law school he would have his practice established, his home paid for, his family half raised and would probably have an M.P. to his name.

PUBLIC works! When they wanted a bridge they built it across the river. They dug in a few posts, hewed a few stringers and laid them, covered the stringers with planks that cost \$5.00 or less per thousand board feet at the local sawmill and it got them over the river, which is all they asked a bridge to do. Nowadays they don't build a bridge across the river, they build it across the valley. That multiplies the cost by four figures but then it is an integral part of a highway that costs more per mile to build than a railway. Public buildings! Good carpenters, masons and plasterers worked a ten-hour day and sang at their work for less money than they now get per hour and talk of striking for more.

Education! The log school house, put up at a bee with logs costing nothing apiece had probably cost £15 or £20, Halifax currency, when completed, and the teacher ate around among the farmers to keep his salary down.

Public welfare! About the only public institutions were the land office, the courthouse and the jail. There was no unemployment; everybody was busy—they had to be to keep from starving. Sick people were sick at home and the neighbors took turns in nursing them. If the head of the family died, the neighbors put in the crop or took it off—a fine practice which has not completely disappeared. A son, generally the youngest, got the farm, partly to compensate him for wages he had never received and

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Jack Canuck rejects the new flag design.

EVERY agricultural agency in Canada, from the ministry down, has spent the winter discussing the steps necessary to increase hog production in Canada to enable this country to meet its commitments to Britain. The Dominion-provincial conference at Ottawa in December set out the facts. The annual meeting of the Federation of Agriculture in Winnipeg in January examined all the alternative measures by which the desired increases in bacon and barley production could be assured. Following the Winnipeg meeting the Federation of Agriculture made the following recommendation to the Minister of Agriculture:

"Since feed requirements at the present time threaten to exceed feed supplies which are in sight, any increase in hog production must be accompanied by a corresponding increase in barley production.

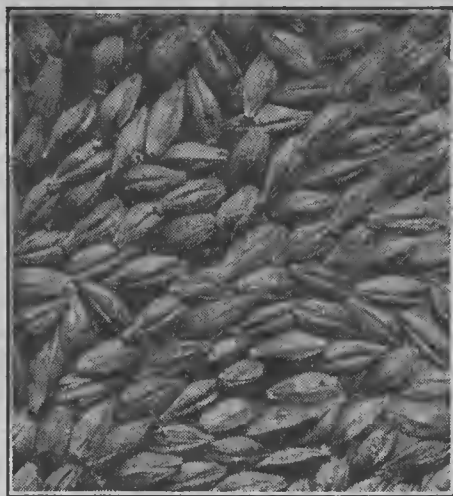
"As the greater part of extra barley production will become practically a responsibility of the prairie provinces, it is reasonable to assume that the acreage return from barley will need to bear some close relationship to the acreage for wheat. Some have contended that the desired result would be best obtained by a substantial increase in barley prices. Undoubtedly increased prices would get increased production, but such a policy would encourage growers on the prairies to market their barley rather than feed it to hogs. An increase in barley prices would also have the effect of cutting down hog production in eastern Canada where a good deal of western barley has to be purchased. It is logical, therefore, to conclude that if possible barley producers should be given increased returns which would stimulate increased acreage without raising prices.

"It seems to us that for the time being the best course to pursue would be that of paying an acreage bonus to induce diversion of other crop acres to barley. We submit that an acreage payment should be at least \$5 an acre. While it is not suggested that such acreage payments should apply outside the prairie provinces, delegates from other provinces readily agreed to support the \$5 an acre payment for barley in the prairie provinces, provided that the freight assistance policy to the eastern provinces and British Columbia would be continued.

"It is understood that if this acreage payment plan were adopted, the 15 cents per bushel equalization fee would be discontinued. This equalization fee has been, and is, a disturbing factor in the mind of the man who grows barley for feeding on his own farm. Its elimination, provided it is adequately compensated for in some manner such as the acreage payment, would indeed be a great relief to livestock producers and the satisfaction its elimination would give would undoubtedly react favorably towards increased production."

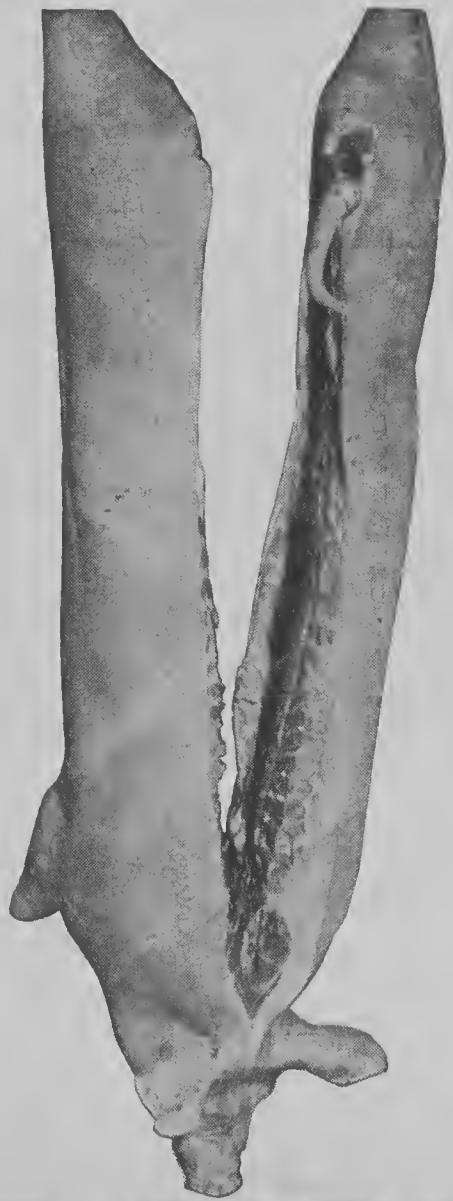
THUS spoke the farmers' national organization on February 28, 1947. On March 17, the Minister of Agriculture, Hon. J. G. Gardiner, announced his own policy which cuts straight across the one recommended by the federation. Its important provisions are contained in the two following paragraphs.

1. Effective March 18, the system of advance equalization payments will be discontinued and the Canadian Wheat Board will stand ready to buy all oats and barley offered to it at new support prices. In the case of barley these prices will be based on 90 cents for No. 1 feed barley, in place of the former support price of 56 cents, in store Fort William-Port Arthur, and other grades at appropriate differentials to be fixed from time to time by the Wheat Board. In the case of oats, the new support prices will be



BARLEY *and* HOGS

In December the Dominion Department of Agriculture called for more barley and more hogs. After the policy announcement of March 17 the choice for western farmers seems to be barley or hogs



based on 61½ cents for No. 1 feed oats, in place of the former support price of 40 cents, in store Fort William-Port Arthur, and other grades at appropriate differentials to be fixed from time to time by the Wheat Board. These support prices will remain in effect until July 31, 1948.

2. At the same time price ceilings for all grades will be raised, in the case of barley to 93 cents and in the case of oats to 65 cents, basis in store Fort William-Port Arthur, or Vancouver. The ceiling prices correspond with the support prices for the highest grades of barley and oats.

After the appearance of this announcement in the daily press, The Country Guide applied to a selected list of stockmen for an opinion as to the effect which the new policy would have on western agriculture. The basis of selection of the men whose opinion was asked was widely acknowledged pre-eminence as a grower of livestock. Unfortunately not much time intervened between the despatch of the letters from The Guide office and the closing date of this issue, and due to the poor condition of roads in many areas replies have not yet been received from all whose opinion was requested. All those letters received as we go to press, have, however, been reprinted herewith, saving one writer, not at variance with the others, who does not wish his identity disclosed.

The most striking feature of this correspondence is the unanimity with which the writers agree that the new coarse grains policy will mean the decline of the hog business in the West.

* * *

Wembley, Alta.

THE increase in prices of oats and barley recently announced, bringing them more into line with wheat prices, will undoubtedly increase acreage seeded to these grains. The effect on hog production in Alberta will not be good. Cash returns to the farmer from hogs, as compared to those from grain, will now be back where they were before the four-cent increase on hogs was announced. Unless ceiling prices on livestock products are raised proportionately and at once, a decline in livestock production, especially hogs will continue in western Canada.

H. W. ALLEN,

Director, Alberta Livestock Co-op.

* * *

Morrin, Alta.

THE regulations as announced constitute rank discrimination. If it is desirable to increase the production of hogs, the subsidy should not have been placed on barley, but on hogs. More profitable hogs would have assured the production of the necessary feed.

ARTHUR GRENVILLE.

* * *

Carman, Man.

I CANNOT express my reaction in the 100 words stipulated by The Guide. If I did I would give vent to unprintable language which I seldom use. Upon the appearance of the announcement I immediately wired a protest to our Dominion member. No reply yet.

I can see no reason for this extreme raise in the price of either oats, barley or flax as it will be sure to upset the plans made by a large majority of farmers on the eve of seeding operations. I have been in the livestock business all my life and have taken the ups and the downs as they came, but to me this is one of the worst moves that has ever been foisted on the farmers of western Canada. We can to some extent adjust ourselves to the changes brought about by weather and the other unforeseen happenings. But when a government steps in and makes a drastic change like this, can you blame the average farmer for being an in and outer?

We have at present 149 registered hogs and four sows still to farrow. We

have been buying some feeder cattle. But now we know from years of experience that you cannot gamble with livestock with the prices of feed grains as they now stand. I have made arrangements for renting pasture for 50 to 60 head of cattle for feeding as soon as they were available. I shall now have to cancel those plans. I shall let my neighbors grow the oats and barley I need for feed, knowing beforehand that the best grain will be shipped out and only the dirty stuff offered for local purchase, and we shall import every weed in the district on to our own farm.

Now as to some of our neighbors. I have discussed this policy with four whom I regard as having the most reliable judgment. Between them they now have 24 bred sows, 19 of which will go immediately to market. About 80 people, including 22 calf club members discussed this policy, as well as other business at the Boyne School on March 21. Opinion seemed equally divided as to whether the policy would succeed in its elementary endeavor to increase the coarse grains acreage in this district. My son Alfred and I think this is the worst blow the livestock growers in the West have received for many years.

JOHN STRACHAN.

* * *

Deleau, Man.

THERE is every reason to believe that the new barley price as announced from Ottawa recently will have the effect of further reducing hog production on the prairies. It will perhaps stimulate barley production to quite a degree, which in turn may result in greater hog production in eastern Canada. However, any policy which tends to reduce livestock production on the prairies militates against the permanency of western agriculture. We cannot but feel, therefore, that this is a policy of discrimination, and as such deserves our condemnation.

If greater hog production is what our government wants, why not pay the producers adequately for that product, and have its production increased in both eastern and western Canada?

L. V. ROBSON,

President, Canadian Hereford Breeders' Association.

* * *

Wetaskiwin, Alta.

THE regulations as announced in the press are entirely favorable to the feeder who buys his grain, and handicaps the stockman who grows his own feed. I am in somewhat of a middle position as I grow part of my feed requirements but also buy some. I shall now have to decide whether I shouldn't grow more wheat and no barley. It may be possible to feed 93-cent barley to pigs and get by, but the profit will be so small that it won't attract many people. And certainly I cannot feed 93-cent barley in competition with the eastern feeder who buys it for 25 cents less, plus nominal handling charges, and who is closer to export bacon markets.

ROY BALLHORN,

Director, Canadian Aberdeen-Angus Association.

* * *

Stavelly, Alta.

THE regulations as they now stand are unfair to the man who grows his own feed. The situation at present makes it possible for farmers on adjoining premises to feed, in one case, purchased barley for which he has paid the market price less the 25-cent subsidy, while his neighbor, who grows his own coarse grains is obliged to feed grain for which he could have got the market price. In effect, one man's feed costs him 25 cents more than his neighbor, just because the first man heeded the government's advice to grow less wheat and more barley.

If a subsidy must be paid to get the

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FOR three happy days Danny wandered about the amphitheatre, whenever Robert Fraley was absent, stopping at Red's bench, and when Fraley was present drifting about to study with fascinated eyes the many marvels that offered.

He saw dogs the like of which he had never dreamed before: mosquito - like chihuahuas,

three of which would not equal the weight of one big Wintapi snowshoe rabbit; lumbering St. Bernards, good-natured beasts that might have swallowed the chihuahuas whole; stately Irish wolfhounds, that he studied carefully with a view to getting one for hunting bears; clean-limbed hounds that shamed his father's varmint dogs; greyhounds, made of whipcord and steel; collies too beautiful for words; dachshunds; beagles, poodles, bassets, spaniels, and from each he learned a little more of the fascinating story of dogdom. He saw Red go up to compete with the winning Irish setters of all classes and get the purple ribbon for the best of dogs. Then he watched him compete with the winning bitch, a vivacious little vixen of a setter almost as perfect as himself, and win the blue and white ribbon of the best of breed. Danny was present when Red missed by a hairs-breadth being the best in show, and started happily home with Mr. Haggin to dream of the great days through which he had lived. Red hadn't won all the honors, but he had won enough. He was an official champion.

Danny relaxed in the back seat of Mr. Haggin's limousine, watching New York. It was a fascinating new world, and one that he must see again. When he had learned enough to handle Mr. Haggin's dogs at these shows . . . The picture faded slowly, and in its place Danny saw Smokey Creek, above the bridge where it curled black against the beech roots and carved out deep little recesses in which the trout hid. He saw the last rays of the setting sun painting Stoney Lonesome bright gold, and thought of thunderheads gathering over Smokey Mountain. New York was right nice, but the job he had come there to help do was done and there was another waiting back in the Wintapi. Ross would be planning his trap-lines, and needed help. Red, who certainly was going to be a hunter as well as a show dog, would have to be getting into the beech woods and learning more about the ways of the various creatures that lived there.

Danny leaned a little farther back in the seat, suddenly anxious. Mr. Haggin folded the newspaper he had been reading and laid it on the seat beside him. For a moment they rode in silence. Then Mr. Haggin said a little wearily.

"The show's over, Danny, and we did what we set out to do."

"Yes, sir."

"Boy's an official champion now."

"Yes, sir."

MR. Haggin looked curiously at him. "What's the matter Danny?"

"I was thinkin'," Danny said bluntly. "That little bitch that went up with Red for best of winners, she was just a mite too close in the ribs and short in lung space. But you know what? If we ever had a



Illustrated by
CLARENCE TILLENIOUS

The big show in the city over, Danny sets himself to the task of training a dog in the ways of the woods and comes close to losing Red in this second serial instalment

BIG

PART II

by

JIM KJELGAARD

bitch as good as that, and Red, the get of two such dogs . . ." Danny paused as though it was hard to imagine such a thing. "The get of two such dogs would be almost sure to have another pup as good as Red. Maybe better."

Mr. Haggin said, "There isn't enough money to buy that bitch from Dr. Dan MacGruder."

"I was only thinkin', sir," Danny sighed wistfully.

They rode in silence for a few more blocks, while Mr. Haggin stared out of the window. He had set his heart on Red's being best of breed, and winning that had been so important that it supplanted everything else. Then Red had won, and after glorying in that triumph Mr. Haggin, like Danny, was thinking of better dogs and better things.

"How far is it to the Wintapi?" Danny asked suddenly.

"About three hundred miles."

"Oh," said Danny. "I didn't think . . ."

"Of course," Mr. Haggin said easily, "Bob will want to stay here a few days to do the town, and maybe we won't go back for another week. Naturally you can stay if you want to. But I've been thinking that a newly made champion like Boy needs a lot of space to run around, and get in shape for his next show. So if you want to take him home by train tonight, I can give you your first month's wages and you can both go."

"You mean right away?"

"Strictly a business proposition," Mr. Haggin assured him. "And I'm glad that you see eye to eye with me on it. The first job of a dog handler is to look after his dog."

"I'll look after Red!" Danny breathed. "He'll get the best care and mindin'. Do you think I could make him into a huntin' dog?"

"Of course. I think it'd be good for him. But you understand now why it's very important for him not to be disfigured."

Danny's face was troubled. "I already told you that if you got him in the Wintapi, he might meet a varmint and get chewed or clawed."

"I understand that, Danny, and am willing to take

"It's a big cat varmint," Ross told Danny. "A big lynx or catamount."

a chance. But I don't want it to happen unnecessarily. I'll be seeing him around, of course, while I'm still in the Wintapi. After I leave I'll expect a monthly report from you."

"I can just as easy report every day."

"That won't be necessary." Mr. Haggin's eyes twinkled. He spoke softly to the chauffeur, and the big car drew up before a lighted drug store. Mr. Haggin entered the store, and when he came back the chauffeur took a circuitous route home. They got out, and Mr. Haggin rang the bell. There was a moment's pause, a scuffling inside, and as soon as the door was opened Red flung himself into Danny's arms. The flushed and apologetic butler stood just inside the door.

"The dog arrived only a few minutes ago," he explained. "I just could not control him."

"That's all right."

Mr. Haggin entered the house. The ecstatic Red, keeping as close to Danny as he could get, padded over the floor and every few seconds flung his head up to lick Danny's hands. He threw himself down by Danny's chair, stretched out his head, and sighed contentedly as the two ate dinner. Danny finished eating, then spoke hesitatingly.

"If there's any way you want to check up on how I'm takin' care of him . . ."

MR. Haggin looked at Danny, and at the happy dog. "I've already checked," he said. He looked at his watch. "I don't want to hurry you, Danny, but you can get a train in half an hour."

"Yes, sir. I'm ready."

"Leave your bag here and I'll bring it through with me. You won't be needing it, will you?"

"No, sir," Danny smiled. "Not in the Wintapi."

"All right. Let's go."

Red climbed into the car and got up on the seat to lay his head on Danny's lap as they drove down to the station. Mr. Haggin bought tickets, and pressed

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THE BOYS WILL TINKER

KERRY WOOD

tells of some farm inventors

THE farmer has to be a jack-of-all-trades to cope successfully with the daily diversity of tasks confronting him, and many a farmer has "invented" labor-saving gadgets to take the time and drudgery out of chores.

Farm gates, for example, show a wide variety of ingenious wire-tightening ideas easy on the muscle. Watering troughs also come in for their share of individual tinkering, and many a tank has a home-made heating unit to take the chill off the water on winter mornings. Hay and grain loaders have been improved or changed to suit the farmer's own problems concerning such tasks. Even Bessie, the family milk cow, frequently carries a home-constructed contraption around her ornery neck to prevent her raiding the farm garden. No other Canadian industry has produced so many inventions as farming, and the new ideas have invariably come from the farmers themselves.

Most of the time farmers are content to design handy gadgets for their own use and convenience, never bothering their heads about getting the notions manufactured as new inventions. But now and then a man turns out something really outstanding, then his family or his neighbors urge the home-inventor to get a patent and start selling the device to others. Many a fortune has been made from farm inventions.

AS an example of a worthwhile invention, consider the case of the Mathews Brothers of Eckville, Alberta. While working on their parents' farm as young lads, August and Elmer Mathews produced many labor-saving devices. Both were mechanically inclined, turning their talents to practical application to make farm work easier. During the depression they wanted to add to their buildings without spending money for materials, so constructed their own sawing, planing and edging machines from scrap parts and thus were able to mill their own lumber.

One winter they made a movie projector; this machine proved so successful that they rented regular films and entertained their neighbors with movie-shows, finally operating a small commercial circuit near home. Always tinkering, the Mathews Brothers, and during the course of that tinkering they often wished they had a welding outfit to help them do a better job of cutting and fusing metals. Thus was born the idea of making a welding torch suitable for farmers.

Eight years they worked on the torch. August Mathews had a revolutionary new idea: a torch which would operate from fluid gasoline and air. Finally the brothers got a working model made, then set about testing and improving it. Realizing that they had something of commercial value, they had the torch plans patented and began to gather materials with which to turn out torches in quantity numbers. Elmer Mathews designed and made the

scores of tools necessary to manufacture the various parts, while August perfected the apparatus and handled the business details.

The Mathews Fluid-Gas Torch is an amazingly versatile tool: it will fuse anything from the finest jewelry to the heaviest plow share. It is extremely light in the hand, easily carried from machine-shop to field to make implement repairs right on the spot. The writer watched August Mathews cut through a piece of steel measuring three inches wide by half an inch thick in the amazing time of fourteen seconds, then saw him pin-point the controllable heat to draw out a thin thread of hard white metal and literally write his initials "in the air" by clever use of torch and thread.

Now the Mathews Brothers are no longer farming. Three months ago they started a factory at Red Deer, Alberta, to manufacture torches for the farm trade. Their "factory" consists of a few benches in the back of an implement shop, but anyone who sees their backlog of orders can safely predict the time when this business is going to be a really sizable concern. Proof of the wide-spread need for such a torch came in a deluge of letters from farmers in all parts of Canada and from farmers and small manufacturing plants in Australia, British East Africa, Burma, Turkey, India, Mexico, Brazil, and Argentina. August and Elmer Mathews are a couple of farmer-inventors who are going places!

AN off-trail invention has been produced by Harold Steedman of Medicine Hat, Alberta. Mr. Steedman likes to carry a couple of bottles of pop with him when he goes out on a hot and dusty job, but he dislikes his pop to be warm. One day he began figuring out a notion of making a portable "quick-freeze bottle-cooler," and now he has his warm pop problem happily solved.

Mr. Steedman hadn't thought of manufacturing his little invention, but there has been a remarkable show of interest in his novel device and now the

young man is considering ways and means of commercializing his idea.

"Seems that a lot of folk like their pop to be cold, just as I do myself," Harold Steedman relates. "Another thing—did you know that cold beer is better than warm beer? Of course, I invented my bottle-chiller for use on pop, but it appears there's a lot of beer drinkers around who'd like to buy one of these coolers from me. I estimate I can turn 'em out to sell for a dollar or thereabouts, and they'll last a long time, too. The device is small and handy, easy to take along in a tractor tool-case or anywhere else where a man wants a cold drink on a hot job. But I can't quite figure out a suitable name—The Steedman Portable Bottle Cooler sounds kind of complicated!"

MACHINISTS are always turning out models and parts for inventors, and Tom and Colin Clark of the Central Alberta Iron Works report that farmers are always busy on ingenious inventions.

Tom says: "Naturally, we can't divulge the names of these farm inventors, and it wouldn't be fair to tell what they're working on. They've got darn smart ideas, though: one guy is working on a stunt that's going to make things a lot easier to—Ummm! Well, I just can't tell you, or I'd be tipping his hand too soon!"

The Clark Brothers are not above trying an invention or two of their own, but of late have had no time for anything but the urgent job of making repairs to farm implements. Back in the prewar years when they weren't so rushed, Tom had a theory about carburetors and did a little tinkering on "something that would give cars more miles to the gallon." Colin Clark confined his experimenting to cement block machines "to make building cheaper. But look what happened—a guy can't even buy cement!"

[Free Lance Photographers' Guild.]

DAVE Blacklock of Turner Valley used to be a rancher and always featured a flock of pedigreed poultry as a paying sideline. Now he is one of western Canada's leading sporting dog experts, but because of his former ranching experience Dave is sympathetic to farmers who lose valuable poultry to dogs. Many a farm dog has developed a hen-killing tendency and had to be destroyed, even though the animal was well loved by the family and perhaps quite useful in a stock-herding capacity. Many a sportsman's dog, well trained in pointing or retrieving or some phase of hunting, has had to be destroyed because of a persistent fondness for running down pullets.

Well, Dave has invented a cure.

"It's a modification of the electric fence idea," Dave explains. "We all know that animals are terrified of the harmless electric shock they receive from a charged wire, and I make use of that principle when curing a chicken-killing dog."

Mr. Blacklock has constructed a lightly screened box in which he places a succulent rooster or hen or pullet. Then an electric-fence battery is connected to

the screening wires, and the scene is ready for the appearance of the offending dog. As soon as the dog sights the rooster it charges at once, mouth agape and ready to kill. But wham! The animal touches the screening wire and recoils with a yipe.

Sometimes a persistent dog tries a second attempt, but usually one dose will make the animal turn tail and scamper. Next day the lesson is repeated at a new location, but generally one shock is more than enough. The dog always seems to blame the rooster or pullet for the stinging shock and from then on leaves poultry severely alone.

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The farm shop increases in importance as farming becomes more and more mechanized with the result that farmers, more than ever, are prolific inventors

Gypsy Lull

by

ACHMED ABDULLAH

NOT that I knew her well. But I learned all about her—all except, of course, that inmost, secret core of a woman's soul which can be known only to God and herself and, though not always, to the man whom she loves and who loves her—from the kindly, gossipy old priest whose guest I was in that small Armenian village.

Speaking of her and of Zado, her husband, he quoted an ancient proverb:

"A field for every peasant, a maid for every lad."

And he went on to say that while in their case it had been the maid for the lad, almost, because of Zado's greed, it had not been the field for the peasant. Would not have been but for Myryam's gypsy shrewdness.

That's what she was, a gypsy. A Turkish gypsy of a tribe that had roamed the hills and plains near the Russian frontier, telling fortunes, mending pots and pans, playing shrill tunes on their reedpipes, beating the tambourines and stepping wild Romany dances at country fair or at some wealthy farmer's wedding feast; and, occasionally, pilfering a chicken-roost or sheep-fold. Then, when Myryam had been still in her teens, a deadly fever had struck her tribe, had carried off her parents, and she had roamed alone, earning her own living in the same gypsy way.

Such a pretty girl. Tall and slim, straight as a pine tree, her hair rolling in ebony waves above her broad, white forehead, and her mouth wide and crimson and generous, more ready—the young men of the villages through which she passed were wont to say—to spread in laughter than to tighten in gloom.

No wonder that, often, her hand was asked in marriage. But she would always shake her head. Marriage, she would reply, meant iron bonds. It meant the yoke and drag of one's own fireside. It meant the plain ways, the dull, homespun ways. What she wanted was the freedom of the open road.

This for years—and she liked it fine, yearned for no other—had been her life.

Yet, according to the old Armenian priest, her real life began on the day when she was sitting by the side of the highway which led towards the city of Erzerum, in the interior of Turkey. She was furious and in tears, shaking a hard little fist at the Kurd bandits who were galloping away, who had stolen her horse, had torn the jewels from her fingers, her ears, her throat.

"Pigs!" she cried after them. "Unbeautiful and especially illegitimate descendants of mangy camels!"

MORE abuse she yelled, full-flavored, salty, giving the lie to her sex and her soft, young loveliness, though not to her lawless breed. But the hearty cursing did not do her any good, nor the bandits any harm. They laughed and were off in a whirl of dust. They might have taken her along, slung, like a yearling calf, across one of their high-peaked saddles. But their chief had not permitted it. A lone woman, and everybody in the band desiring her would have meant strife and daggers out. And there were other women, plenty of them, to be had, north, east, south, west. Too, other, richer loot.

For this happened in the wild years, after the first world war, when the Sultan's rule had come to an end and when, with sudden freedom, had come a breaking of all shackles of restraint, a complete stoppage of the machinery of government. Thus,

Would a woman risk her happiness in one gamble? This girl did.

Illustrated by CLARENCE TILLENIUS

*Gorged with blood,
laden with loot, the
bandits rode away.*

throughout Turkey, with no police or mounted patrols to stop them, hawkish marauders rode to raid and rapine, and here, there and everywhere could be heard the nasal, sardonic drone of Kurdish drums.

Earlier that day, at about the same time when Myryam had been relieved of her jewels, the drums had echoed down a fertile valley, and the Armenian farmers had looked up from their tilling, the women from their churning and spinning. The war, since the village lay at the back of the beyond, had meant no more to them than a faint, alien rumor. For long decades there had been peace here. Peace, and the gentle song of content; the honest song of water-wheel and threshing-flail; the lowing song of cattle. And now, all at once, the grim song of the drums.

Not that they knew, at first, what it was.

Thunder? No. The sky was clear.

So what could it be? They felt uneasy. And then: "Look!" shouted a young farmer, whose name was Zado Heratian, and pointed.

Eyes stared.

On the rim of the valley a grey cloud had jumped up. Steadily it grew, bloated; and again, loud and ominous, came the drone of the drums, the clatter of hooves, the clash and clank of iron. And then, through the cloud of dust, the nomads galloped free, with a flash of swords and rifle-barrels, and savage, triumphant war-cries:

"Hurr! Hurr!—Kill! Kill!"

A girl broke into hysterical laughter. A child wailed. A man cursed.

Mumbled prayers rose:

"Ah—the Lord protect us!"

Not that they were cowards. Hands gripped scythes, ox-goads, reaping-hooks, sticks and stones. But they were outnumbered, outweaponed. Bullets thudded. Steel struck. A torch was tossed to a thatched roof. Flames raced with a hissing and popping.

So red death came to the green valley. And, after awhile, laden with loot, gorged with blood, the bandits rode away. Driving before them the pick of the Armenian cattle. Driving, too, the pick of the Armenian women.

Hours later, Zado Heratian recovered his senses.

A saber hilt had knocked him unconscious. The Kurd who had wielded the weapon had left him for dead.

He looked about him and shuddered. There was no longer a village. Only desolation.

HIS eyes sought the familiar silhouette of his own house where, since his parents' death some years earlier, he had lived alone. And he saw that it, also, had been destroyed; saw his granary and barns, like all the others, sending blue smoke against the blue sky; saw maimed oxen writhing in an agony of hocks wantonly slashed; saw the carrion vultures already circling low above the stark bodies of cattle and horses and—God rest their souls!—of men and women and children.

He went from ruined house to ruined house, calling out to relatives and friends:

"Jehan! No Noorian! Arslan—little Arslan—where are you?"

No answer but the thin, ironic piping of the wind, the cawing of the vultures, the screaming of the wounded oxen—until, gradually, tragically, the knowledge came to him that he was the last of the villagers.

"Nothing left! Nothing! Nothing . . . !

And then quite suddenly—and this, typically, was the peasant in him—he reconsidered.

Nothing . . .

Why—and, later on he spoke of it to Myryam, and she could not see it his way, though, bitterly, in the years to come, she wished that she had—there was still running water and breezes heavy with pollen and the sun so warm and golden and hearty. There was still the soil.

He knew that far to the west was another valley cutting greenly athwart the hills and inhabited by people of his own race and faith. It was a large

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Myryam

SCOUTING AROUND



WITH A
**GUIDE
NOTE BOOK
AND
CAMERA**

Top: This summer the Gaunt Jerseys will pasture on new-made four-inch irrigated pasture, with a fresh paddock every day. Centre left: Small ladder leads to large fans of haydrier in H. Gaunt's dairy barn, Vancouver Island. Centre right: Rowsom's dairy herd has doubled average production since herd improvement work was begun. Bottom, left to right: H. A. Rowsom, his son, Barry, and his father, Henry Rowsom, 93 years old.

Believes Grain Production Pays Least

NOTWITHSTANDING that moisture is relatively abundant as compared with the southern prairie areas and coarse grains yield more generously, D. C. Jones, Leduc, Alberta, proposes to seed down his farm and buy grain for his 35 head of purebred Holstein cattle. His 20 milking cows produced milk for the Edmonton market, and he feeds grain the year round.

Up to 1946, he had always produced his own hay and pasture, and he informed me that he could have carried twice as many cattle, but he calculated it would pay him better to buy 2,000 bushels of grain per milking cow each year than to grow it himself. He feeds oats and barley, half and half by measures, for the most part, and has never found it necessary to feed concentrates. He said, however, that he was beginning to have some breeding troubles, and that his cows were "milking themselves to death."

Some purebred stock is sold and a few cows have been disposed of through the Dominion Classic Sale in Winnipeg. For the last two years he has been doing some artificial breeding through the breeding centre established at the Olds School of Agriculture, and

he said he likes to use artificial breeding on his good cows. He had sold a son of Hays Thirty-nine Steps not long before for \$300 at four or five months of age.

Mr. Jones believes many buyers are more interested in type than in production. He had one cow 10 years old that had produced up to 19,000 pounds of milk per year, and finally went to the stockyards. He had never had a buyer ask a price on her, the reason being that she was down in the rump. Incidentally, a heifer from this cow showed the same tendency and weakened in the legs. Mr. Jones is, therefore, interested in both type and production.

At the time of my visit he was remodelling his 34x40 foot barn to accommodate 20 milking cows. His milk-house is located away from the barn, near the house, and water is piped to it underground from the house well.

For permanent pasture he likes a mixture of 10 pounds each of brome and alfalfa. For 15 years, until last year, he used a mixture of two bushels of oats and one bushel of rye seeded at the end of May, for summer pasture. This enabled him to pasture the oats about July 15 and to have the rye available for

later in the season. Like a number of other progressive farmers, he finds that pastures tend to go stale after July and has tried to do something about it. Last year he seeded a mixture of 10 pounds of brome, four pounds atlaswede and 3½ pounds of alfalfa per acre on the field of rye that had been pastured hard the previous fall and again in the spring. Seeding was shallow. Grain grown on the farm up to now has been mostly mixed grains, one bushel of barley seeded with two bushels of oats.

Mr. Jones also pointed out an experiment being tried out on his farm by the municipal agriculturist, Pete Wylie, who had suggested 200 pounds per acre of superphosphate on a patch of alfalfa. The fertilized alfalfa was growing six inches higher than the unfertilized portion. Much less satisfactory results were secured from 100 pounds per acre of a 16-20 fertilizer.

Mr. Jones is a soldier settler from World War I, who came to this country from Wales in 1913 at the age of 15. The young lad worked on arrival at digging cellars, carpentry, and later for a local farmer, returning to the same farm after the war. His land, which was acquired from the Soldier Settlement Board 22 years ago is not too good, and on it he finds that corn spurry is the worst weed, because it not only crowds out small plants, but is hard to get rid of.

Mr. Jones, incidentally, loves music, and in 1939 acquired two cups in the Alberta musical festival. In 1926 he went back to Wales to visit his father, who was very ill. There he could not escape the obligation to sing. He took some lessons in Wales and altogether has had three years of vocal training.—H.S.F.

Intensive Pasture On Vancouver Island

DAIRY farming on an intensive scale characterizes the farming operations of H. Gaunt, Forest Glen Farm, Shawnigan, Vancouver Island. Situated at the end of a valley, between tree-covered hills, and approached by a long lane between a dense growth of trees, the farm buildings look out on most of the 60 cultivated acres of the farm. Total cultivable land is 160 acres, and the 28 purebred milking Jerseys produce milk for the Queen Alexandra solarium not far away. Somewhat to my surprise Mr. Gaunt told me that he had sold \$2,400 worth of milk in June of 1946, and could average \$1,400 per month throughout the year.

Due to the good soil and favorable climate, almost anything can be expected in farming on Vancouver Island, from flower seed production to fruit growing, intensive dairying and mixed farming. Mr. Gaunt has been on his present farm for nine years, having had previous experience in Northamptonshire, England, of the system of intensive dairying which he is now following. He came to Vancouver Island via Chicago, where he spent some time. What led me to Forest Glen Farm in the first place was information that he had installed a haydrier in his barn, the first one I had heard of in this country, outside of a public institution.

The drier had recently been installed and already some peas and vetch were in the barn. Extremely wet weather had made harvesting and drying difficult, and some useful experience was gained as the result of expecting a little too much from the equipment. This, incidentally, consists of two large fans at the end of the mow floor, powered by a 7½-horsepower three-phase motor, which supplies air to 14 ducts on each side of a main duct running the length of the 60x36-foot barn.

The farm is equipped with a milk-house, which contained a 50-gallon pasteurizer and cooler, but a new milk-house, with a 200-gallon pasteurizer was planned. Cows are milked by machine, and one unusual feature of the place was a liquid manure tank, which is to be brought into regular and systematic use when the plans he has developed for intensive pasture production get fully under way.

Not far from the buildings was a 10-acre field seeded to a pasture mixture, with oats as a nurse crop. It is proposed to divide this field into seven plots of 1¼ acres each. These will be separated by an electric fence, and on one side of the field a well has been installed which will provide water for irrigating each of the seven paddocks. The plan had been delayed because it had been difficult to get equipment, but the pipes were on hand at the time of my visit, and an overhead sprinkler system was to be installed, with pressure supplied from the well by a five-horsepower motor. Mr. Gaunt's plan is to turn his cows onto each of these paddocks one day per week. As soon as they are turned out of one paddock, it will be fertilized with liquid manure, with the chain harrows run over it to even out the droppings; and irrigation from the overhead system is expected to provide four inches of growth before the cattle are returned to the paddock a week later.

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[Guide photo.]

Inside the hardware department of the Surrey Co-operative Association.

5) for the installation of a sprinkler system in the plant. This will involve a minimum supply of 75,000 gallons of water by the erection of a 135-foot water tank.

These pertinent physical and financial facts having been given, it is in order to enquire as to how the Surrey Co-operative Association operates. The story goes back to 1919, when the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association was not the large and flourishing organization of British Columbia dairy farmers that it is today. This organization decided that feeds were costing its members too much, and offered financial aid to a number of its Locals so that they might co-operatively buy feed at cost. Poultrymen were also interested, and found that buying co-operatively at cost meant savings up to \$12 or \$15 per ton. Consequently, beginning in 1919, carloads of feed were bought by the F.V.M.P. Local at Cloverdale, and distributed out of the boxcar. In February, 1921, a small warehouse was leased and a limited inventory of feeds carried in stock.

be applied to capital subscription, and an additional fund for reserve. When, at the end of a year's business, these deductions from the gross profit still leave some surplus remaining, this surplus is regarded as an overcharge to the member and it is distributed on a patronage basis in the form of shares in the Association.

Each member's subscription to capital account is also credited to him in the form of shares, so that he may have his original capital stock, his shares from annual subscription to capital account, and a third group of shares resulting from overcharges or unused surplus. Amounts charged him as contributions to the reserve account are allocated on a patronage basis, but he receives no interest on reserve. It follows, that with money accumulating as capital from these three sources, the total avail-

READERS, who for all or most of their lives have been acquainted with large-scale farming, where farms ranging in size from 480 to 1,280 acres are common, may not always find it easy to realize what intensive production is like. Also, the industrial and urban friends of agriculture are not, as a rule, able to fully appreciate what increased output of farm products per acre can mean to industry and the national economy as well as to rural communities themselves.

SELF-SERVICE FOR FARM BUSINESS

Last summer, I saw an excellent illustration of this condition when I visited the Surrey Co-operative Association, Cloverdale, B.C., in company with Gordon Landon, Poultry Commissioner for the Province. The area served by this 26-year-old co-operative organization is in the famous Fraser Valley, where dairy and poultry production has reached a very high degree of intensification, and where the land, because of its quality and association with an equable climate, as well as its nearness to favorable markets, is high in price and must be used with the greatest possible efficiency.

At least one measure of efficiency and intensification is found in the fact that for the year 1946, this diversified and well-managed co-operative which accepts no members outside a radius of 12 miles, did a total business amounting to \$2,250,000. Its 2,568 members (as of December 31, 1946) each purchased about \$875 worth of goods and services. These purchases may cover a wide field and include feed, fertilizer, flour, cereals, fuel, hardware, general farm and household supplies, poultry supplies, meat, butter, and the services of a 600-locker cold storage plant.

Just prior to my visit, a poultry killing plant had been opened, and recent advice from B. H. Creelman, General Manager, indicates that all departments of the business showed increased turnover in 1946; and that only the poultry plant showed a small loss on operations.

We do not have a breakdown of sales for 1946, but some approximation can be achieved by doubling figures for the first six months, which then would show sales of: Feed \$1,663,800; hardware \$258,092; meat and locker service \$83,264; poultry department \$181,604; leaving sales unaccounted for of around \$70,000.

Assets of the Co-operative at the end of the year show on the balance sheet as \$597,764.40, consisting principally of cash, bonds, accounts receivable and inventories amounting to \$276,746, and fixed assets, including land, buildings, machinery, equipment and trucks, at \$302,761. Liabilities were: Current, \$233,633; capital, \$291,186; reserve, \$51,444; and surplus, \$21,218.

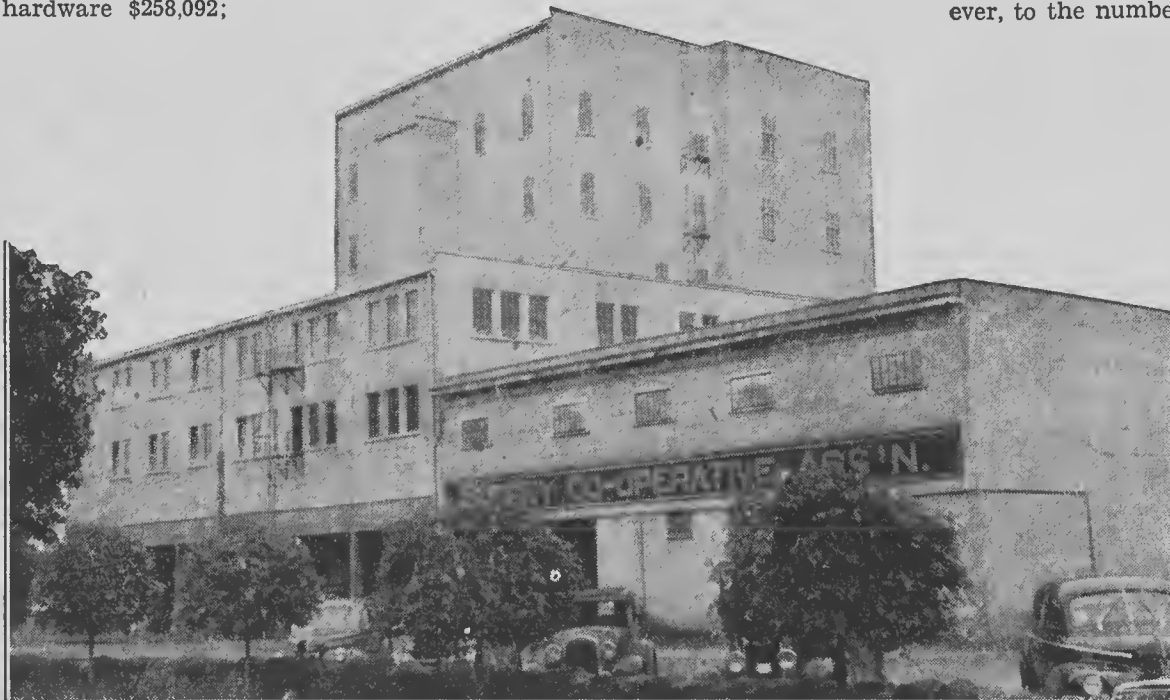
Capital expenditure during the year amounted to \$93,000, including completion of a new mill, which at the time of my visit already gave promise of being utilized to capacity. Further capital expenditure of \$80,000 was authorized at the annual meeting (held March

To share in the benefits of this way of doing business, a customer must be a member, and to become a member it was at that time necessary to buy four shares at \$10 each, later reduced (February 13, 1932) to one \$10 share, and again changed (February 10, 1934) to ten one-dollar shares. These member shares become the capital stock of the Association, and the shares issued in any one year are called the issue of that year. Originally, interest on shares was at eight per cent, later reduced (in 1933) to six per cent. There is also a further type of capital called "subscription capital" which arose out of the necessity of developing and regulating capital in proportion to the needs of the business.

This need led to the development of general policy, by which goods and services are purchased by the Association on the open market on a quality basis and at the best price possible. Such goods and services, when sold to the membership, are priced so as to include the cost price, a mark-up sufficient to cover handling costs (wages, depreciation, interest, delivery, power and insurance) plus five per cent to

How a co-operative association did a \$2,250,000 business for its 2,500 members, none of whom lives outside a 12-mile radius

By H. S. FRY



The big new mill completed in 1946 is a prominent feature of the Cloverdale landscape.

[Guide photo.]

able capital may be in excess of the needs of the Association, which actually happens. In such cases, the capital issue of a particular year is redeemed. The Association gets rid of its excess capital by paying it back to the members from whom it was obtained, in an orderly manner. The reserve fund is also kept in check in the same way.

The Association charges the same price for large or small purchases. There is no discrimination as to membership. Each member has one vote, and interest



[Guide photo.]

H. Bose, President, Surrey Co-operative Association (left) and Gordon Landon, Poultry Commissioner for British Columbia.

on capital is limited. Members benefit in proportion to their patronage, rather than on the capital they have invested. A board of ten directors serves without remuneration for two-year periods, five being elected each year.

Should a member leave the district, or retire from membership,

his total shares and reserve are paid to him in cash. Should he be in need of money and wish to dispose of some of his shares, he may, with the approval of the board of directors, sell them to another member.

THE Association contends that by this method of regulating capital and reserve accounts, each member holds only a number of shares directly related to the amount of his purchases. If no interest were paid on these shares, his share equity would be increased by the amount of his interest. There is a limit, however, to the number of shares any member may hold and any credits over 1,000 shares are paid to the membership in cash.

A good illustration of how membership in the Surrey Co-operative Association works out for an individual member was presented to the Royal Commission on Co-operatives and Taxation in 1945, by Henry Bose, the President of the Association. This typical member joined the Association on March 27, 1929, by buying four shares at \$10 each. At the end of 16 years, he had purchased goods and services from the Association to the value of \$18,071.04, varying in amounts from \$137.20 in 1933, to \$2,595.07 in 1943. He had bought \$40 worth of capital stock, and had contributed to capital by annual deductions based on his purchases (capital sub-

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"Good morning, Doctor," Mrs. Moore said, her eyes cold. "You are taking my daughter to the hospital?"

VOTE OF CONFIDENCE

By ELSIE FRY LAURENCE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE ALBION

"THIS dance, Gerry?"

This young doctor's voice brought a flush to the girl's cheeks. She had not expected to see Bruce Carlton at the dance, she said to herself, not quite truthfully.

"I'd love to." She left the row of bright dresses, slim legs, and self consciously animated faces that were girls waiting for dance partners. They walked up the side of the country dance hall, and she noticed nothing of the whispers and glances that followed them in her momentary absorption with her partner.

Bruce had changed so much since he came back to take over old Dr. Brown's practice. The change, she supposed, would cancel all negotiations made by Dr. May's prewar assistant.

"Afraid I'm out of practice."

She was intensely conscious of his arm around her, as they moved with the music. You notice all his bones, she thought: in his face, shoulders, elbows, knees. Her mind cleared again to take in the whole situation.

Whatever truth there was in the rumors that had sprung up all over the little town like dandelion seed, something had happened to him while he was overseas.

A long time since they had danced together, she thought, with a moment of panic. She was twenty-five now, that advanced age when other girls looked at your ring finger, asked sly questions with an air of sympathy.

"I haven't done so much dancing myself lately," she said, with a timidity that would have been incredible to her kindergarten pupils. Her bright, red hair bobbed gently against her lime wool shoulders. There were pansy flecks in her eyes that matched the pansy ear rings.

"I can't believe you're looking so much the same." Their eyes caught and held for an instant: the encounter was too close. They both looked away.

"I don't feel the same. How about you?"

If only she knew there was no truth in the absurd story: that he had mixed up a couple of patients at some front line station, and finished off one of them in a hurry. That was how it was told, as if it were funny. Even kind people talked so lightly, when talk should have carried a poison label.

Steadfast, that is what Gerry thought she must be. One of the things a woman must do is to believe in a man

"I've grown up in a hurry. I've got to learn now to be a civilian G.P., interested in small children's colds and old people's rheumatism." He laughed a bit harshly.

"Is that the trouble?" If only his nearness did not confuse her, so that she could not think clearly what she wanted to say. She had had a few of those thin blue letters, and then nothing, nothing at all.

"Why not?"

"I guess it is rather difficult to settle down." She subsided into silence. At least it was better than conversation like that. She remembered their last personal conversation years ago, under the stars, in his shabby little roadster. "Gerry, I've got to go. But you'll be there, waiting for me, won't you, darling?" Had she imagined the endearment? How long had he gone on wanting her to wait? She had never been able to take anyone else as seriously. And here she was still, teaching in her own home town, sometimes doing what she had struggled against, going out to teas with her mother, making a fourth at bridge.

And when he had come back, not to work with Dr. May, but to take over the other practice, he had not tried to get in touch with her.

She would go away next year, next term if possible. She would . . .

"Penny for your thoughts."

COLOR ran in and out among her faint freckles. "I was thinking that I really should not have come to the dance," she said quickly, reaching for the other thing that was on her mind. "My young sister wasn't well when I left. She came home from a wiener roast with a pain in her inside. She never could stand sausages."

Bruce looked startled at the sudden turn of conversation. "Sister? Oh yes, I remember Dot as a youngster. I hope it's nothing serious."

She hoped not too. And if they needed a doctor, what then? Till last month, when he had left the town, they had always gone to Dr. Brown.

People had said, or implied, that Bruce was going to be too jittery for surgical work. But when she had gone to him with one of the school children who had broken his arm on the playground, nothing could have been steadier, quieter than his hands.

The music stopped: and when she broke away from his long arms, it was like going into another world.

He was called away soon after that, and Gerry went home early, her mind on Dot again.

As she opened the back door, she heard movements within the house. Mrs. Moore stood in her bedroom doorway, at the head of the stairs, the outline of her bulky figure conveying reproach.

"That you, Gerry?"

"Yes, Mother. Whom were you expecting?" The old answer fell flatter than usual. The girl, slipping off her coat, looked anxiously upward. "How's the kid?"

"Very restless. She's asleep now. I'm not sure if we ought not to have called the doctor."

"Well, if she's asleep . . ."

"Yes, I suppose it can wait till morning now. I haven't slept at all myself. I was far too worried. Did you enjoy your dance?"

"All right." Gerry made a grimace in the darkness. Dot had been sleeping peacefully when she had left. There was nothing she could have done. "Which doctor do we get?"

"Dr. May, of course."

"Why not Dr. Carlton?"

"Now, Gerry, you know how people have been talking about him. I don't think it would be right."

Her mother's clinching phrase prodded Gerry's ready temper. The evening had not been so satisfactory. She felt tired, defeated. "It isn't fair to pay so much attention to talk," she flared, going upstairs. "People don't know a thing."

"You do, I suppose. I don't see why you defend him. Didn't he go away without saying anything, just when we all thought you two . . ."

"That has nothing to do with it." The girl bit her lip, but had to let it go. "I think if people don't support him, have faith in him, he's going to lose confidence in himself, and that is more important to a person than anything." There were tears in her voice, and she was angry with herself for saying that to her mother. Why was it not she who was ill, who could manifest her faith without involving anyone else?

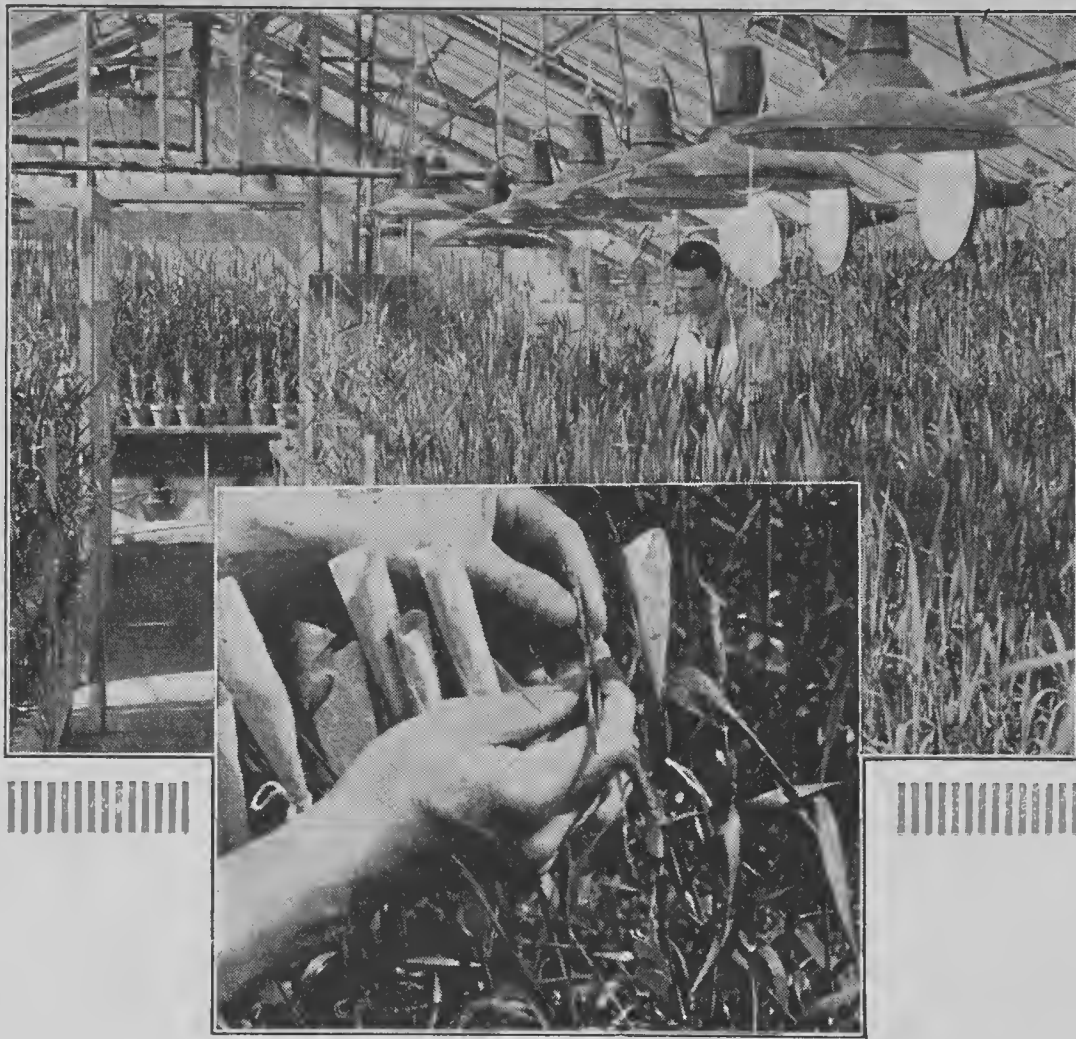
She pushed past into Dot's little room with its

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It is probable that for centuries before the western Canadian plains were settled by white men, changes in the abundance of different kinds of living things were slow and not very pronounced. No doubt jack rabbits, so-called prairie chickens and other animals were subject to fluctuations in populations as they still are; but, for the most part, living things had developed a fairly stable balance. Practically all green plants were subject to one or more diseases caused by bacteria, fungi and viruses. Well over one hundred kinds of plant rusts were native, and many different smuts. The wheat stem sawfly maintained itself, presumably with reasonable comfort, on native grasses; and the flax bollworm, grasshoppers, ticks, spiders, birds, fish and countless other living things managed to live together, often parasitizing (living on, or at the expense of) others or being parasitized themselves, or both. Survival of many species depended upon an enormous capacity for reproduction, and continued in spite of high rates of mortality.

This balance, established through thousands of years of a sort of natural trial and error, was irreparably shattered in a few decades by the plow that broke the plains. Some native species were exterminated and hundreds of new ones introduced. Many others changed their habits. An interesting example is provided by the pale western cutworm. H. L. Seamans, a Canadian authority on this insect, says: "Under native prairie conditions it is essentially a surface feeder. It moves on the surface of the soil and feeds on the leaves of grasses. Here it is accessible to parasites and predators which serve admirably to hold it in check. Cultivation has made it possible for this species to move below the soil surface, and in dry seasons it feeds on the underground portions of the wheat stem. Only when the soil is very wet does it come to the surface in cultivated land or feed on the upper portions of the plant."

It follows, obviously, that we are trying to establish a new balance by improving and multiplying some plants and animals and controlling or eradicating others. Unfortunately, we have introduced a lot of very harmful ones, sometimes by mistake and sometimes on purpose, not knowing how destructive some might be here, even though relatively harmless in their native countries. To us, any living thing that interferes with our agricultural production is harmful, but we don't yet know enough about the thousands of kinds of native insects, fungi, bacteria, eelworms, spiders, and so on, to mark them all as good or evil. We hope to be able to establish a balance that will enable future



[Dom. Dept. Agr. photo.]
Under artificial light and greenhouse conditions, winter crops of hybridized wheat save years in the production of new varieties. Inset: Hybridizing (crossing) wheat in the Dominion Laboratory of Cereal Breeding, Winnipeg.

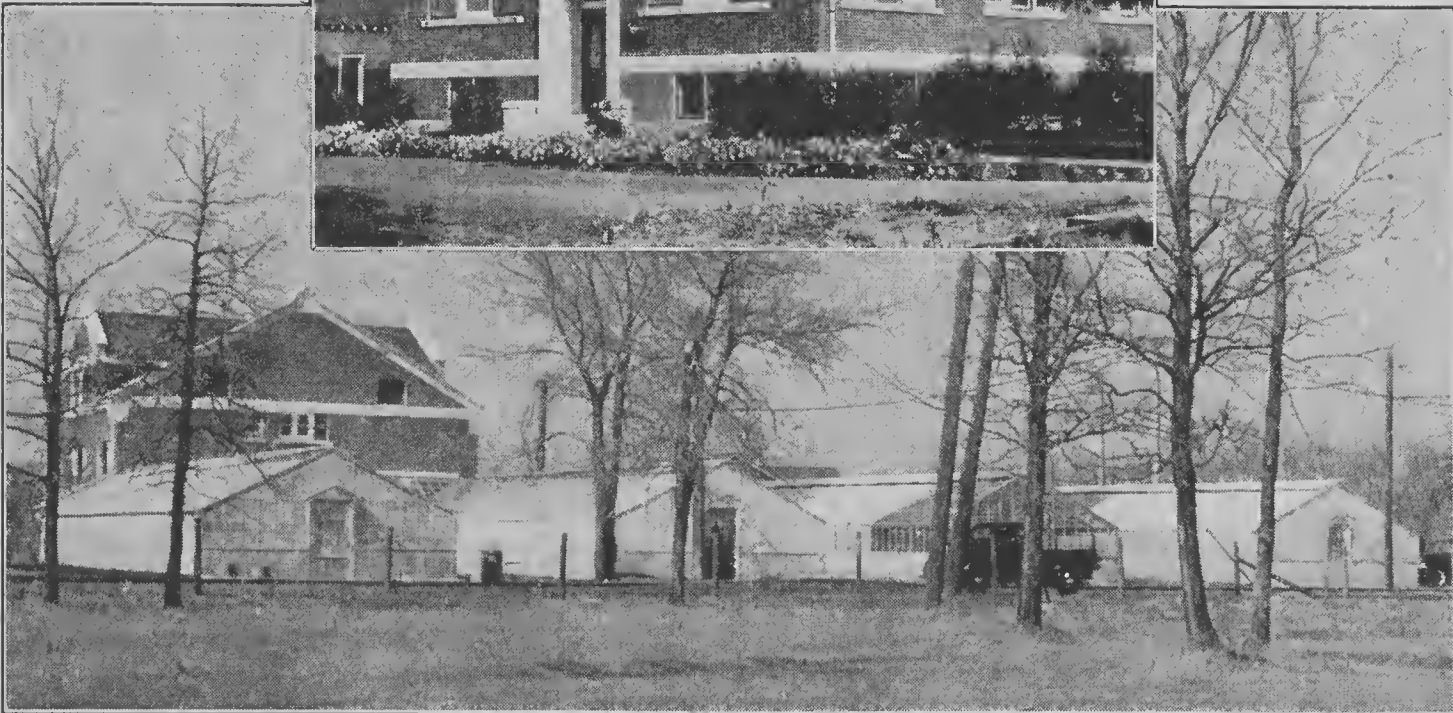
SCIENCE PROTECTS FARM INCOME

Without farm science and lacking new raw land to break for cropping, farm production would decline

By K. W. NEATBY

The Winnipeg Laboratory in June and in October.

[Dom. Dept. Agr. photo.]



Canadians to produce more and more abundantly; but we are a long way from security and cannot forecast, from year to year, what new biological enemies may confront us. Every time a new crop, or even a new variety, is introduced for the purpose of meeting one threat, a new one is likely to appear.

THE problems confronting the agricultural scientists are entirely different from those with which most others must deal. Only the medical scientist is on similar ground. In the physical sciences, progress is usually permanent because new ground gained is easily held. Our ability to maintain railway, electrical and automotive equipment is limited only by materials and fuel, not by the failure of engineers or lack of knowledge. The maintenance of agricultural production, let alone increasing it, is, on the other hand, dependent upon the persistent efforts of agricultural scientists. Ground gained can all too easily be lost, and entirely new problems continue to confront us year after year.

All individual agricultural research problems are related to one or other of two broad considerations in plant or animal welfare. They are concerned, directly or indirectly, with breeding or with favorable conditions for growth and reproduction: that is to say, with heredity or environment, with nature or nurture. Those who engage in arguments as to which of the two influences, heredity or environment, is most important are really wasting their time, because both are absolutely essential to a healthy individual, plant or animal, including man. Our interest in the registration of livestock and of seeds is based on the conviction that an individual with a good hereditary background is much more likely to run well, milk well, yield well, or what will you, than is an individual with an unknown or "mongrel" ancestry. On the other hand, no matter what the breeding may be, we do not expect crops or livestock to thrive unless well nourished and protected from diseases and predators.

THE history of plant breeding contains many examples of success, but few of permanently solved problems. Recently, the agricultural press has described a new disease of oats which is causing very serious alarm in the northern United States and which is almost certain to turn up in Canada. An elaborate oat breeding program has been in progress in the State of Iowa for fifteen or twenty years. Conspicuous success has attended efforts to combine, in one variety, resistance to loose and covered smut, stem rust, crown rust and numerous other characteristics essential to a good variety. Resistance to crown rust

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THE Country GUIDE

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A Big Job Well Done

No man in Canada assumed a more exacting wartime administration job than was placed on the broad shoulders of the chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. No wartime administrative job was more ably discharged. After five and a half gruelling years, Donald Gordon returns to his prewar position with the assurance that the appreciation and thanks of the vast majority of Canadians go with him. When he took hold of the W.P.T.B. he had few, if any precedents to guide him. To cope successfully with the tremendous inflationary pressures generated by the war required a unique combination of personal qualities as well as a comprehensive knowledge of business and finance. Mr. Gordon combines these qualities in ample measure and his knowledge of finance in particular is perhaps unexcelled in Canada. The result is that this country stands without any close competitor in the fight against inflation, a fact which in itself made his work infinitely more difficult. The danger of a runaway inflation has now so far receded that he can relinquish his responsibilities to his former first lieutenant, K. W. Taylor. He has made his name a household word across Canada. It is also, as many may not have noticed, on every bank note issued by the Bank of Canada, to which he returns as deputy governor. It would be well for this country if he could be induced to enter public life. In his wartime position he gave every evidence that he is built of the timber which would make a front bench cabinet minister.

Budgetary Bliss

When Finance Minister Abbott released his statement for the financial year 1947-48 the word was passed around that he had been successful in clipping a billion dollars off the national outgo. It sounded too good to be true, and it wasn't. A year ago the estimates called for \$2,900 million. The estimates for the fiscal year just beginning were placed at \$1,995 million. A simple exercise in mental arithmetic produced the billion dollar figure. But it so turned out that the two first figures were wrong and the last one perforce had to be. First, the former minister, Mr. Ilsley, proved to have been too pessimistic a year ago and instead of spending \$2,900 million the government is getting by with \$2,500 million or less, a miscalculation for which the harassed taxpayer will readily forgive him. Then the figure for last year included both main and supplementary estimates, whereas the one for this year covered main estimates only. Further, Mr. Abbott could not include the payments to the provinces under the new agreements because they had not all been ratified by the provincial legislatures. Which all adds up to this, that the reduction in government expenditure this year will at best be less than half the billion dollar figure.

With the costs of demobilization and rehabilitation; of boards, subsidies and reconstruction; and other wartime outlays tapering off, and with a fairly definite knowledge of what the new permanent obligations of the government are going to cost, it is now possible to foresee what a peacetime federal budget will probably look like. Wilfrid Eggleston, Ottawa commentator, whose

reasoning on the matter seems logical, puts it at around \$1,500 million, plus another possible \$200 million for defense. That would bring it up to \$1,700 million. That would make no provision for unforeseen developments or debt reduction. It is about three times the prewar outlay. However, close to half of the sum total can hardly be charged up to the expense account of the federal government. Baby bonuses, interest on Victory bonds and payments to the provinces will take around \$800 million. This is in reality a partial redistribution of national income.

The biggest item in the estimates for this fiscal year is for servicing the national debt: \$464.9 million. Next in magnitude are family allowances, \$260 million, with defense (including research) a close third at \$239.7 million. Subsidies to agriculture, as they are called, though in reality they are subsidies to consumers, were \$94.2 million last year but are estimated to be down more than two-thirds to \$30.1 million. The grand total, \$1,995 million, does not include credits to other countries, for which another billion will have to be unearthed somehow.

Such are some of the hard financial facts of the bright new postwar Canada the idealists have been talking about. At best the burden will be a heavy one but the country will pull through all right if everyone turns in a fair day's work for a fair day's pay.

Concerning Canadian Coal

Canadians had about forgotten that a Royal Commission was digging facts and figures out of the coal mining industry until its 300,000-word report, and the \$250,000 bill for putting it together, had been tabled in the house. It is a very complete report, as it should be for that money, but no radical change in the industry is likely to follow its publication. The great trouble with the coal industry is not supply. Reserves total 99 billion tons—enough, says the report, to keep us going for 2,700 years at the present rate. The trouble is geography, and nothing can be done about that. There is a high concentration of people and industry in Southern Ontario and Western Quebec. The nearest Canadian sources of the kind of coal they like, are in distant Cape Breton, where they dig it from under the sea, and in distant Alberta, where part of it at least is dug from under the Rockies.

To the south, however and within rocket bomb range, are the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania. The only way to make Canadian coal competitive with the American article in Central Canada is for the federal government to come across with assistance on the freight. To make the country self-sufficient in coal would take \$100 million of tax money each and every year, which would be hardly good business, with the present and future claims on the federal treasury. The commission recommends however,

that as soon as the present price subsidies are dropped, the government revert to the prewar policy of limited assistance on freight. During the thirties an average of 1,750,000 tons of Nova Scotia, and 650,000 tons of Western coal were aided annually, at a cost of a dollar a ton. Other recommendations for the improvement of the industry are of a general nature. The report advises against nationalization of the mines. It would appear that this country is likely to continue to import American coal at about the same annual ratio of 27 million tons for each 16 million tons taken from Canadian mines until atomic energy makes coal from either source unnecessary.

World Responsibility

When President Truman asked Congress to place the power of the United States of America behind the cause of democracy in Greece he marked an epoch in American foreign relations; that is if Congress follows his advice, as it is likely to do. If it does, this will be the second great triumph for the man in The White House who, as Churchill said, had shouldered responsibilities unsought but unrecoiled from. The first was on a domestic issue, the coal strike. This one is in a theatre far removed from mining coal or growing cotton—the theatre of world power politics.

No informed American will deny that in the past his fellow countrymen have been critical, and at times bitterly denunciatory, of British foreign and colonial policy. Sometimes the criticism has been justified but generally what Britain was doing was providing a balance of power and using it so wisely that she was preserving peace. When the peace was broken she was generally in there, fighting on the right side. For 150 years she policed the world where it needed policing. Considering the vast sway of her power she did it at trifling cost. Her chief instrument was the navy. Many outstanding Americans have realized, and have not been slow in stating, that even the peaceful development of the United States during most of the last century was possible because the British navy was there as a shield against any would-be foreign aggressor.

Now, as a direct consequence of the war, a new kind of imperialism has appeared. It is territorial spread of Communism in defiance of the will of the people. Communism breeds on chaos. With fanatical zeal coupled with cool deliberation its votaries are ready to seize power wherever factional strife, economic disintegration or foreign aggression, or any combination of them, has destroyed or weakened the authority of the state. It is so in Greece. If the small but schooled and disciplined Communist minority were to gain the upper hand there, it would



"Ah! That makes me feel better."

mean the loss of a decisive battle against the spread of Communism throughout the Mediterranean region. Churchill saw that long before the war and his term of office were over. British troops and British financial assistance were thrown into the scale on the side of the principle that the people should freely choose their own form of government and freely determine their own social and economic life. For being there Britain has been fiercely denounced but now that the weary Titan can no longer carry the full burden, and must pull out unless assistance is forthcoming, the United States must go in or the issue is lost.

Perhaps, as Walter Lippmann says, the affair has been sprung on the American people on too short notice and that whatever is done should be on a temporary basis, so as to give them time to consider the full import of the issues which have been raised. He may be right, but the fact has to be faced that with the present chaotic condition which involves half the people of Europe and a billion Asiatics, the greatest power in the world must assume her share of the responsibility for policing the world, call it power politics or what you will. Otherwise hundreds of millions may be brought under the dictatorial and ruthless sway of a group of ideologists, the Communist Party, which knows no international boundary lines but whose approved and accredited membership is less than the population of Canada.

They Have the Money

If any more evidence were needed to prove the financial strength of the two central provinces it has been forthcoming. To the general surprise their budgets did not include personal income taxes, which were avoided by various devices. In Ontario, for example, a corporation income tax of seven per cent, retroactive to the beginning of the year, is expected to bring in \$38.5 million. The provincial gasoline tax is raised from 8 to 11 cents and will yield \$12 million. Taxes on mining profits are raised three per cent. In all, the government budgeted for revenues totalling \$138,353,600 and a surplus of \$254,000. If Ontario had come into the Dominion-provincial agreement she would have been sitting pretty, as her refusal saves the federal treasury a net of \$31.5 million. Quebec has adopted somewhat similar expedients to balance her budget. There has been no howl from the electors of either province about the isolationist action of their governments. By avoiding the imposition of a second personal income tax a howl from the taxpayers has been sidestepped.

How Much Do You Owe?

Any farmer could tell you, if he were in a sufficiently confidential mood, what mortgage, if any, is registered against his farm. Likewise any city dweller knows, or can soon find out, the amount of the mortgage he carries as a partial home owner. Either has a pretty fair idea of the amount of his unpaid bills. But how many know the size and weight of the debt they carry as citizens? Yet public debts are just as much personal debts as any other class of liability. They have to be serviced out of current earnings. Municipal and provincial debts per capita vary but the national debt, which is now in excess of \$15 billion, works out to more than \$1,100 for every man, woman and child in the country. High as that is, it is far below the per capita figure for the United States. The budget presented to Congress this year estimates the national debt at \$260 billion in 1948. With 140 million people to share it, each has \$1,832.25 as his or her per capita proportion or two-thirds more than the corresponding figure for Canadians. In either country by far the larger part of the debt is due to the recent and expensive war. Canada's contribution was conducted much more economically than that of her American ally.

Under the PEACE TOWER

THIS railway hearing in Ottawa has been going on like a Chinese play. You probably are familiar with the traditional Celestial drama, where the actors go on and on and on, for weeks and weeks and weeks. Well, that's the way it is down at the court room of the Department of Transport Commissioners. In a word, the railways want higher rates; the West doesn't want them. Nor does the East. In this game, central Canada just passes.

After more than a month of earnest endeavor, the learned counsel, judges and others had not yet even finished with one railway. The best advice I get is that it will go on for another month, at least. In fact, some say that only Ottawa's famous boiler-room summer weather will send everybody home. Then we'll still have to wait for the judgment.

The trouble about such a hearing is you have a clash of two all but irreconcilable viewpoints. The railways say they have to have more money. They can prove they need it. The West says that it cannot afford higher freight rates. They are prepared to prove that. The whole legal battle rages round the question as to who will budge who.

The Maritimes are in this too, and they are watching the struggle with several angles in mind. First of all, they want to see that none of their so-called rights of Confederation are whisked away from them by the big bad wolves of Upper Canada. But the Maritimes have a preferential position in that first of all, they have the advantage now of cheaper rates than the West enjoys, and second, that they can offer competition by water. The West is behind the eight ball in both these matters.

The story told by the railways is that they are in bad shape, financially. They have come out of the war with their equipment battered, outmoded, often obsolete. Their costs have gone up, their wages have skyrocketed. They cannot make ends meet. When Canada needed transportation the most, when Hitler was at his maddest, and the need direst, it was the railways who did the job. Everything else has gone up except railway rates. Reasonable people can hardly expect all other prices to rise, while railway rates alone stay at prewar level.

If we do not give the railways more money, to hear them tell it, they will go bust. Actually, a railway does not go broke and fold up, like a private firm does. What actually happens is that you and I, the ordinary taxpayers, help pay the Canadian National deficits, while the Canadian Pacific makes out as best it can.

WE no longer charge tolls for our highways, and consequently we do not know whether they pay or not. No one can argue whether the bridge over the Red River at Winnipeg, or the bridge across the North Saskatchewan at Edmonton, is a three or four or five per cent investment, or whether it is a chronic deficit accumulator. Indeed we never think of bridges as investments at all, yet perhaps we should. Certainly toll bridges are still regarded as such, in many spheres.

Now the point I am driving at is this, that if we do not pay for our railways directly, in freight and passenger rates, then we shall have to pay for them indirectly, as we do canals, bridges, and highways. You can't escape that. What the citizen of Ochre River or Okotoks has to decide is whether he wants to pay the thing directly, to the railways, or have the whole load spread over all the taxpayers.

As to the Canadian Pacific, a privately owned

road, I have no way of knowing what would happen if it went broke, as it assures us it will without rate relief. In the days when people had more respect for corporations it used to be drilled into young Canadians at school that if the C.P.R. became insolvent the fountains of the deep would be broken up. Maybe it won't be as bad

as that but most people down here think that the reverberations from such a collapse wouldn't require very delicate machinery to record it.

Yet all this does not answer the question as to what is going to happen. I cannot imagine the Transport Commissioners giving the railways the full 30 per cent they ask for. After all, James A. Cross, chairman, is an old westerner, and was attorney general of Saskatchewan under Premier Charles Dunning. I cannot imagine him not having a clear understanding of the needs of the West, with almost forty years on the prairie behind him. This looks like a battle that nobody wins.

Any Westerner visiting Ottawa would be appalled by the apparent lack of interest in the rate hearings. The city simply does not know a rate case is being heard. There is something unreal about it, a grim battle in which the heaviest blows are being struck in silence.

ONLY the Conservatives seem very keen about the removal of price controls, and there is more than a suggestion of shadow boxing in some of their antics. The truth is that people are pretty well sold on controls now, and there are not enough votes in fighting for the removal of controls for most politicians to risk their necks out on that limb. Price controls are going to be here for quite a while yet.

Some people profess to see a glimmer of hope in the savage attack by Premier George Drew on the radio commentator who claimed agreement between Ontario and the Federal Government now seemed extremely remote. If the Ontario prime minister resents so chilly an interpretation of his regard toward Ottawa, the belief exists that maybe somehow or other, Hon. George does actually hope that his province and the Dominion will get together.

Quebec too has squeezed through this year, but nobody can predict what will happen in 1948.

Real Bad Boy these times is Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, Premier of Nova Scotia, and rapidly assuming the appearance of a Mitch Hepburn Liberal. Nova Scotia Liberals at Ottawa are embarrassed by what might be called Angus L.'s obtuseness. If revenge against Mackenzie King is what the Bluenose P.M. wants, he's getting it with interest these days. But usually, those who cross King wish they hadn't. Meanwhile, Angus L. refuses to give in, though the pressure on him from Nova Scotia Liberals is getting hotter all the time.



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1. **Quick Penetration**—Weed-No-More is a liquid containing the Butyl-Ester of 2, 4-D in a refined oil spray. Because of its oily nature it penetrates the plant tissue quickly . . . in a matter of seconds. . . and spreads rapidly through the plant system.

2. **Resistant to Rain**—Salt formulations of 2, 4-D evaporate leaving dry solids on the leaves which are easily washed off. Weed-No-More, because of its oily ester nature and rapid penetration is not readily washed off by rain after application.

3. **Mixes Readily**—Weed-No-More can be mixed with any type of oil or water, hard and soft. It is ideal for air application where diesel fuel oil is the best carrier. Salt formulations will not mix with oil.

4. **Highly concentrated**—Economical Weed-No-More 40 is a powerful concentration of 2, 4-D (40% Butyl-Ester) and consequently gives better coverage with less labour and cost.

5. **More Effective**—The Butyl-Ester 2, 4-D formulation has been definitely proven more effective especially on resistant weeds such as Purslane.

6. **Works Faster** under cool weather conditions.

7. **Easily applied**—Can be used with any type of spray equipment—Aeroplane, Buffalo Turbine, Boom Sprayer, Power Sprayers, etc.

8. **Non-Poisonous**—No problem of soil sterility. Harmless to animals.

9. **Non-Corrosive**—Will not affect wood, metal, or hose connections.

10. **Selective**—Permits cropping of small grains simultaneously with weed control thus eliminating erosion problems.

11. **In Liquid Ester Form**, easily and accurately measured.

12. **Stores easily**—Will not freeze, evaporate or deteriorate in storage, no fire hazard.

RATES OF APPLICATION

Spray all foliage thoroughly without run-off or waste at following concentrations:

With Ground Sprayers. Use 16 oz. of Weed-No-More 40 to 80 gals. water per acre.

With Fog Sprayers. (Buffalo Turbine type) Use 16 oz. Weed-No-More 40 to 5 gals. of water per acre.

For Air Application. 16 oz. Weed-No-More 40 to 1 3/4 gals. Diesel Fuel Oil No. 2 per acre.

WARNING: While harmless to grain or grass, 2, 4-D will kill many broad leaved plants or trees as well as weeds. Care should be taken, especially on windy days, to avoid letting the spray reach fields with susceptible crops, trees, clover, hedges, etc. Wash out sprayer as directed on can before using for any other type of work.

APPLICATION EQUIPMENT: While Green Cross Insecticides do not have any application equipment for hire a list of owners with aeroplane or ground equipment is being compiled and will be available to all Weed-No-More users. If you have equipment for hire list your name with us:

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A Report from Nebraska

Air Application Tests with 2,4-D on Winter Wheat yield valuable information for Canadian Grower.

Reveal outstanding effectiveness of Weed-No-More 40 in destroying Pennycress (Stinkweed) and other hardy weeds in grain crops.

THE application of 2,4-D by air has long appealed to Grain Growers as most practical, especially where large acreages were involved. There were however many questions to be decided as to control, strengths and effectiveness. Although it may be some time before aircraft are generally available for this work Green Cross Insecticides decided to investigate this method and last September conducted the first aeroplane application test with Weed-No-More at its Entomological Station, Rougemont, P.Q.

Results were highly promising and last fall, in the great winter wheat growing State of Nebraska, tests were conducted on a more exhaustive scale by the Sherwin-Williams Company with the co-operation of Dr. Noel Hanson, well known weed expert of Nebraska Agricultural College. These tests were designed to determine the most satisfactory methods of applying 2, 4-D by aeroplane to destroy weeds in tolerant growing crops.



Noel Hanson, Weed Expert at Nebraska State Agricultural College, places 2" slides on ground.

A PT-17 Stearman Navy-Type Plane belonging to the Aerial Insecticiding Corporation of Orlando, Florida, was used in the tests. It had an open nozzle boom, fed by a

75-gallon detachable tank.

The plane was flown 2 to 15 feet off the ground with the latter height appearing more efficient when the wind velocity was low. The widths of the swaths were 36 feet, 45 feet and 72 feet depending on the amount of application required. These swaths were staked out ahead of time and a piece of cheese cloth was laid over the stake directing the pilot across the field.

Temperatures at time of spraying averaged about 60°, and the wind velocity ranged up to 12 miles an hour. Nearly ideal conditions prevailed for about six weeks after spraying, the weather remaining warm and moist:

FIELDS SPRAYED HEAVILY INFESTED WITH PENNYCRESS (STINKWEED)

Three 25-30 acre wheat fields heavily infested with Pennycress, also called Stinkweed, (*Thlaspi arvense*) were selected for the tests. The fields were close enough to be almost adjoining and were considered to be comparable in topography, type of soil, moisture, etc. These fields had an even stand of wheat on them (Nebred and Pawnee Varieties) about three to four inches tall.

The heavy infestation of Stinkweed was evenly scattered over the three fields. Stinkweed is a fall annual belonging to the Mustard family and is considered to be quite susceptible to 2, 4-D. It is a serious weed in the mid-west. At the time of spraying, the Stinkweed was in the 2-15 leaf or rosette-stage of growth, and the in-

festation was at the rate of 100 to 1,000 plants per square rod:

THREE TYPES OF 2,4-D USED IN TESTS

Most of the tests were conducted with various strengths of 40% butyl ester 2,4-D (Weed-No-More 40) but a 2, 4-D sodium salt and a triethanolamine salt were also tested:

A diluent for the 2, 4-D was needed that was less volatile than water, that would break up into finer droplets than water under low pressure and simple nozzles and still not be prohibitive in cost. A material serving this purpose was Diesel Fuel Oil No. 2. It was possible to use this with the butyl ester (Weed-No-More 40) but it would not go into solution with the sodium or triethanolamine salts and hence water had to be used with them.

BUTYL ESTER FORMULATION PROVES 50% MORE EFFECTIVE

The ester formulation (Weed-No-More 40) in diesel fuel oil was found to be 50% more effective than the triethanolamine salt and more than 50% more effective than the sodium salt when used at equivalent concentration. This is revealed in the following statement from the report of the experiments:

"In comparing the results using 12

oz. of butyl ester (Weed-No-More 40) when applied with 2½ gals of Diesel Fuel Oil in one experiment and with 2½ gals of water in another experiment, the water application appeared to be about 25% less effective than the Diesel Fuel Oil. The same amount of 2,4-D in the triethanolamine salt form with 2½ gallons of water was still less effective by approximately another 25% and the sodium salt in a similar experiment was last in efficiency of results."

Two gallons of water containing 2.4 oz. of 2, 4-D acid in the Triethanolamine salt form resulted in a kill of only 10% of the Stinkweed (Pennycress) whereas two gallons of Diesel Oil containing 6 oz. Weed-No-More 40

(that is only 1.92 oz. acid) per acre resulted in an 80-90% kill of Pennycress:

The following table indicates the results obtained on weeds in wheat crops when using varying amounts of Weed-No-More 40 in various quantities of Diesel Fuel Oil. From the table it will be observed that too high a concentration may have an injurious effect on the grain. Too low a concentration might not result in a satisfactory kill. It is therefore suggested that for aeroplane application, to control weeds in tolerant growing crops, 16 oz. Weed-No-More 40 be applied in 1¼ gallons Diesel Fuel Oil at the rate of 2 gallons per acre.

TABLE OF STRENGTHS USED IN TESTS AND RESULTS

Name of Weeds in Crop	Amount Weed-No-More 40 Used per acre	Amount Acid Contained	Amount Carrier Used per acre	Effects on Crop	Percent Kill of Weeds
Stinkweed (Pennycress)	6 ozs.	1.92 oz.	2 gals. Diesel Fuel Oil	No effect on Wheat	80-90% Kill
Thlaspi (Arvense)	12 ozs.	3.84 ozs.	2½ gals. Diesel Fuel Oil	Little apparent effect on wheat. What effect could be noticed was a little more apparent in the 24 oz. concentration than on the 12 oz. concentration.	92-100% Kill
(Member of the Mustard Family)	18 ozs.	5.76 ozs.	2½ gals. Diesel Fuel Oil	do	do
	24 ozs.	7.68 ozs.	2½ gals. Diesel Fuel Oil	do	do
	48 ozs.	15.3 ozs.	5 gals. Diesel Fuel Oil	Stiffening of crown and prostration of leaves of some wheat plants, also leaves with darker green colour, many of them rolled.	100% Kill
	12 ozs.	3.84 ozs.	1¼ gals. Diesel Fuel Oil	No effect on wheat	88-98% Kill
	18 ozs.	5.76 ozs.	1¼ gals. Diesel Fuel Oil	do	
	24 ozs.	7.68 ozs.	1¼ gals. Diesel Fuel Oil	do	

GROUND SPRAYERS

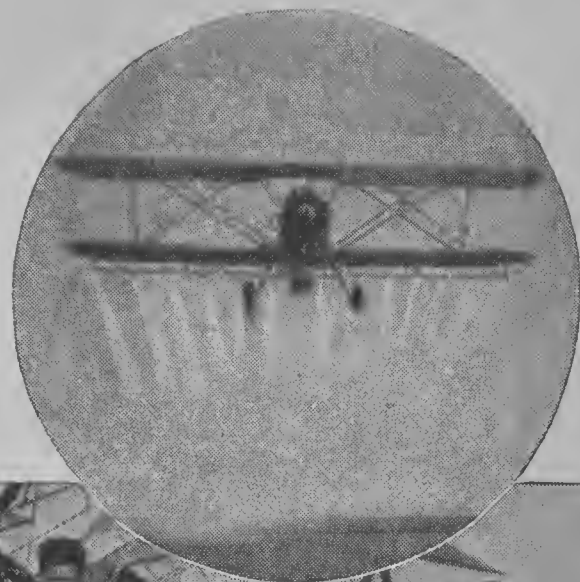
With Ground Sprayers, use 16 oz. of Weed-No-More 40 in 80 gallons of water. Apply 80 gallons per acre. For fog sprayers, such as Buffalo Turbines, use 16 oz. of Weed-No-More 40 in 5 gallons of water. Apply at the rate of 5 gallons per acre.

WHEN TO USE WEED-NO-MORE 40:

1. Young actively growing weeds are easier to control. Spray early for more effect.
2. Spray small grains either before jointing stage or after milk stage.

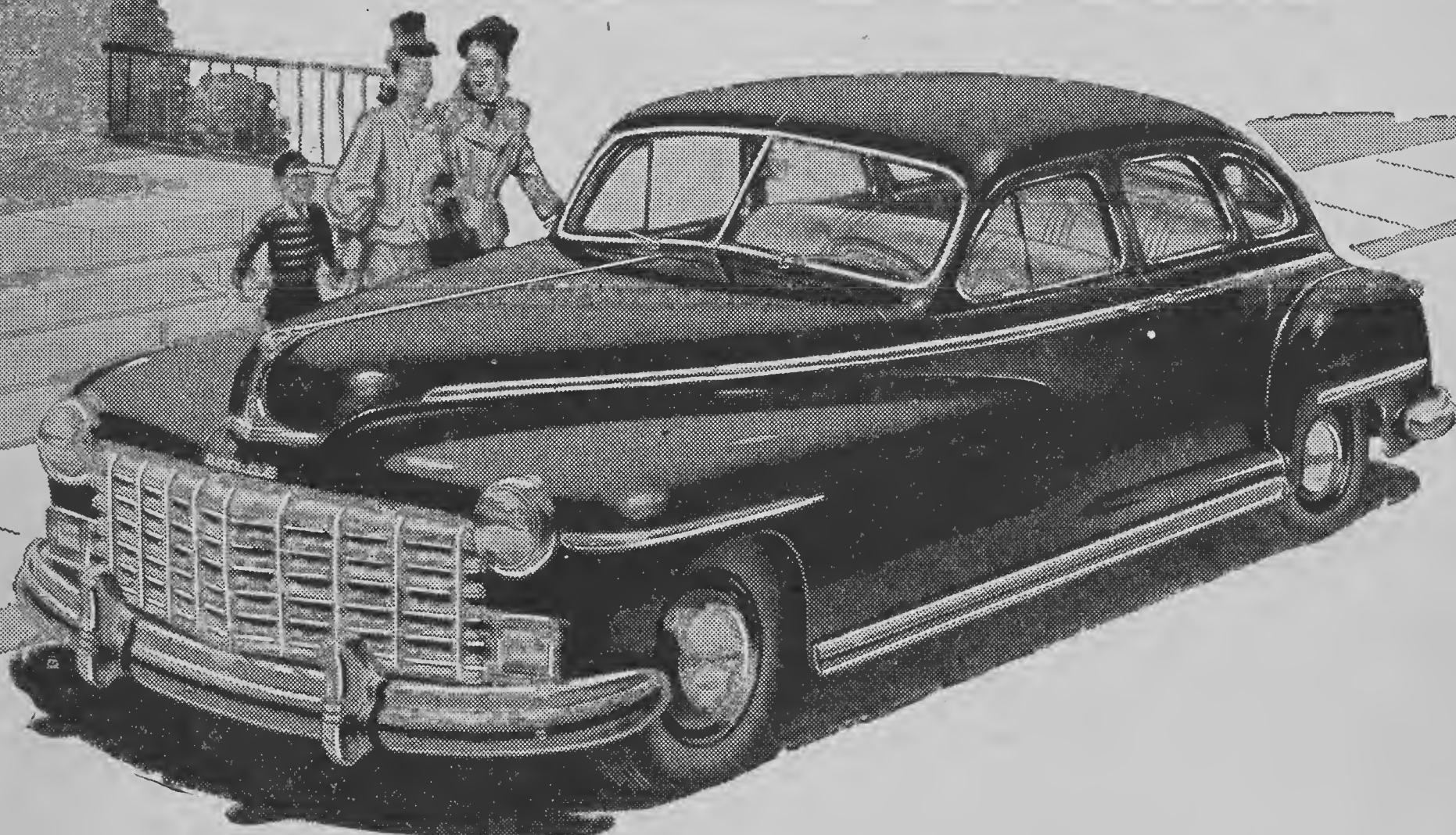
WEED-NO-MORE KILLS THESE WEEDS AND MANY MORE:

Field Bindweed, Wild Mustard and other Mustards, Common Chickweed, Cinquefoils, False Ragweed, Field Horsetail, Pepper Grass, Pigweeds, Stinkweed, Hedge Bindweed, Blue Lettuce, Canada Thistle, Knotweed, Lambs Quarters, Perennial Sow Thistle, Poverty Weed, Purslane, Russian Thistle, Smartweed, Shepherd's Purse, etc.

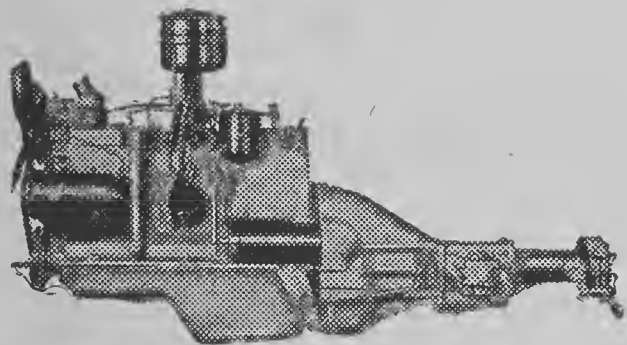


S-W Technical Representatives who conducted the Air Application Tests. l. to r. Baine, Meadows, Harris, Buskirk, Waters

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B.C. Plans For All-Round Progress

New industries, record revenue and farm prosperity look good

By CHAS. L. SHAW

B RITISH Columbia is currently experiencing a period of tremendous industrial expansion, and that is all to the good; for apart from the promise of increased revenues and greater utilization of natural resources, new industries mean more employment for the thousands of people who have moved west of the Rockies during the past half-dozen years.

An illustration of how the industrial tide is rising is the announcement of Celanese Corporation of America that it will establish a \$15,000,000 pulp mill near Prince Rupert. This is welcome news to all British Columbia, but particularly to Prince Rupert, which suffered more from industrial dislocation following the return to peace than any other part of the province.

During the war thousands of troops, mostly from the United States, were quartered at Prince Rupert, and supply bases were established there for Alaskan military establishments. In addition, there was a thriving wartime ship-building industry there. When war ended, all this activity came to a stop, and parts of the once flourishing metropolis of the north gave a "ghost town" impression. Building of a huge new pulp mill will go a long way towards putting Prince Rupert on its feet again.

H OWEVER, the action of the Celanese Corporation is only one of many similar developments. The financial report presented by Hon. Herbert Anscomb, Minister of Finance, to the Legislature recently was significant of the growth that has been taking place during the last few years. Not long ago British Columbia's annual revenue amounted to somewhat less than \$30,000,000, but Mr. Anscomb estimates that during the current fiscal year it will reach close to \$60,000,000, which of course is an all-time record by a wide margin.

However, it costs money to run a prosperous province and Mr. Anscomb figures that total expenditures this year will also surpass all previous estimates; in fact, that by the time all bills are paid there will be precious little for a surplus.

The provincial government realizes that the time has come for more work to be done in the outlying sections of the province; that otherwise it will be difficult if not impossible to halt the unhealthy concentration of population in the metropolitan areas. This year, for instance, the government plans the biggest highway building and maintenance program in history. Partly as a means of opening up the rural areas through provision of cheaper power, the government has hoisted the capital behind its power commission to \$30,000,000.

B RITISH Columbia also plans to provide a better opportunity for those who desire to settle on the land. The new policy announced in the legislature is designed to avoid the mistakes of the past. For one thing, all settlement under the government plan will be confined to areas that have been found definitely suitable for farming.

Such land will be divided into sections of a size sufficient to enable the settler to enjoy not only a reasonable living, but fair prospects of profitable operation, co-ordinating farming with management of wood lots, trapping, fur farming and even dude ranching. Such units, with all pertinent information, will be made available for immediate sale, or lease if preferable, at the district land offices and at Victoria. Such offices as the Agent-General's in Lon-

don will have data for prospective settlers in British Columbia.

Preference will be given to war veterans, but the scheme will embrace all bona fide settlers, especially those who indicate a real aptitude for that kind of life. Means of co-operation with the Land-Clearing division of the Department of Agriculture and with Dominion government land reclamation and irrigation facilities, is being provided.

A NOTHER government program affecting the country areas of the province has to do with forestry, and it is likely that the Legislature will make a long stride during the 1947 session to provide the framework for sustained yield management—something the British Columbia timber lands have never had in the past. In other words, for the first time in the history of the all-important forest industries, which last year yielded some \$160,000,000 worth of products, a real effort will be made to see that the cut of timber does not exceed the natural growth.

Back in 1912 the first official survey of British Columbia's forest problem was made, and at that time it was estimated that there were at least 300 billion feet of lumber and that the actual cut was only about one billion feet annually. This was reassuring to everyone, and the government quite reasonably reached the conclusion that there was no danger of depletion and that no one needed to worry about an ultimate timber famine.

Today, 35 years after the original survey, there is still no prospect of exhaustion of the coastal forests except in respect to virgin timber of certain species, but the situation does not warrant complacency. In the first place, it has been discovered that the actual stand of timber is probably very much less than the 300 billion estimate of 1912 and the annual cut has, of course, greatly increased. Last year's cut was approximately three billion feet.

I T is the old song again—"How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm?" It was sung, figuratively, in the Legislature by J. H. Corsbie, C.C.F. member for the Peace River country. Mr. Corsbie has been doing a little research work, and the result has not cheered him. He told fellow members of the house that the average age of farmers in B.C. is 52 and that the ambition of most of the young folks in the country is to get jobs in the city.

"Can you blame them?" asked Mr. Corsbie. "Only 34 per cent of the farms have running water, 7 per cent have furnaces, 21 per cent have inside toilets, 23 per cent have bathtubs, although most farmers are so busy they hardly have time to bathe. Only 36 per cent have electric light."

Mr. Corsbie says that the farm problem looms as British Columbia's biggest problem in the immediate future, and he may be right. However, many growers in the more favored areas of the province will probably regard Mr. Corsbie as more pessimistic than the facts justify. After all, agricultural revenue last year was by far the greatest on record, and while some sections, such as the seed growers, may encounter hurdles to overcome now that competitive world market conditions prevail, the outlook generally is not unfavorable. Okanagan growers, for instance, feel confident that federal agricultural marketing which will enable them to continue market controls, will soon be enacted.

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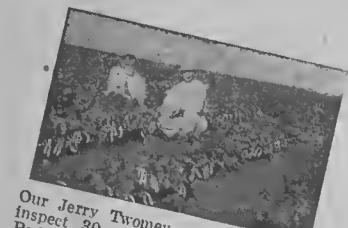


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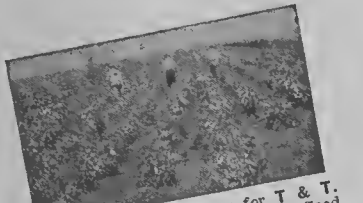
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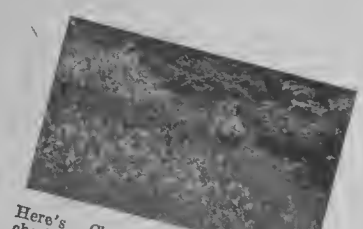
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Test Plot visitors may marvel at the quality and earliness of the vegetables but hate to leave the Sweet Pea Tests above till they have a bouquet.



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2. **Cabbage, Early Vienna.** The earliest cabbage we have ever grown, ideal for home and market gardening. Drought resistant and tops for the prairies. Crisp and firm. (See page 5).
3. **Corn, T & T Golden Midget.** New Midget Bush corn grows 2½ to 3 feet high. A real space saver for the small garden. We believe this to be the earliest, sweetest and tenderest corn we have ever tested. Ready in Winnipeg July 24th. Its earliness makes it a Northern favorite. (See page 7).
4. **Cucumber, Improved Mincu.** An improved strain of this favorite. Very uniform and tops for quality. An ideal dual-purpose cuke grown from special foundation seed. Vines short, compact and an amazing yielder. Fruit blunt and ideal for either slicing or pickling. Seed scarce. (See page 8).
5. **Early Great Lake Lettuce (head).** This amazing early spring is ten days earlier than regular Great Lakes. Careful plant breeding has preserved the tremendous vigor, heat and drought resistance of Great Lakes together with earliness. (See page 9).
6. **Onion, T & T Arctic Spanish.** This is a distinctly new kind of Spanish onion, two weeks earlier than Riverside. Fastest growing onion ever introduced, great for the North, have fully mature Spanish onions by seeding this new outstanding variety this season.
7. **Peas, T & T Triumph.** This new introduction is very high in sugar and cooks up into a lively green color. Outstanding quality, top yielder, vigorous vine. (See page 12).
8. **Tomatoes, Morden Yellow.** New introduction from the Morden Experimental Station, plants early bush type, fruits large, smooth, best yellow for the North. (See page 15).

These are only a few of the new vegetables and flowers that you will find in the 1947 T & T Digest.

If you have not already received your Seed list be sure and drop us a line.



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NEWS OF AGRICULTURE



Spring shows and sales were numerous in March and early April and thousands of horses, bulls, sheep and swine changed hands after being dolled up for the occasion.

Trouble for British Farmers

BBRITISH farmers are having plenty of trouble. In addition to unprecedented winter weather involving snow and floods which have cost the lives of thousands of head of livestock and untold damage through other losses and delays in farm work, British farmers are endeavoring through their organizations to impress upon the Government the importance of agriculture to the nation.

Mr. James Turner, President of the National Farmers Union of England and Wales, and President of the International Federation of Agricultural Producers, has made repeated public statements in which he has urged an increase in the production of home-grown food, and a switch from unbalanced crop production to meat, milk and eggs, as a means of reducing Britain's import food bill. Arguing that Britain can build securely only on agriculture and mining, the two basic industries, Mr. Turner urges that if a food crisis develops it will be more serious than the shortage of coal; and that the production of more food from British soil will not only add substance and variety to the British meal, but will result in an increase in the output of industry. He urges a realistic view of agricultural requirements in men, labor, machinery and housing. He criticizes the export of agricultural machinery at the very time when the farmers of Britain are "short of thousands of tractors, combine harvesters, milking machines and the whole range of implements essential to increased output per man."

In the same issue of Farmer and Stock-Breeder, Earl De La Warr, who visited Canada during the war, and is a large-scale farmer, not unfriendly to the socialist government, is reported as having criticized the British Agriculture Bill and particularly the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Tom Williams, by saying "that there is no one today as there was during the war, fighting, if need be, ferociously with his colleagues for what the industry must have if it is to increase or even maintain production."

"As a result, production is actually decreasing. The country is likely to pay a heavy price in this respect, as in others, for the Government's absorption with long-term abstractions."

Net Farm Income Last Year

FARMERS in western Canada had more money left at the end of 1946 than in any year for which the Dominion Bureau of Statistics has prepared comparable statistics. Indeed, Canadian farmers generally, in spite of higher operating expenses and depreciation charges, achieved last year a

net income from farm operations of \$1,267,362,000, which was \$40.5 million better than the previous record year in 1944, and \$263 million better than the big crop year of 1942. In 1938, when these comparisons were first made, Canadian net farm income was only \$387.1 million. It increased steadily each year, but it was still less than \$600 million in 1941.

The principal reason for the 1946 record figures lies in the high gross income figure of \$2,089,179,000, which is arrived at by adding together cash income (\$1,742,341,000), income in kind (\$300,229,000) and increased inventory (\$46,609,000). From this total are deducted operating expenses and depreciation charges of \$830,817,000.

Income in kind is a calculation of the value of rent and farm products consumed on farms. Big items here are: House rent, \$62.1 million; forest products (wood and lumber), \$46 million; milk, \$34.5 million; meat (not including poultry), \$33.8 million; eggs and poultry, \$47 million; dairy butter and cheese, \$16.9 million.

Considering net income of farm operators during the past three years by provinces, only Prince Edward Island had a higher net farm income in 1945 than in either 1944 or 1946. Only Ontario and British Columbia have shown increases in each of the last two years over the previous year, and only Saskatchewan showed a substantially higher net income in 1944 over either of the two following years. Five of the nine provinces showed decreased net income in 1945 as compared with 1944, and recovery in 1946 above the 1944 level.

If we take Ontario, with the largest net farm income, as 100, net income of each of the other provinces in percentage of Ontario net farm income is as follows: Saskatchewan 87.73 per cent (\$291.7 million); Alberta 62.49 (\$207.8 million); Quebec 60.81 (\$202.2 million); Manitoba 37.86 (\$125.9 million); British Columbia 14.91 (\$49.6 million); New Brunswick 7.94 (\$26.4 million); Nova Scotia 6.44 (\$21.4 million); Prince Edward Island 2.98 (\$9.9 million). The four western provinces combined, enjoyed last year 53.2 per cent of the total net income of Canadian farms.

Ontario Hog Marketing Regulations

IN Ontario there is a hog producers' marketing board, which has been responsible for certain regulations and rules with regard to hog marketing, which came into effect March 1. These rules and regulations were agreed to by a negotiating committee set up under the hog producers' marketing scheme and approved by the farm prod-

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Yours very truly,

(Signed) Harold E. Crow.

(This unpaid, unsolicited letter on file.)



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ucts marketing board. Only three kinds of agents may handle hogs from producer to processor, and all must be licensed. These are the producers' and processors' agents and the independent buyers. Where grading facilities are available, all hogs must be brought from the producer on Dominion Government grades, and settlement made on the basis of the grading certificates. All hogs must be distinctly tattooed or identified before they are mixed with other hogs. All quotations, including final settlement, are to be on a warm-dressed grade A basis. Every producer must be given a receipt from buyer, agent or processor. The producer must be given a final settlement statement by all agents or buyers. The secretary of the hog producers' marketing board, W. E. Tummon, stated that packing plants are co-operating with the marketing board; and Ontario producers have been urged to remember that hogs mean approximately \$100 million per year to Ontario farmers.

Two Manitoba Co-ops. Merge
BY unanimous vote, early in March, Manitoba's two oldest provincial co-operatives are being amalgamated. These are the Manitoba Co-operative Dairies, Limited, which began operations in 1921, and the Manitoba Co-operative Poultry Marketing Association, which held its organization meeting in 1922. The combined organization will have a membership of approximately 35,000.

The amalgamation was agreed on as the result of a special meeting of the Dairy Co-operative held in Winnipeg at the same time as the annual meeting of the Poultry Co-operative. The latter will take over the assets of the dairy organization and the board of directors has been increased to 15, in order to include five representatives of the dairy co-operative.

Mexican Foot-and-Mouth Epidemic
ANIMALS infected with foot-and-mouth disease are able to eat only with difficulty and great pain, owing to blisters on the mouth and heels, as well as occasionally in the stomach and intestines. Fear of foot-and-mouth disease in Britain kept Canadian live cattle out of that market for many years.

At the present time, South Central Mexico, an area involving about 25 per cent of Mexican livestock, is seriously infected with foot-and-mouth disease, and threatens to provide one of the most important economic crises in the history of the country.

In the infected area, the livestock population consists of 2,900,000 cattle, 1,400,000 sheep, 1,700,000 goats, and 1,550,000 hogs. These represent 30 per cent of the cattle, 43 per cent of the sheep, 37 per cent of the goats and 42 per cent of the hogs in Mexico. The most virulent form of the disease is not present, but meat and milk supplies have been seriously curtailed. Troops have been used to enforce a quarantine around the infected area, and all animals found outside the quarantine zone are slaughtered.

Ranchers in Texas have urged the United States Government to erect a strong wire fence along the 1,210-mile Rio Grande border to stop smuggling of Mexican cattle. They have also urged the Government to step in and help Mexico control the infection, which it is believed may have arisen from the importation of some Zebu bulls about a year ago from Brazil, where foot-and-mouth disease is known to exist.

The only proven way of bringing the disease under control so far has been the destruction of infected animals. A United States outbreak in 1914 cost the United States Government \$9 million for the slaughter of 172,000 cattle, sheep, hogs and goats in 22 states. In 1924, a further outbreak necessitated the slaughter of 131,972 additional animals.

Recently, a Mexican army major reported that injections of 42.5 grams of urotropine with distilled water, given to each cow in a herd of 150, had eliminated all traces of the disease.

It Pays to Work Together

AT Bega on the south coast of New South Wales, Australia, production fell nearly 30 per cent during severe drought years, 1940-45. Many outside farmers were unable to keep their herds alive, even with government assistance. On the Kamberuka, 14,530 acre estate in the same district, however, production increased by two per cent on the 15 farms of the estate where 1,800 dairy cows are milked. Each farm is run by a family on a share basis, and this method of co-operative farming has been in operation for many years. In the midst of unemployment during the years 1929-1934, no estate employee lost his job and all enjoyed good living conditions. Facts and figures are offered to prove that production has been greater under this form of collective farming than under individual farm ownership.

The share farmer has a neat, brick cottage, for which he pays no rent. He gets a gallon of milk daily without cost, and buys meat, butter and cheese at the community store at low, fixed prices. The share farmer milks, cares for his cattle, looks after his yards and plant and delivers his milk to one of three cheese factories on the estate. He receives a sliding-scale rate for his milk, based on yield of cheese and current net prices received for cheese. He supplies milk cans, a few dairy utensils, power and rubber replacements for milking machines. The estate supplies all the feed and two 100-ton silos with each farm. Rotational grazing is directed by the manager, who also decides when and how much silage and concentrates will be used. A pool of 30 additional workers' families residing on the estate provides labor for cultivation and general farm work. These farm workers pay a moderate rent for their cottages, and 11 cents per gallon for their milk. The estate maintains a breeding herd of 400 Jerseys, which provides replacements for the herds of share farmers. Most of the cattle are grade Jerseys resulting from the use of Jersey bulls on cows of Shorthorn ancestry. All herds and dairies get skilled supervision, and all herds are tested and culled.

Farm Prices, Wages and Land Values

THE cost of farm labor in Canada was still going up in January, according to a statement by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, issued in March. For Canada as a whole, wages by the day, without board, averaged \$4.15 in January, as compared with \$3.84 a year ago, and \$3.61 two years ago. For the western provinces, the January, 1947, figures were Manitoba \$3.70 per day, \$3.71 for Saskatchewan, Alberta \$4.02 and British Columbia \$4.73. Figures for the Prairie Provinces are somewhat lower than in eastern Canada, with the exception of Prince Edward Island. Average monthly wages, without board, were \$89.25 throughout Canada in January, which compares with \$100.50 in 1946 and \$93.32 in 1945. Western Canadian figures were: Manitoba \$82.29, Saskatchewan \$81.47, Alberta \$89.67 and British Columbia \$103.25. Corresponding figures for monthly wages with board are: Canada, \$63.29, Manitoba \$55.40, Saskatchewan \$54.04, Alberta \$63.31, British Columbia \$78.02.

Based on the period 1935-39 as 100, the index number of farm prices of agricultural products throughout Canada for 1946 was 183.7, which compares with 91.8 in 1939 and 88.0 in 1935. The farm price index reached its highest level in 1946 during the month of July, when the figure was 188.0, having climbed to that level from 178.9 in January, 1946. By provinces, for 1946,

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the figures show considerable variation. New Brunswick showed the highest average index figure, at 207.5, and Saskatchewan the lowest with 171.7, showing a difference between the highest and the lowest provinces of 35.8 points. Interesting in this connection is the fact that in 1944, when Ontario, with an average index figure of 168.7, was lower than any other province, British Columbia, the highest province, was only 10.9 points higher, at 179.6. Fluctuations month by month in the index of prices were much greater in some provinces last year than in others. In Saskatchewan, for example, the range of fluctuation was between 169.1 in January and 173.8 in July. In Quebec, prices started off at a level of 188.1 in January and climbed to 203.4 in December. In Prince Edward Island, the January, 1946, index number was 196.2, rose to 237.1 in August and dropped to 161.7 in December, a spread of 75.4 points.

Average values per acre of occupied farm land throughout Canada were on the increase in 1946, also. For the country as a whole, the figure was \$32 per acre, as compared with \$24 in 1940. The only provinces showing any declines in land values were Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick. Average land values, as reported to the D.B.S. by crop correspondents are as follows for the nine provinces: British Columbia, \$70; Quebec and Ontario, each \$59; Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, each \$42; New Brunswick \$39; Manitoba, \$25; Alberta, \$21, Saskatchewan, \$19.

British Second Domesday Book

SINCE 1941, the British government has been engaged in an exhaustive national farm survey, done as a basis of planning to assist the County War Agricultural Executive Committees. Nearly 300,000 individual records were secured, including nearly every holding of five acres or more.

Rented land on all holdings of five acres or over carries an average of 27 shillings per acre, the highest, 57 shillings per acre, being in Holland (Lincoln). Average rent for holdings of 700 acres and over is 19 shillings per acre, rising to 25 shillings for holdings of 100 to 300 acres, and to 32 shillings for 25 to 100-acre holdings, while five to 25-acre holdings average 52 shillings. Fifteen per cent of all occupiers have been on the same land since before World War I, while another nine per cent started between 1915 and 1921. Only about 39 per cent of the 270,000 holdings with farm buildings have their buildings in good condition, and 11 per cent of all holdings have no farm house, while only 73,000, or about 25 per cent have one or more farm cottages. About 44 per cent of all holdings have no regular hired workers, and over 12 per cent of all regular workers are found on less than 1,800 farms, each having 20 or more.

Twenty-five per cent of the British farm land is heavy, 55 per cent medium, 18 per cent light, while 41 per cent has good natural fertility, 51 per cent fair and eight per cent poor. Only 54 per cent of the holdings were considered to have good layouts; and manuring, an integral feature of successful British farming, was considered adequate on only 56 per cent of the holdings.

Stallion Records and Annuals

The Book Department of The Country Guide has Stallion Service Record Books available at \$1.00 each, postpaid. Copies of the North British Agriculturist and Farming News Livestock Annual are now in and will be supplied at \$1.00 each, postpaid. Copies of the Scottish Farmer Album are expected soon and will also be sent for \$1.00 each, postpaid, as and when they are received. Address, Book Department, The Country Guide, 290 Vaughan Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

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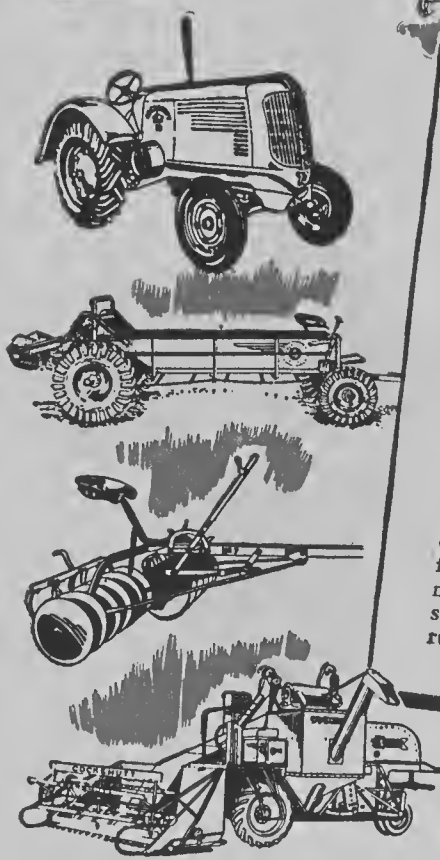
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WINDSOR

CANADA

WHAT'S BEHIND THE TAX AGREEMENTS?

Continued from page 5

partly because he assumed the responsibility for looking after the old folks, who had never heard of old-age pensions. When families were as big as public meetings are now, baby bonuses hadn't been invented.

Two things they had, contentment and security, in greater measure than people have today. It was about all they wanted, because what people don't know about they don't want.

Women took their religion, and men their politics and religion, seriously in those days. Church services and political meetings knew no empty seats. And, mark you, it was to the countryside that the politicians looked for political straws in the wind. It was in the small towns, where the farmers could get to their meetings, that they flew their political kites. Decades were to elapse before the radio and loudspeaker destroyed the art of public speech. A politician didn't sit in a noise-proof studio and monotonously drone from a manuscript into a microphone and early experience in driving oxen had made a loudspeaker unnecessary. He stood on a platform, with his toes over the edge of it, and hammered his convictions into his left palm with his right fist, whether he believed in his convictions or not. Some men came to listen and some to yell, but most of them came.

It was against such a background that the plan of Confederation was conceived and its details worked out. How could the Fathers of Confederation, far-seeing statesman though they were, peer into the future and see what is, for us, the present? How could they discern the industrial and financial system that we see all about us and are part of, whether we like it or not? Neither Bell nor Edison were old enough to vote. The only practical use of electricity was to send dots and dashes over a wire. Henry Ford was a barefoot Michigan farm boy. Mass production wasn't foreseen even by Tennyson, who foresaw the Luftwaffe. There wasn't enough liquid capital in the whole country to make one quart sized corporation.

They had some intuitive glimpses of a tier of provinces strung along the American border, like clothes on the line, but they didn't glimpse nine provinces with aggregate annual budgets of \$500,000,000 a year. They couldn't know that by now education would be costing the state 15 times as much per capita as it did in their time. They never dreamed that social welfare would spiral upward from less than a million-and-a-quarter a year to away over a quarter of a billion 70 years later.

When the binder and the spring tooth cultivator, and later the tractor, one-way and combine, made it unnecessary for more than 25 per cent of Canadians, to be on the land, the excess population moved to the cities and built up the industrial age. When the industrial age came in the door, social security flew out the window. Individual and community self-help diminished. Something had to be done about it and that something had to be done by the state. It began in the middle nineties which also, and on a universal scale, dated an epochal change in the history of the human race. Expenditures on social welfare started to skyrocket. They are still climbing at an angle never yet attained even by a jet propelled plane.

Now these social amenities, highways, education, welfare and the like, were left by the Fathers of Confederation on the doorstep of the provinces,

and of the municipalities, which are the creatures of the provinces. When the unforeseen and unforeseeable happened, as it generally does, when valleys were bridged instead of rivers; when the path master and statute labor gave way to the engineer and the construction camp and road scrapers to bulldozers and concrete mixers; when primary education stretched out from four or five grades to a dozen or more; when higher education became so high that it takes six or eight years to scale it; when social security from birth to death is widely demanded and partially provided, the people have to pay the shot. These things are all very fine but they cost money and lots of it.

On the provinces and the municipalities the burden chiefly fell. They shouldered it manfully. The municipalities, confined largely to taxes on real property, upped the assessment and the mill rate. I remember when the taxes on the old farm were around \$18 a year. Now they are around \$118, which in the former day would have been considered a fair rental. But even at that the provinces have had to extend largesse to the municipalities to keep their books in balance.

But the provinces had to resort to other devices to raise money. And the ways they have devised to extract pennies, dimes, York shillings and folding money from reluctant pockets have made the Fathers of Confederation turn over in their graves so often that they must be worn as thin as lead pencils by now. You pay an amusement tax whether you are amused or not. You pay the tax through the pari mutuels whether you win or lose. There was hot debate, here 25 or 30 years ago, whether to build and maintain highways by license fees on cars or a tax on gasoline. They ended up by taxing cars, gas and driver. In Manitoba they even tax you to pay the damages caused by the other fellow's accident. In some provinces they tax your meals when you eat out. Sales taxes yielded \$17,000,000 to provincial treasuries back in 1943. But taxes on drinking have lately been topping all other sources of provincial revenue; and they come after the Dominion has collected the excise on the stuff. People stand in queues a city block long to get their ration of whiskey and when they get it have to drink 80 cents worth of taxes to get 20 cents worth of Scotch.

Yes, when it comes to inventing taxes the provinces have been good. They have been very good indeed. For in the collection of taxes the Fathers hobbled and hog tied them. They provided that the only kind of tax which a province could levy was the direct tax, which means that you can't pay a provincial tax without feeling the money leave you. They were kinder to the Federal Government, which can impose any sort of a tax that it can get away with. And how a finance minister can camouflage a tax, call it by another name to make it unrecognizable! But a tax by any other name doesn't necessarily smell as sweet. Sometimes it stinks. If the provinces only had the power to disguise a tax they would have been better still.

It all went so-so until the Great Depression and the Great Drought conspired to hit the western farmer simultaneously. Then the system broke down. Relief, whether it is to keep an unemployed motor mechanic or a dried-out farmer eating three times a day was a local, not a federal responsibility. The groaning thirties brought matters to a head. Tax sources dried up, money had to be borrowed and the Dominion had to come to the rescue because its credit was still good. It gave grants to apply to the sore spots. But there are some kinds of sores which a plaster won't cure and this was one of them. The outlying provinces had been getting a raw deal

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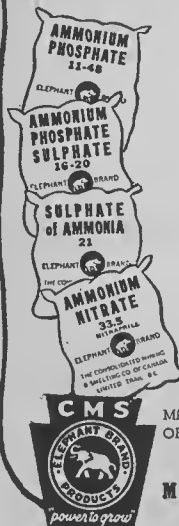
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Early plows were hewn from tree-trunks. About 1800, cast-iron moldboards began to be used.



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AS LATE AS 1794, wooden moldboards were hewn from tree trunks, and when the first cast-iron plows were made, farmers believed that the cast iron "poisoned the land". Then came lighter weight steel plows. Soon plows were being made in factories at much lower cost than they could be made by the local blacksmith.

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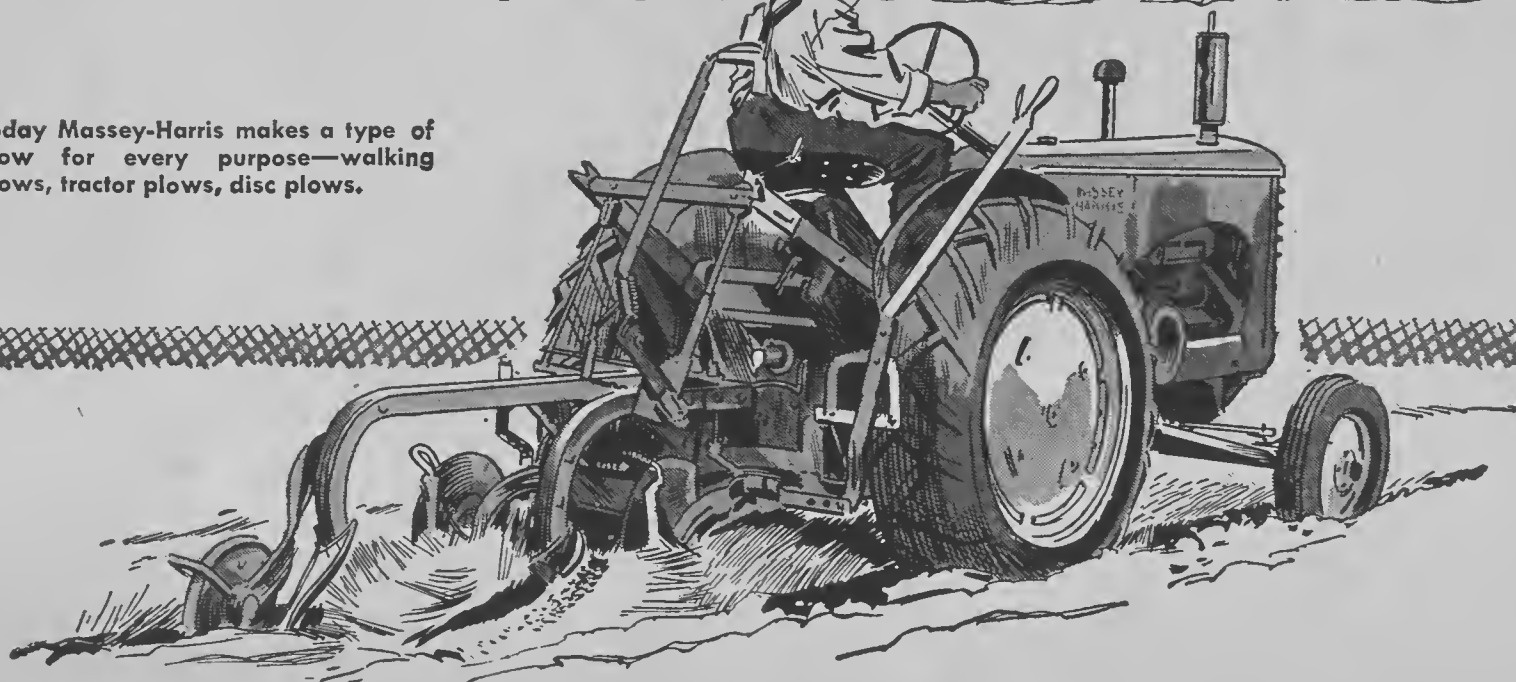
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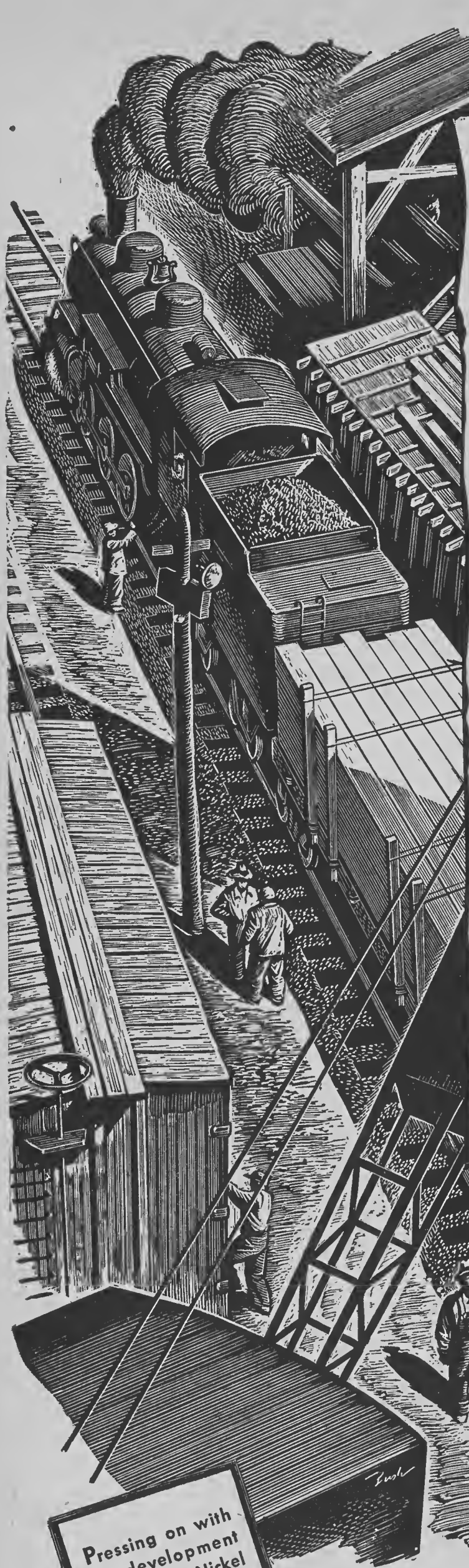
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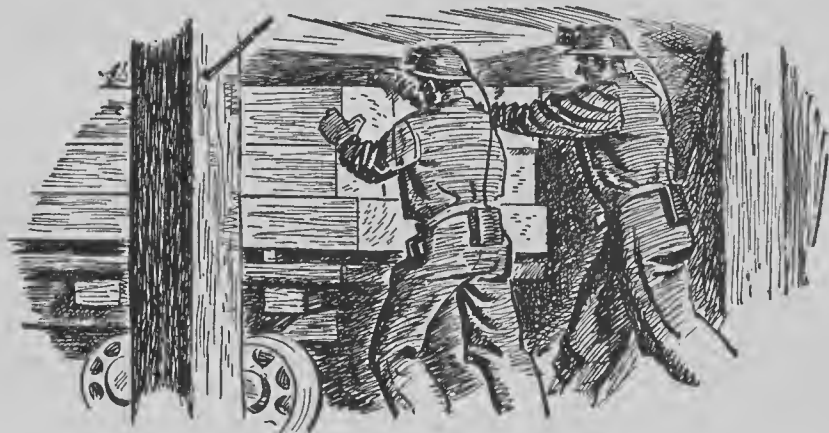


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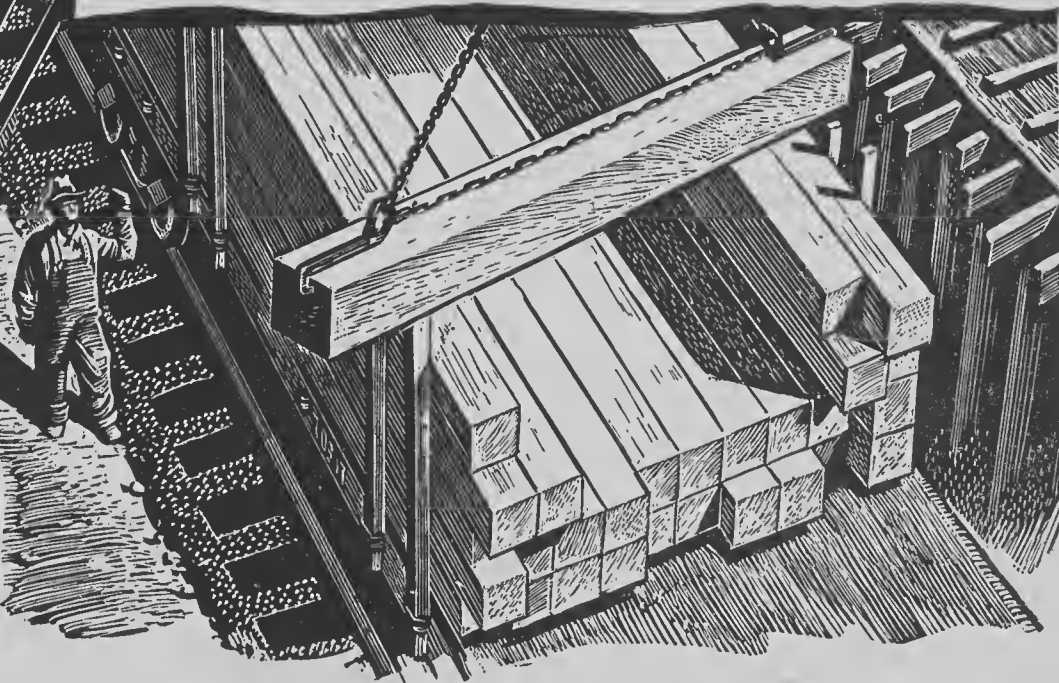
roads buy equipment containing Nickel. Tons of Nickel go into locomotives, and freight and passenger car frames, because Nickel Alloys are tough, strong, rust-resistant. The purchase of this equipment means jobs for scores of men engaged in producing and refining Canadian Nickel.

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and had a new deal coming to them, whether they all knew it or not.

It is not necessary to elaborate at length on the great development which the industrial age brought to the central provinces. With markets to the east of them and markets to the west of them, their manufacturing industries waxed mightily. Goods flowed in both directions in an endless and increasing stream and the bank drafts flowed back accordingly. Great financial institutions, serving the whole country, grew up with their head offices in Toronto and Montreal. The headquarters of the two great railway systems are in the latter city. The Ottawa personnel of the national civil service cash their government pay checks in the capital city.

Not money only, but also men, are drawn to the Canadian centre of gravity. Let a branch office manager of an Eastern concern show outstanding ability and he is whisked away for higher duty at higher pay in head office. There is no objection much to these movements of men, money and goods. They have followed automatically a general and on the whole a healthy economic trend. After all Toronto and Montreal, Oshawa and London are Canadian cities, made up exclusively of consumers, and producers have no objection to consumers. A Canadian consumer consumes more Canadian produce than an American or an Englishman. But—

No, I have not forgotten that the provinces were found, when the time came, to have the power to collect personal and corporation income taxes and that after a man had filled in his last income tax form they could dig into his estate. And there was the rub. *Corporation profits and the salaries of executives and wages of workmen earned on business done outside the central provinces could be taxed by these provinces for purely local purposes.* Likewise with an estate; the outlying provinces couldn't get at it but the Ontario and Quebec governments could and did, in fact they still do. The result was that the treasuries of the outlying provinces were leaner and of the central provinces fatter. B.C. is in a somewhat different category but we shall let that pass. And don't think that this was an unimportant matter. For example the Ontario government passes out \$25,000,000 a year to the municipalities for educational purposes alone.

THIS grave inequity had to be brought to an end. The Rowell-Sirois Commission was set up to enquire into this and other features of Dominion-provincial relations. Among its recommendations was the proposal that the Federal Government should have the exclusive right to the income and inheritance tax fields and should distribute to the provinces equalization payments which would put all the people on an equal footing, with equal opportunities for well being. The war had intervened and the Dominion had taken

over these taxes as an emergency measure from the provinces by mutual agreements, the last of which expired on the 31st of last month.

A Dominion-provincial conference was called in 1941 to consider the Rowell-Sirois Commission report. It was scuttled out of hand by a clever screwball named Hepburn who by some strange freak of political fortune had become premier of Ontario. But he was not without aid and comfort from other quarters. Another conference was convened in 1945 and just to show the hazards of political life it may be recorded that of the nine men who were provincial premiers in 1941 only two showed up at the 1945 meeting and only one, McNair of New Brunswick, holds that position today. As for Prime Minister King, he's like the brook—so far.

The 1945 conference dragged its adjourned life along into 1946 but it didn't get anywhere either. The Federal Government, despairing of an over all, all in agreement, then offered to negotiate severally with the provinces. The result is that six of them have agreed to vacate, or nearly so, the tax fields referred to above and to accept the equalization payments in return. Nova Scotia, as this is written, is still outside the corral but is rather wistfully looking over the fence.

But Ontario and Quebec are not looking over the fence, wistfully or otherwise, at least to all appearances. True they are not out of sight and still running, but they are still snorting. Colonel Drew has stated categorically that while he is head of the government not one jot or tittle of Ontario's rights will he surrender to Ottawa. He is, however, still hankering for another conference. Monsieur Duplessis, who walked out of the last conference and got a whale of a reception and a procession when he got back to his capital, still hugs the compact theory of confederation to his bosom and hurls anathemas at the centralizers in Ottawa. But the speech from the throne which he wrote for his lieutenant governor to read last winter, while sounding the tocsin on provincial rights, didn't exactly slam the door on future negotiations with those terrible people on Parliament Hill.

But the purpose of the scuttled conferences (strong language was used at the last one too) has been pretty well achieved. Ontario and Quebec may continue to be standouts but the Federal Government will not pass them disdainfully by when collecting the income and inheritance taxes. If the Drew and Duplessis governments want their electors to pay the taxes without sharing in the equalization payments, that is between them and the said electors. As matters stand the inequity outlined above has been largely removed. The agreements run for a trial period of five years. After that, well, its pretty hard to unscramble an egg.



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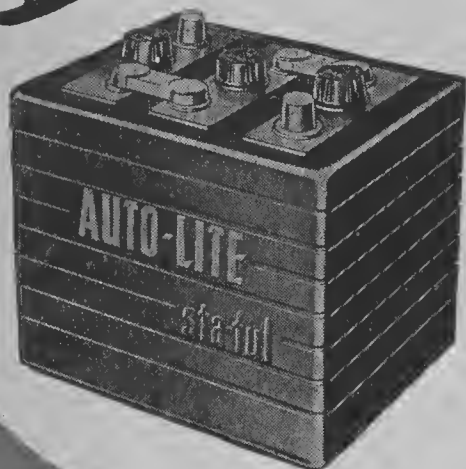
According to Scottish legend this spot, near Ayr, marks the burying ground of Old King Cole.

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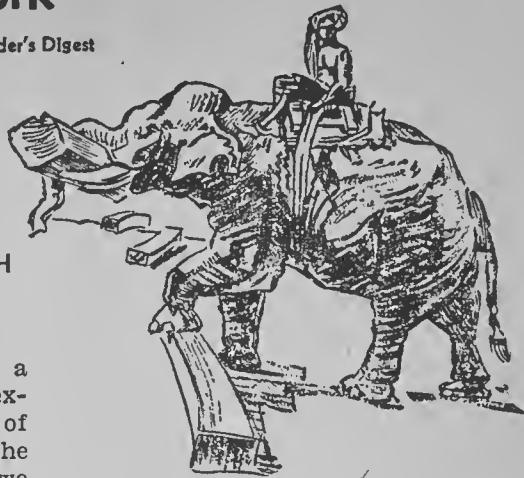
TORONTO, ONTARIO

Elephants at Work

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly via The Reader's Digest
and reprinted by permission.

Experiences in handling the wise
and kindly five-ton toiler of
India's teak-wood jungles

By MAJOR A. W. SMITH



FOR many years I belonged to a firm whose business was to extract teak from the forests of Burma and Siam. To bring the logs from stump to floating streams, we employed a force of more than 2,500 elephants, worth some \$3,750,000. With so great an investment in elephants, it is not surprising that elephant knowledge became, to us, a fine science.

Timber elephants do not lead captive lives, but live in as many respects as possible like wild animals. Because of the care bestowed on them, however, they are healthier and better looking than their forest brothers.

In wild life an elephant will feed for 18 to 20 hours out of the 24, this time being required to fill his enormous bulk with green food. He generally moves as he feeds, plucking at leaves. He sleeps very little, an hour or two at a time.

A timber elephant works only three to four hours daily, during the early morning, and only four days a week. He is not worked during the hot-weather period. But even this amount of work imposes a strain on his physique, which is counteracted by daily rations of salt and the fruit of the tamarind, of which he is very fond. He is taken down to bathe daily and his side is scrubbed with rough bark and cocoanut husk. During his hours of idleness he is allowed to wander at will in the jungle, attached to a long trailing chain which makes an easily recognizable track by which he may be followed. Around his neck he wears a bell, usually wooden, but in the rare instance of a dangerous animal a metal one may be substituted whose distinctive note serves as a warning.

The age cycle of an elephant's life is similar to that of humans. A youngster is put to light work at 16 and gains his full development at 25; females may carry calves at 18, though this is young. The animals are getting past work at 65, and they seldom live beyond 75.

THE Indian elephant stands some eight to nine feet at the shoulder, and weighs about five tons. The males frequently have tusks, but this is by no means universal, and the finest physical development is reached in those males that have none. These are known in Burma as *hines*. Burman and Indian riders say that a hine can defeat a tusker by passing the trunk under one of his adversary's tusks and over the other, and, by applying pressure, either throw him or smash a tusk. However this may be, it is a fact that tuskless males often rule the herd.

Elephants as a rule are kindly disposed, although infrequently one may encounter a "rogue." Rogues usually become so because of old, irritating wounds, or because of tusk trouble, which is equivalent to violent toothache.

On occasion male elephants get into the state called *musth*. Musth has no connection with sex, but is caused by excessive secretions in certain head glands. When an elephant comes on musth he has to be tied up and hand fed until the attack is over. If he gets loose he is likely to be dangerous. One of our best workers came on musth and broke away, eluding all attempts at recapture. We tried to give him opium

and hashish by putting down unhusked rice with balls of the drug mixed in, but he sorted out the sedatives and ate the rice. We tried to noose him without success, and then he went on a rampage, practically wrecking a village and killing two men.

One of our British managers took up the matter. He trailed the elephant for a fortnight. One evening, as he approached a clump of trees the animal stepped out of them, his tusks gleaming. He stood for a moment without a sound, and then his head went back, his trunk curled up in a ball, and he started for the man at a pace which with one who does not know elephants could not credit him. The manager quickly raised his rifle, loaded with two solid nickel-jacketed bullets.

To shoot too soon meant the possibility of a miss, for an elephant's brain offers a small target and the brain shot is the only stopper. Further, an elephant with his head up, and his precious trunk curled up out of harm's way, presents a nice problem in calculation of angles.

On the elephant came, his feet going like the beat of the pistons of a huge machine, and the ground shook. At 50 yards the manager fired the first barrel with no apparent effect; at 20, the second. Down the elephant went, sliding on his forefeet in the dusk, his tusks plowing the earth in a shower. He came to a stop only a foot or two short of his objective.

THE herd instinct among elephants is so strong that it once was responsible for the destruction of the greater part of a station on the Burma Railways. A German firm of animal dealers had purchased from us a baby elephant. The animal was put into a car and the car shunted into the siding for the night. The calf, unused to such treatment, started to trumpet his little heart out. This quickly fetched in all the elephants in the vicinity, who began by wrecking the car, and, having freed the calf, started on the station.

Most timber-working elephants are born into the service. The parents of these calves may be two elephants working in the same camp; but frequently the female is visited by a male from a wild herd. It is sometimes difficult to tell when two elephants are likely to mate, for there is no previous excitement on their part, and there is no rutting season. Two animals will form a friendship which develops into constant companionship. They will not work unless together. After weeks, possibly months, of this, mating will take place.

A calf can walk almost as soon as it is born. The trunk at first is rudimentary; a good illustration of it is in Kipling's *Just So Stories*, where the crocodile of "the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River" stretches the young elephant's nose. The calf sucks with his mouth, with the trunk curled back. Contrary to common belief, the elephant does not drink with his trunk; he takes up water in the trunk, and then squirts it back into his mouth.

ANOTHER source of elephant supply is the *keddah*, a stockade with a wide mouth narrowing to a bottle neck, into which a herd is driven or into which it may wander. A certain number of elephants are caught by another method, which is a test of courage, skill and endurance. A rope is made of twisted rattan cane, about 400 feet in length, with a noose at one end. The hunter will locate a herd, and select the young animal he requires, who must be isolated from the herd. Infinite patience is required until eventually he is found feeding alone.

Then the real business begins. Without letting the elephant become aware of his presence, the hunter must then slip the noose over one of the elephant's legs when he lifts a foot. But capture is not yet complete, for an elephant with just a noose around one leg is by no means overpowered. A loud noise is made behind him and off he goes with 400 feet of cane rope trailing behind him. This terrifies him, with the rope catching in trees and wearing him down. An elephant may go like this for ten or even 20 hours, travelling at ten miles an hour, and the hunter must keep on his track the whole time to secure him as soon as exhaustion overcomes him.

An elephant, no matter how he has been caught, is not fit for work for a year, and deaths in this period may run 35 per cent, generally from heart trouble due to the strain of being captured. When ready for work, however, he can be trained in three weeks. Training begins with handling and feeding, to accustom the animals to humans. The handling usually begins with light touches with long pieces of bamboo. Eventually the elephant can be put into a cage of stout timber over which there is a horizontal bar four feet above his back. A man will then lower himself onto the back moving about until the animal is accustomed to this too. In the meanwhile he is walked out daily, carrying light loads, and with a heavy rope around his neck attached to one or, if necessary, two trained elephants who are known as *koonkies*, or schoolmasters. Any punishment necessary is administered by a koonkie and may consist of a beating with the trunk or a butt in the side. Koonkies are usually heavy and very steady females who appear to take a satisfaction in their work.

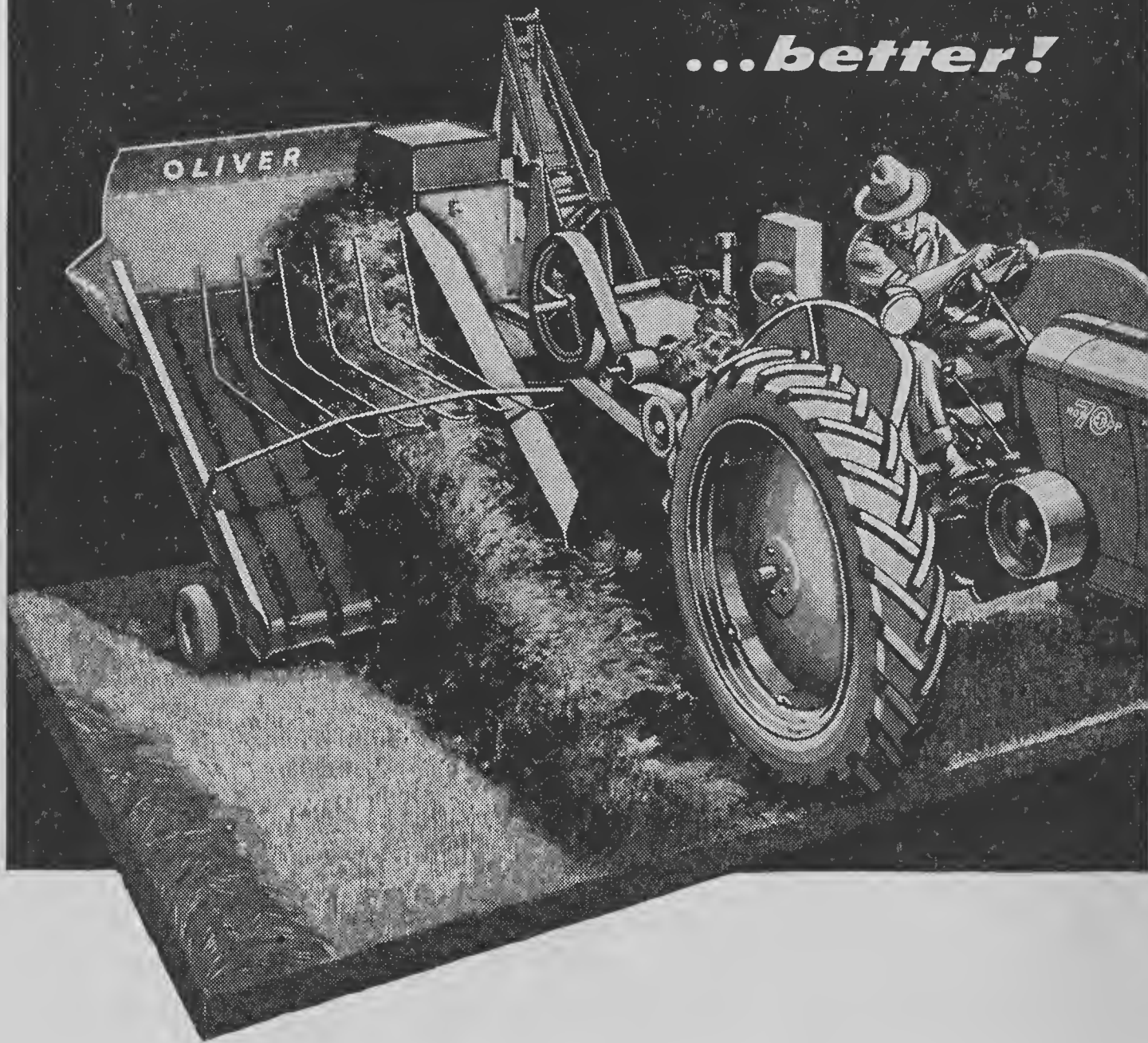
THE work which elephants perform usually consists in dragging teak logs from stump to either floating streams or cart roads. But sometimes there is no trail down to the nearest stream, and in this case a log slide must be made down which the logs are pushed. Elephants learn the mechanics of a slide surprisingly quickly, and it is a pretty sight to see an elephant, after being unshackled from a log at the top of the slide, pick up and hand his drag chains to his rider, and then manoeuvre the log square with the slide. He gathers himself and gives it one push with his tusks and trunk, possibly following it with a kick with a forefoot. He critically watches it on its way down the slide, only to turn to go back for another as soon as it is properly started.

Occasionally logs are carted to streams by buffaloes, the elephants being used to load the logs into the carts. A good tusker can lift a log on his tusks, and he is quite capable of putting it on a cart singlehanded, pushing at this end and that to get it square.

When logs jam in a stream bed in the rains, elephants are sent to clear the jam. By pushing with the tusks or forehead and pulling with the trunk, working shoulder-deep in water, they move the key logs, and the whole thing is straightened out.

Men who work with elephants look upon them much as a farmer regards his horses. And they know them as kindly and wise animals.

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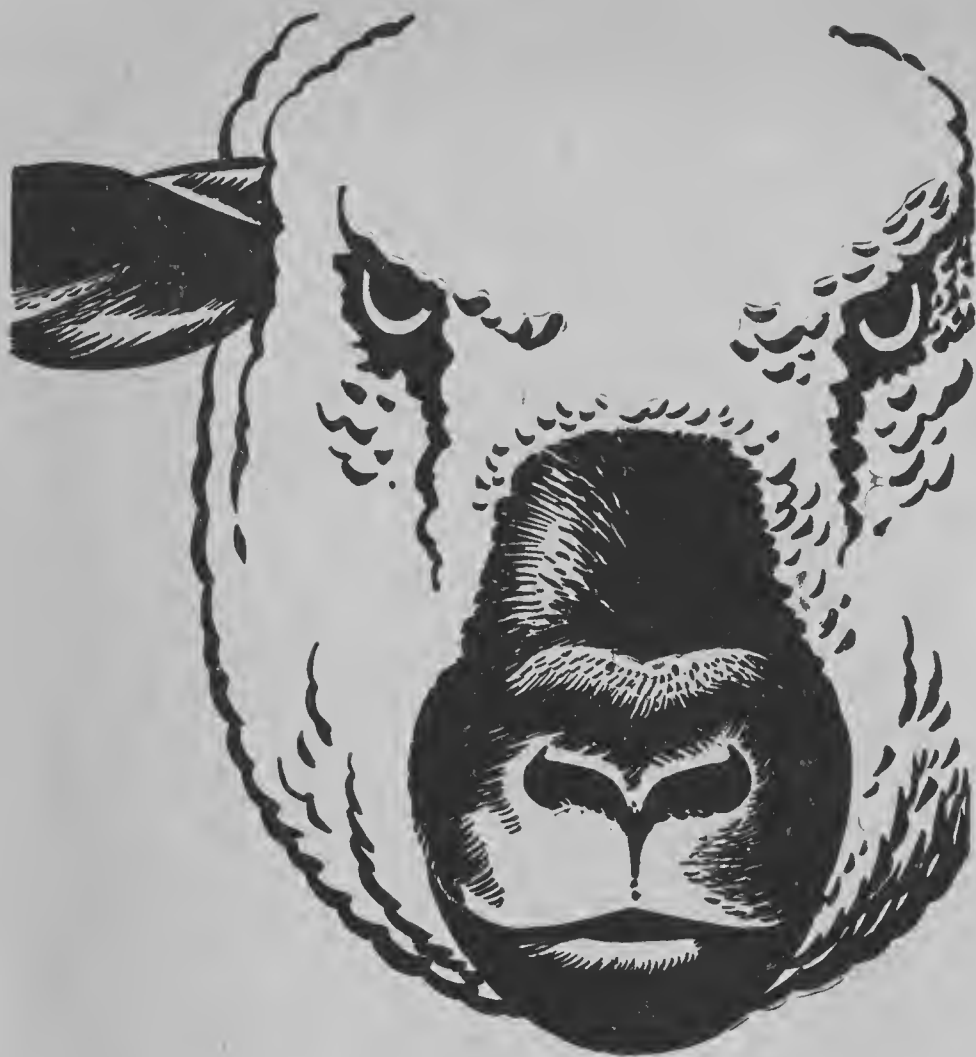
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LIVESTOCK

Rhinitis or Bull Nose in Swine

Some conclusions about this disease following work done at the Veterinary Research Laboratory, Lethbridge

FOR several years now, a great many farmers in western Canada have been much disturbed at the prevalence of Rhinitis, more commonly known as Bull Nose, in swine.

Ordinary observation indicated that the resulting distortion of the jaws of the pig interfered with mastication. Other symptoms reported included violent sneezing, leading to restlessness, nose bleeding and apparent irritation, which caused the pigs to move about the pen shoving and rubbing their noses against the floor and walls.

Under ordinary farm conditions, many pigs showing symptoms of the disease remained stunted and, generally speaking, the chief economic effect of Rhinitis was to cause retarded growth of infected pigs.

In The Country Guide of November, 1944, Dr. J. M. Isa reported from the Manitoba Provincial Veterinary Laboratory, Winnipeg, that: "A number of different germs have been isolated from infected hogs, but experiments to reproduce the disease by their use have not been successful. Hence, the employment of bacterins or other biologics for treatment or prevention of the disease is questionable. The use of drugs has not met with much success."

Recently, Dr. R. C. Duthie, who is in charge of the Veterinary Research Laboratory maintained at Lethbridge by the Division of Animal Pathology, Science Service, Ottawa, reported to the annual meeting of the Alberta Provincial Swine Breeders' Association the results of work done with Chronic Rhinitis by himself and Dr. I. W. Moynihan. An outline of this work has been published by the Council of Canadian Meat Packers, with the approval of Dr. Duthie. It is from that outline that this article has been prepared.

Considered to be a comparatively new and at the same time infectious disease, it was natural to suppose that Rhinitis or Bull Nose is spread from infected to clean hogs, by contact. Because of this logical supposition, and until they could study the disease more thoroughly, veterinarians were inclined to recommend removal of infected hogs as quickly as possible, and the disinfection of pens as well as the abandonment of pens in extreme cases, for as long a period as six months.

EVEN yet, however, Drs. Duthie and Moynihan do not know how Rhinitis spreads. It is an inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nasal passages, and it may extend beyond these passages to the sinuses leading to the nasal passages, and to the structures on which the nasal passages rest. Where the disease is chronic, a substantial



[Vet. Res. Lab. photo. Purebred Yorkshire gilt showing typical Chronic Rhinitis head. She weighed 325 lbs. when destroyed at 13 months.

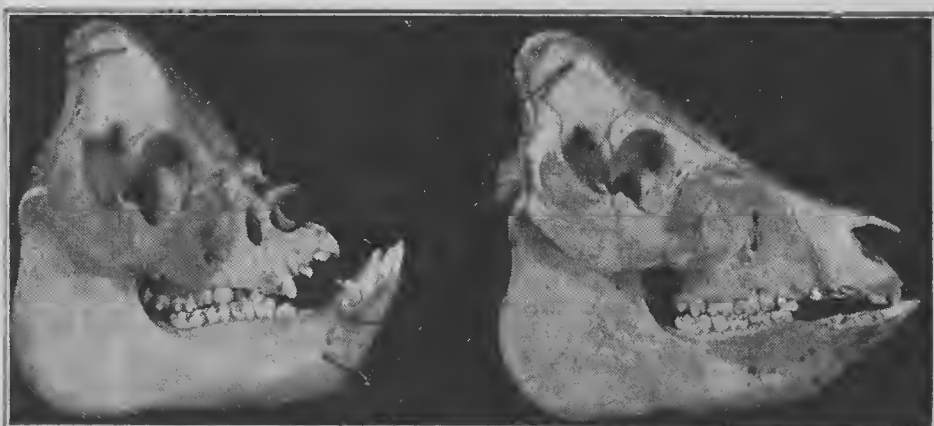
amount of tissue is often destroyed, and the face may be deformed by the destruction of some of the bones of the upper jaw and mouth. Whatever infection exists appears to be local, though no organism or infective agent has been isolated.

Repeated efforts were made by Drs. Moynihan and Duthie to infect clean pigs with Rhinitis. They have received many pigs suffering with Rhinitis which have been sent in to the Laboratory at Lethbridge, and have obtained pigs known to be free of the disease, penned them with Rhinitis pigs for long periods, fed them from the same trough and given them the same beds to sleep on. Not a single healthy or unhealthy pig free of Rhinitis has contracted the disease in this way.

They have taken the nasal discharges from diseased pigs and swabbed the nasal passages of healthy pigs of various ages. When the disease was not transmitted in this way, they rasped the noses of the Rhinitis-free pigs in order to break the membrane before introducing diseased material. Still the clean pigs did not get Rhinitis. They used enough diseased material so that the pigs had to swallow the excess quantity. On one occasion, the nasal washings from nine diseased pigs were mixed and introduced into the nasal passages of nine control or healthy pigs. At various times, different organisms found in the nasal passages of pigs suffering from chronic Rhinitis, were developed as pure cultures and introduced into the nostrils of healthy pigs. Apparently no single attempt of whatever kind to infect a healthy pig has yet succeeded at Lethbridge.

Several organisms have been named at one time or another as the specific cause of Chronic Rhinitis. Drs. Moynihan and Duthie isolated each of these, but by no method known to them could these organisms be induced to cause Rhinitis.

During the course of their investigation, they also compared long-nosed



[Vet. Res. Lab. photo. Skull of gilt shown above (left) with skull showing normal prognathic (undershot) jaw.

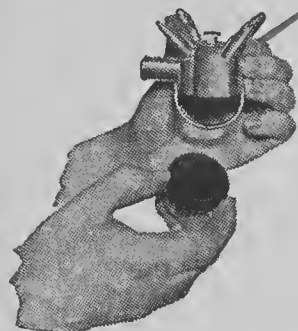
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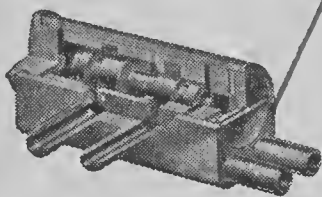
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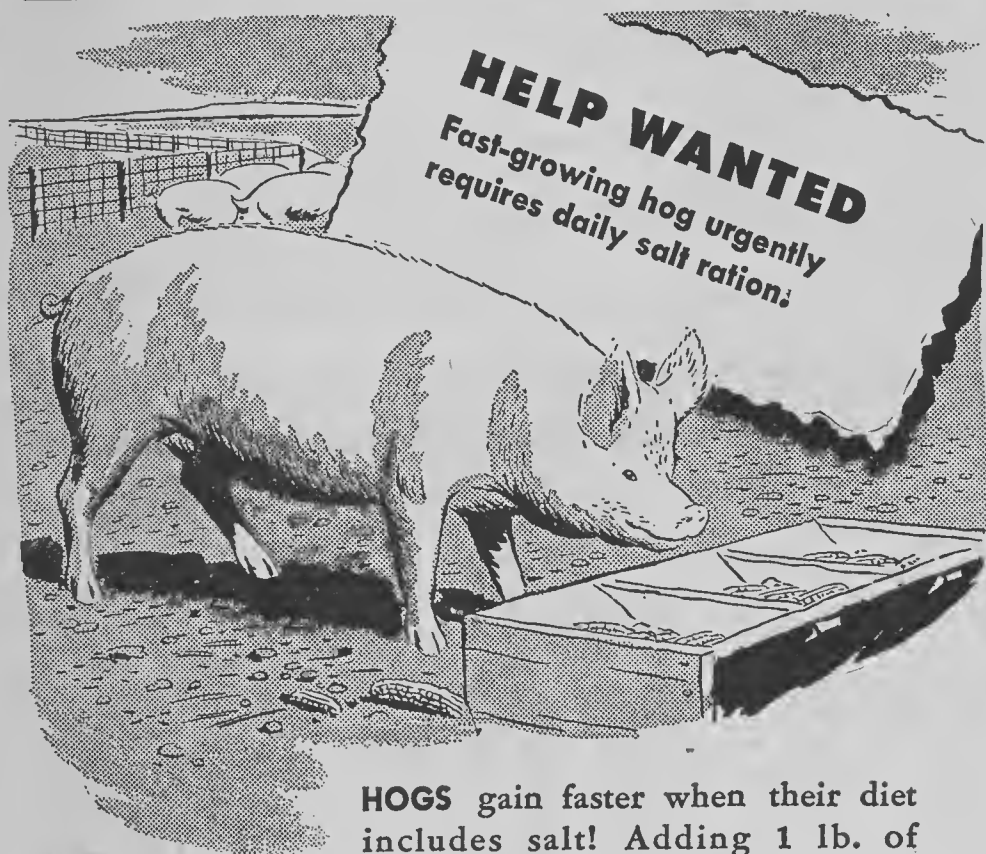
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and short-nosed pigs, and found that the disease seemed to be much more severe in the case of the more popular short-nosed types, and often led to the almost complete destruction of the upper nasal bones. This phase of the matter was studied in several Alberta packing plants, and in one plant where 4,000 hogs were examined, 85 per cent showed strong Yorkshire breeding, and over 80 per cent "had a lower jaw longer than the top by from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches." This, in the opinion of Dr. Duthie, represents an unnatural deformity which has been bred into the hogs and should be condemned for the reason that pigs with this deformity are not in a position to masticate or even to pick up their feed as readily as normal pigs. Of 43 aged Yorkshire sows examined, only three had long heads and good contact with the incisor teeth. The remaining 40, with one exception, were badly undershot.

Apparently Rhinitis is not as new as has been thought. Dr. Duthie says that it had been observed and diagnosed in Alberta as early as 1934, 1936, and 1939. In some localities it was fairly prevalent and while causing severe damage and loss in some breeding herds, reasonable sanitation made it possible to bring the next litters from the same herds to market without sign of the disease. He therefore believes that it is unnecessary to send valuable breeding animals to market because of Rhinitis. At the Laboratory in Lethbridge young pigs badly diseased have been grown into Grade A and B1 hogs. One lot of four small pigs was received at the Laboratory weighing an average of 14.25 pounds at 40 days of age, and representing typical cases of Rhinitis. By penning them together and feeding a wet, sloppy feed, which Rhinitis pigs may handle much better than dry chop (which constantly irritates their noses and infected nasal passages), these four pigs averaged 182.5 pounds in weight at 195 days of age. Two control pigs (healthy) brought along in the same pen for the whole 155-day period, averaged only 174.5 pounds in the same time.

The head illustrated in connection with this article, is that of a purebred Yorkshire, which reached the Laboratory as a young pig. With good feed and care, she weighed 325 pounds at approximately one year of age. When slaughtered, the skull was preserved and photographed. It is also illustrated with this article, along with that of a grade Yorkshire having a normal prognathic, or undershot, jaw.

Quarter Century of Herd Improvement

IMPROVING the average production of a herd of dairy cattle requires long and persistent effort. Very often, immediate increase in production can be secured by a change in feed or feeding methods, or by a redistribution of feed as between cows in the herd after their individual yields have been weighed for a few days. Guessing at the amount of feed, especially of grain and concentrates, that an individual cow can utilize to the best advantage, is frequently misleading.

Herd improvement through improved breeding is, of course, a much longer process. As the herd improves in production, better and better bulls will need to be used. Results can be secured, but if one can judge from the last annual report of the Dairy Branch, Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture, it is much easier to secure improvement when times are good and prices relatively high, than when feed is cheap and farm income unusually low.

Herd improvement through the Saskatchewan dairy branch began in 1921, when 24 herds, involving 189 cows averaged 6,656 pounds of milk and 235.5 pounds of butterfat. By 1926, average production had increased to 7,197

pounds of milk from over 1,000 cows in 119 herds. Improvement in the number of cows and in the number of herds involved was very steady up to 1932, when average production had increased to 7,645 pounds of milk and 278.4 pounds of fat, from 3,587 cows in 354 herds. By this time, the full force of the economic disaster was being felt. Not only did the number of herds, and consequently the number of cows included in this improvement work begin to decrease in succeeding years, but the average production per cow likewise decreased from a high average of 7,921 pounds in 1931 to a low of 7,351 in 1934. Beginning again in 1938, however, average production, which in that year reached 8,063 pounds, rose more or less steadily year by year until 1944, when it reached 9,495 pounds with average fat production of 339.6 pounds. Although the number of herds involved remained at less than 200 up to 1945, the number of cows increased steadily from 1,731 in 1938 (the low point for the '30's) to 2,582 in 1944.

This achievement over a 25-year period is a substantial one, and increased average production per cow from 6,656 pounds of milk to 9,455 pounds.

Importance of Progeny Testing

OVER a period of 25, 50 or 100 years, the improvement that has taken place in all classes of livestock is actually much less than might have been expected. A constant addition to our knowledge of livestock breeding, feeding and management should have brought about, on a much wider scale, the same outstanding improvements that have been evidenced in our very best herds and flocks.

Perhaps the most important reason why improvement has not been more rapid, lies in the indiscriminate breeding of good and poor animals, so that the breeding value of the good animal is heavily diluted in its offspring. In any 100 purebred animals bred even in a really good herd, there are bound to be a number of poor animals, or duds; and if these, when they reach breeding age, are bred to really good individuals the offspring may be disappointing.

The fact is that livestock as well as crop improvement can be brought about most rapidly by continuous, careful, intelligent selection. In livestock this means the testing of the progeny of breeding animals for their ability to transmit valuable characteristics. This is the reason why we have the record of performance in poultry and purebred dairy cattle; why we have cow-testing associations and Advanced Registry in swine, so that the ability of individual animals to transmit their profitable and productive qualities to their offspring may be detected and compared with the corresponding abilities of other individuals.

This is also the reason why today no forward looking breeder of dairy cattle will think of buying a new herd sire before he has studied as fully as possible all of the records of production of the bull's daughters, if he has any, his sisters, his dam and his sire's dam; and it is also the reason why breeders of utility poultry and bacon hogs who seek steady improvement in economical production follow similar practices.

Creep-Fed Spring Pigs

YOUNG pigs from spring litters will, as a rule, make faster progress and remain healthier if creep fed. This is pretty well true of all litters, but applies particularly to large litters and those which must be started inside.

Creep-feeding is usually comparatively simple to arrange and consists merely in providing a supply of feed separate from the sow and to which she cannot have access. This can be done by boarding off one corner of the

pen, or by allowing access to an adjoining pen, or to the alleyway. When the pigs have reached two or three weeks of age, they begin to show some interest in what goes into the trough for the sow, and if creep feeding is provided at this time and at least until weaning age, they will benefit as a rule.

A commercial pig starter can be used, or a home-mixed feed that is palatable and low in fibre can be made up. Sifted oat chop to remove the hulls, mixed in equal parts with middlings or cracked wheat, is satisfactory for the young pigs, but some high protein feed such as fish meal, tankage, or a protein-mineral supplement should be added to the extent of about 10 to 15 per cent of the mixture. If a protein-mineral supplement is not used, an additional two or three per cent of a mineral mixture ought to be added to the grain. Fresh water available to the young pigs all the time and frequent small feedings of the dry feed mixture are desirable. Sweet skim milk if available will provide the protein supplement, but it should be fed in a separate trough—and the milk trough needs cleaning thoroughly every day.

Skim Milk For Hogs

AT Iowa State College some time ago, a study was made of 17 hog feeding trials by seven different agricultural experiment stations on the value of skim milk for hogs. These are some of the conclusions:

Skim milk will give greater returns when fed to light hogs than when fed to heavy hogs. Fed at the rate of two to four pounds daily per hog, skim milk is worth more than twice as much per hundred pounds as if 10 to 32 pounds daily were fed, and a third more than if four to eight pounds daily were used. At high U.S. prices, such as shelled corn at \$1.25 per bushel, tankage at \$92 per ton and middlings at \$58 per ton, 100 pounds of skim milk fed at two to four pounds per day replaces feed worth 86 cents.

Used as a protein supplement to grain in dry-lot hog feeding, skim milk gives faster average daily gains than tankage. However, grain-fed pigs on dry-lot feeding and given tankage, oil meal, and alfalfa meal, did about as well as those given skim milk as the protein supplement. Also, hogs on pasture did very little better with skim milk and grain than with tankage and grain.

Farmers with many hogs and comparatively few cows are likely to make better use of skim milk. In Iowa, for example, where herds average seven milk cows and 61 hogs per farm, skim milk is valued more highly than in Minnesota, where the average is nine milk cows and 26 hogs per farm.

Last Call For Planning Feed Reserves

SUCCESSFUL winter feeding of livestock is often interfered with by insufficient total feed supply or an unbalanced feed reserve. Something can be done at this season of the year to guarantee adequate acreages of feed grains and to seed sufficient acreages of hay crops with which to build up winter reserves as the hay reaches maturity.

Some time ago the Dominion Experimental Station at Lethbridge prepared a table of winter feed requirements especially applicable to southern Alberta, and based its recommendations on good quality hay and barley. For the purpose of computing comparable feeding values of other feeds, it is recommended that seven bushels of barley be considered equal to 10 bushels of oats; or five bushels of barley equal to four bushels of wheat, or 7.1 bushels of oats. One ton of good quality hay was considered equal to three tons of pea-vine, beet-top or corn silage, or equal to beet tops from ten tons of beets; and along with 25 bushels of barley, a ton of hay was considered the equivalent of ten tons of wet beet pulp.

Also, for calculating the amount of hay on hand in stacks, a rough calculation was suggested for hay that has been stacked at least 60 days. This is obtained by multiplying the length by the width in feet, and the total of this calculation by one-third the distance from the ground on one side of the stack over the top of the stack to the ground on the other side (overthrow). The resulting figure is then divided by 500 to secure the number of tons of hay in the stack.

The number of bushels of barley and tons of hay per animal required for wintering and feeding periods of various lengths were calculated as follows, the length of feeding period being shown in parenthesis. For good growth, yearling dairy cattle (150 days) require three bushels of barley and 1.5 tons of hay; dairy calves (200) 7.5 bushels grain and .9 ton of hay. Corresponding figures for other types of cattle and sheep fattened in feed lots are: lambs (100) 2.6 bushels and .1 ton; beef calves (200) 33.7 bushels and .95 ton; beef yearlings (150) 32 bushels and .95 ton; and beef two-year-olds (120) 28.7 bushels and .85 ton. For wintering only: lambs (100) are estimated to require .4 bushel and .12 ton; ewes (100) .5 bushel and .15 ton; beef yearlings six bushels and .9 ton; beef yearlings (100) .92 ton; mature beef cattle (100) one ton. Mature dairy cattle in milk (200) 22 bushels grain and 2.3 tons of hay.



[Wheeler Syndicate photo.]

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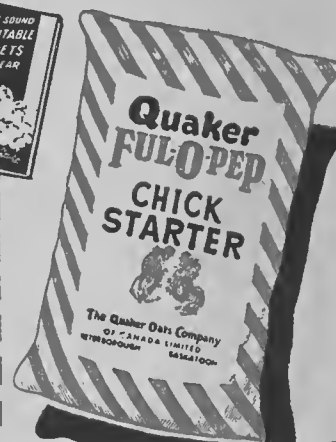
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Colostrum Milk of High Value

COLOSTRUM, the first milk of a newly freshened cow, has always been recognized by every good cattleman as being exclusive property of the calf. The calf, however, wastes it, since it cannot consume all of the colostrum that is available. The colostrum is considered to be the milk yielded by the cow during the first three days after calving, and it has been calculated that the average cow in a fairly high yielding herd produces about 75 pounds of milk—colostrum milk—in the first three days, whereas the average calf will use only about a third of this amount. If the rest of the colostrum is thrown away, as it often is, scientists at the Ohio State University have calculated that 540 million pounds of valuable feed are wasted each year in the United States.

As the result of experiments conducted at Ohio State University, all of the colostrum now being produced by the dairy herds there is being used. If it cannot be used as rapidly as it is produced, owing to a number of cows freshening at once, it is processed or frozen; and the suggestion has been made that excess quantities of colostrum not required by calves may find profitable use for human consumption.

Calves receiving colostrum in the Ohio experiment gained more than those not receiving it. Calves fed one pound of colostrum to each 10 or 12 pounds weight of the calf, had no digestive troubles. There has been less trouble with scours. The calves have been more alert and active, and their physical appearance is better.

This Horse Laughed

ABOUT 20 years ago, an old horse named Scotty was owned by a neighbor. Scotty was a character among horses. Under the right man to drive him he could and would pull anything he was able, but he also could be most exasperating under an inexperienced driver. I was going up a road back of my farm one day in the winter, and I heard an awful racket ahead of me up the road a ways. It sounded as if someone was real mad, so I kept out of sight but where I could see what was going on, and this was what I saw. Scotty was hitched to a load of telephone poles and was making out he was stuck, but was really only teasing his driver, another neighbor who had evidently borrowed Scotty for the job. The poor chap had never had much experience with horses and his voice was broken by his

war injuries with gas, so he would sort of whoop and squeal when he was mad and he was mad no mistake. He evidently did not want to beat the old horse as he had borrowed it, and the horse seemed to know it. He would yell at Scotty and slap him with the lines and Scotty would jump into the collar and back up again just as quick and Albert was getting madder all the time, because Scotty had brought the load for half a mile and Scotty was just balking for no reason. Then, as I watched, Scotty put a hind foot up through one of his hold back straps and broke it, then turned his head back and said he, he, he. Albert was getting wilder than ever. More slaps on the back, more jumps around, then the other foot through the other hold back strap and another he, he, he over his shoulder, and then a smash sideways and the back band broke. About then I left for home as Albert was unhitching in disgust and I was nearly bursting with laughter, and I did not think it was safe for Albert to know I was there. Poor Albert is dead and Scotty also, but I'll never forget the horse laugh.—A. Woods, Sicamous, B.C.

Milking Is Hard Work

ACCORDING to Dr. W. E. Peterson of the University of Minnesota, very few hand milkers work hard enough or efficiently enough to milk a cow in the time that she should be milked. We are told that about 1,000 squeezes are necessary to secure 25 pounds of milk. Each squeeze requires pressure equal to 35 inches of mercury pressure, and 25 inches of mercury pressure is the equivalent of 11.6 pounds of pressure per square inch, or a column of milk 28 feet high.

Study of the efficiency of hand milkers shows that 65 per cent of those tested need seven to ten minutes per cow; 19 per cent need more than ten minutes; and only 16 per cent milk fast enough to get all the milk out of the udder. Dr. Peterson says that most cows will milk out with proper machine milking in 3½ minutes, and that about seven minutes is the outside time limit that should be allowed for milking.

It is important, Dr. Peterson says, to remember that all of the milk which can be obtained at one milking is present in the udder when milking begins, and that the object should be to get it all out rapidly. The let-down of milk lies in the control of the cow, who, if properly handled is stimulated to let down the milk. If improperly handled



Springtime means hardening up the horses for work, of which they still do a great deal on the farms of Canada. [Wartime Information photo.]

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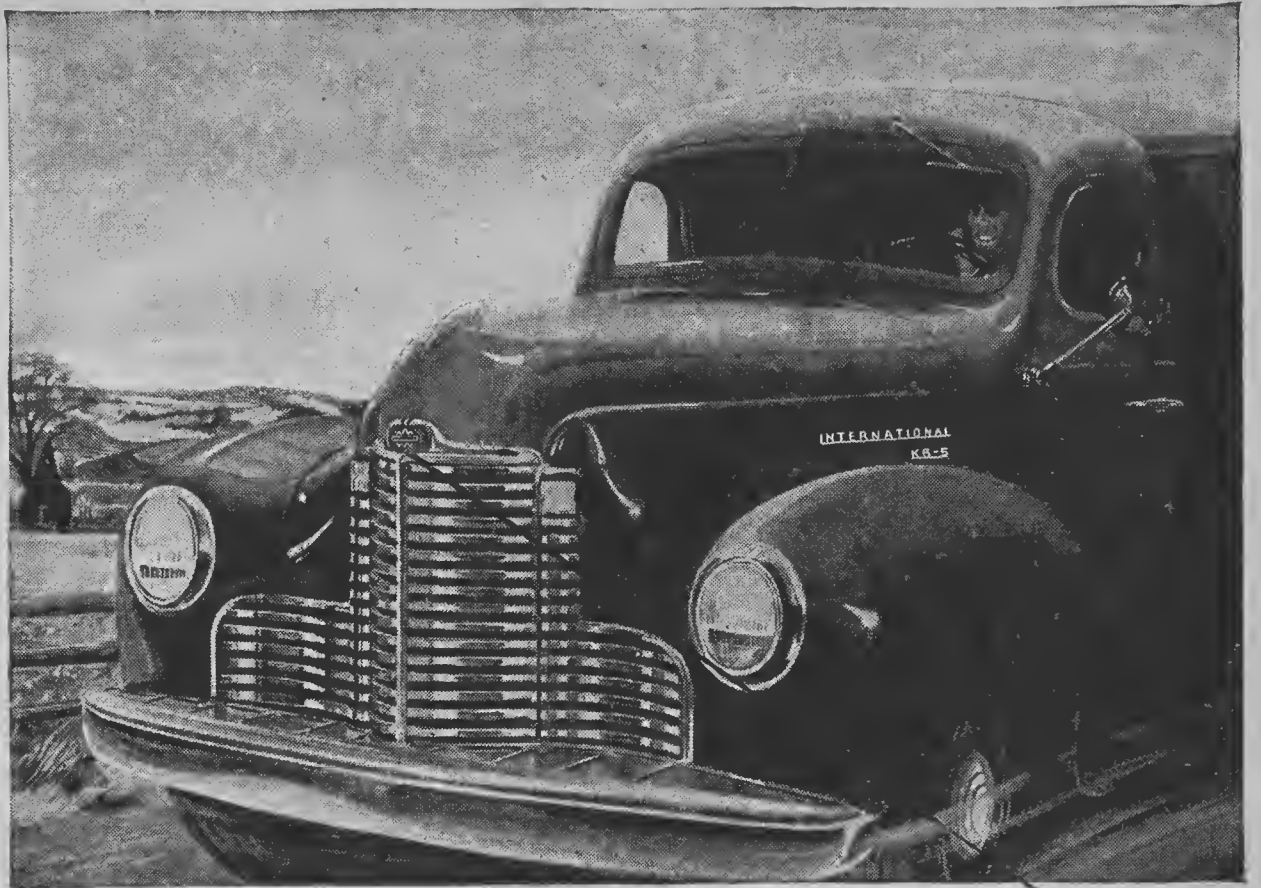
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she refuses to let it down. Studies by the United States Department of Agriculture indicate that when cows are washed and stimulated 20 minutes before milking, production dropped rapidly, so much so that cows milking 40 pounds or more daily dropped 16 per cent in production in less than two weeks. Washing the teats with warm water one minute before putting on the teat cups of the milking machine is desirable because the washing stimulates the nerves in the teats, which in turn causes the pituitary gland to secrete a hormone into the blood, by which it is carried to the udder and there causes the muscle cells to contract in about 45 seconds from the time the hormone leaves the pituitary gland.

The Heifer's First Record

If you have a growthy, well-bred heifer, bring her to her first calving, only to find that as a milk producer she is disappointing, what do you do with her? Do you keep on feeding her, hoping that in her next lactation she will do better, or do you sell her out of the herd without giving her another chance?

Every stockman knows that culling too severely on the record of the first lactation period may be unfair to some heifers, and also that there is seldom any profit in keeping a heifer that cannot produce at least up to the herd average. In the animal breeding sub-section of the Iowa State College, the records of several thousand cows have been studied to find out how, on the average, the heifer's first year production will compare with her performance the rest of her lifetime. The conclusion was that the first record of a heifer is about 40 per cent accurate as a guide to her future performance. In other words, after her first record has been adjusted to her age, and shows perhaps 100 pounds over the herd average, she will probably show in her lifetime an actual average of about 40 pounds over the herd average.

In view of the fact that some heifers will do better in later lactations than in the first, while others will never again do as well, it is concluded that for most farm herds it would be approximately correct to cull the poorest tenth of the heifers near the end of their first record. If no additional culling has to be done for disease, such as mastitis, bangs disease, T.B. and others, the suggestion is that perhaps one-fifth of those with the lowest first record might be culled. In any case, most of the culling for production can be left until the second record is at least four or five months under way, by which time it will be possible to tell whether the animal will produce proportionately as well, as a three-year-old, as she did after first calving.

Grain-Feeding on Pasture

Whether or not beef cattle on pasture should be given supplemental grain feeding is sometimes considered a matter for argument. Authorities at the Dominion Experimental Station, Swift Current, Saskatchewan, believe that under present Canadian conditions it is profitable and that it should continue from 90 to 100 days from the middle of July.

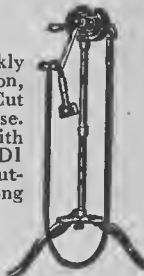
The practice is recommended for yearlings and older animals, using a pasture in which water is located conveniently. If 50 to 75 steers are pastured on a half-section of good native pasture, from 350 to 400 pounds of concentrate, in addition to pasture, will be required for each hundred pounds gain in weight. It is advised from Swift Current that the steers should be hand-fed whole oats at the start, after three or four days replacing the whole oats with chopped oats. After a few days ground barley or feed wheat can be added gradually, thus increasing the amount of grain slowly until the steers are on full feed by the end of the fourth or fifth week. After this, self-feeding can replace hand-feeding. Adding one pound of linseed oil cake to 12 pounds of grain in order to balance the ration and increase the rate of gain, is recommended.

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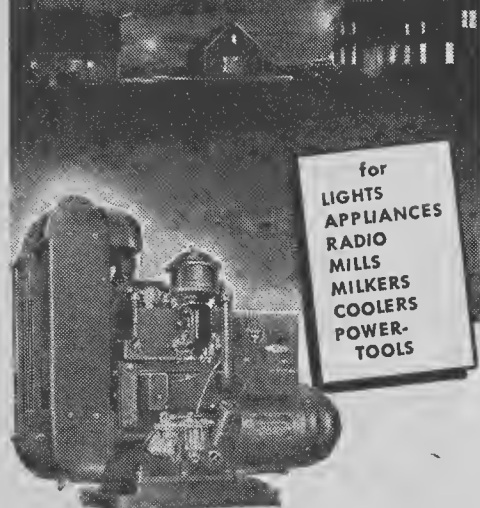
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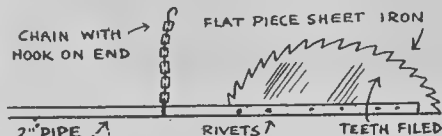
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Handyman Spring Ideas

Post puller—Weed torch—Stone hook—Let-down fence

Another Wire Tightener

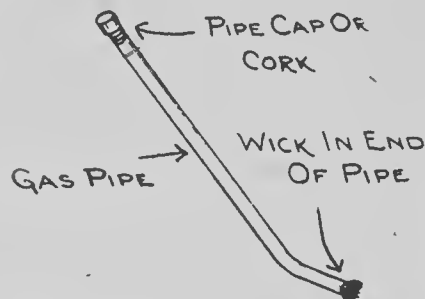
This is a fast working wire stretcher. Take a piece of iron about 10 inches long, 6 inches wide and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Cut one side round and file teeth in it. Then take a 2-inch pipe about 3 feet long. Make one end flat and rivet it to the iron about 5 or 6 inches from the sheet iron. Put an eye-bolt through the pipe. Fasten a piece of chain to the eye-



bolt with a small hook on the other end. The teeth grip the post while the man pulls the pipe.—Paul P. Entz.

Kerosene Weed Torch

Take a one-inch gaspipe about three feet long and bent somewhat at one end. Fill the bent end with rags as a wick. Fill pipe partly or wholly with

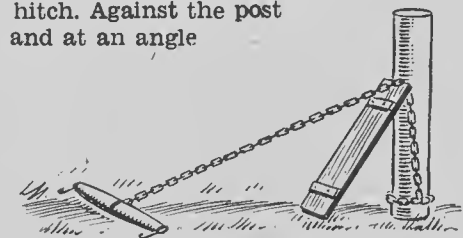


kerosene and cork or cap the top end, and light the wick. This will not go out in the strongest wind, will save a lot of time and matches, and can be slid under piles to where the fire should be started.

Pulling Heavy Fence Posts

To lift heavy fence posts when moving a fence, use a piece of plank, a chain, and a horse, to eliminate a lot of digging and back-breaking work.

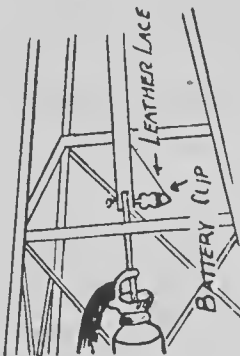
Near the ground fasten a ten-foot chain around the post with a close hitch. Against the post and at an angle



of about forty-five degrees place a thick plank about two and a half feet long. Run the chain from the hitch on the bottom of the post up over the top end of the plank and to the evener for the horse. The pull of the chain over the plank will hoist the post. When posts are being hauled away by wagon, the chain puller can be fastened to the rear axle of a wagon when it is being used.

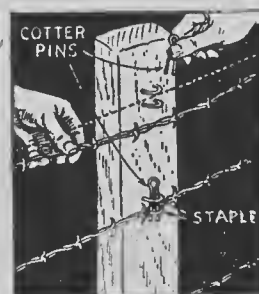
Pump Pin Holder

This is a very simple and practical solution of the common trouble of having the bolt or pin work out of a windmill rod or pump jack, or of dropping down into the mud or snow when you have taken it out and laid it up ready for the next time. Insert a common machine bolt for the pin, and then snap a large spring battery clamp over the threaded end to keep it from working out. The clamp is attached to the pump rod by a leather belt lace or light chain, and when the pin is removed, the clamp can be snapped over the head and it is right there handy for the next time.



Fasten Barb Wire With Cotter Pins

It is sometimes convenient to have a stretch of barb wire fence that can be let down while machinery passes over it. Instead of stapling it directly to the posts put in two staples about half an inch apart for each wire. Then press the wire against the post between the staples and slip in a cotter pin. The wire can therefore be detached from the post with no trouble and laid on the ground while the machine passes over it.

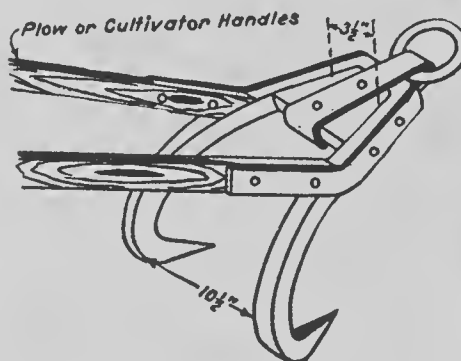


Lightning Protection

On a shed having a corrugated metal roof, grounding the corners is not considered sufficient protection against lightning. Regular points should be fastened on to the ridge of the roof in the usual manner. Cables connected to the points must be securely fastened to the grounded roof, or better still run to the base of the building and grounded in the usual way.

Stone or Root Hook

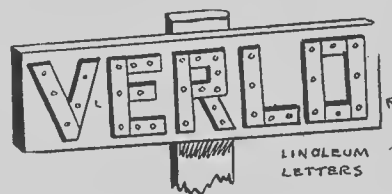
For removing roots or medium-sized rocks from the land this assembly can be made by the local blacksmith or



by a farmer with a good forge. Old plow beams might do for the hooks and old plow handles, if they can still be found, would serve a similar purpose on this device. It is more quickly handled than a chain for starting rocks but is especially efficient in removing roots.

Sign From Linoleum

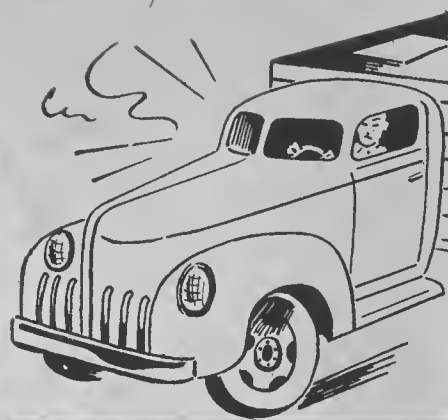
A neat raised letter sign can be quite easily made by cutting strips to form the desired block letters from a piece of old discarded linoleum and tacking



these on a suitable board. If these letters are painted and protected with waterproof varnish the completed sign will present a professional appearance and will also last a long time.

Bicycle Headlight

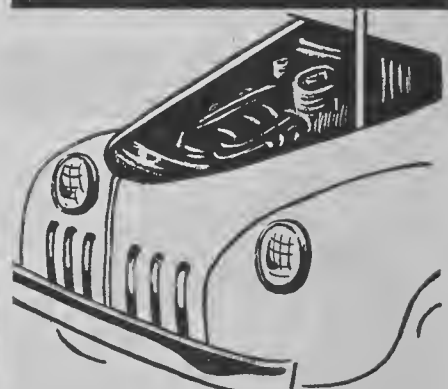
I used an old automobile parking light as a bicycle headlight. There are different ways of attaching it to the handlebars but I used a piece of sheet iron $\frac{3}{4}$ x $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, with a hole in each end. A clear glass should be bought for it. The dry cells are carried in a box hanging on the frame. I found the idea very useful for night riding.



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FIELD



Irrigation nursery, University of Saskatchewan, with Dr. Harrington examining hybrid flax lines. [Univ. Sask. photo.]

Wanted---1,500,000 Acres of Flax

By J. B. HARRINGTON

Professor of Field Husbandry, University of Saskatchewan

Flax is not hard to grow, but must be understood; and small acreages could
be grown to advantage on most western farms

FLAX is a crop which gives highly satisfactory returns if it is handled properly. Success with any crop depends upon the grower understanding its growth habits and needs, and this is especially true of flax. A good understanding of flax production depends on the place the crop occupies in the farm economy. If the really large possibilities of flax are to be realized in western Canada, it is essential that this crop be recognized as one of the standard crops and be treated accordingly. The price must be reasonably stable and flax will have to become a part of the regular rotation on a large proportion of the farms. In the past too many people have been "in and outers" with flax. They grew occasional large acreages on breaking, or when the price was high, or for patriotic reasons. Most of these people were in and out of flax before they had anything like a good understanding of the crop.

This is not good enough. We are blessed in the northern Great Plains Region with climate and soil admirably suited to the production of seed flax. The seed flax area of the United States is concentrated near the Canadian border in North Dakota, northern and western Minnesota and in eastern Montana. The time is ripe for giving flax the status of a standard crop in western Canada. This means the stabilization of flax production with a piece of flax on nearly every farm in the West, excepting for the drier parts of southwestern Saskatchewan and southern Alberta and the more northern districts.

HOW is stabilization of flax production to be achieved? First and foremost, the price must be attractive and this means at least three times the price of wheat. Second, if a large proportion of farmers would grow from 20 to 50 acres of flax every year as a part of their regular rotation, I think the results would be beneficial to all concerned. Third, it is essential that would-be flax growers inform themselves thoroughly about the basic requirements of this crop. There are excellent bulletins available on this subject. One of the most detailed is the University of Saskatchewan Bulletin, "The Growing of Flax." A new edition of this bulletin was published in November, 1946, and is obtainable free of charge from the University Extension

Department. Fourth, flax growers should obtain good seed of a recommended variety and be sure this seed is free from weed seeds. Fifth, for success in growing flax the grower not only must know how to grow the crop but he must also apply his knowledge.

Flax is not hard to grow; neither is it hard on the land. Flax can be grown on summerfallow or on stubble. In fact, where the soil is cold and heavy it is safer to sow flax on stubble than on fallow. Flax is weak in emergence and slow in its early growth. Therefore, it is imperative that the flax seedlings get a rapid uniform start without weed competition for the first three weeks. To attain this end, sound, plump seed, free from all weed seeds, should be treated carefully with Ceresan, or a similar mercuric dust, at the rate of 1½ ounces per bushel, at least 24 hours before sowing. The treated seed is then sown into moist, warm, firm soil from which all weed growth has been eradicated immediately before seeding. This may be as early as May 5 or as late as May 25. Flax should not be sown into cold or dry soil, or into soil with young weeds about to emerge or when the weather is about to turn cold and cloudy. The best flax growers watch the weather forecasts with special care around seeding time.

THE seed should be sown just into moist soil and preferably not over 1¼ inches deep. If a double disc drill is used the chains are often left off to advantage. A press drill on medium light soil leaves the flax in a small furrow which gives the seeding protection from the wind. To insure uniform germination, flax should be sown deeper on heavy self-mulching soils than on soils which easily crust. Where a heavy rain causes a crust to form within two or three days of seeding, it is best to lightly harrow the land immediately to break the crust. This will interfere very little with the germinating flax and insure the emergence of seedlings. A high percentage of emergence as well as uniformity of emergence is essential for best results. It can truly be said that a crop of flax well started is a crop almost made. Conversely, a flax crop that gets off to a poor start is usually disappointing.

Flax can be grown successfully on land of various textures from light to heavy and of variable topography, from

CERESAN

Treating seed grain with CERESAN pays dividends in better stands and yields. Yes—and costs only 3c a bushel. CERESAN controls seed-borne bunt or stinking smut of wheat—loose and covered smut of oats—barley stripe and covered and black loose smuts of barley. CERESAN is easy to apply, does not clog or damage drill. This year—every year—cut losses from smut dockage, seedling blight, root rot, by treating seed with CERESAN.

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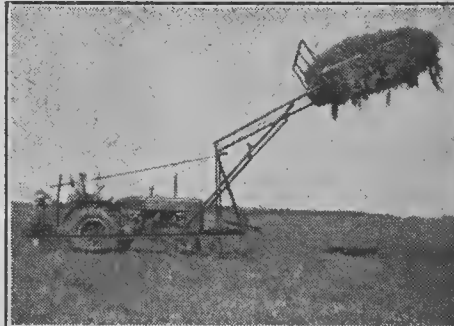


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rolling to flat. Flax does not require weed-free soil, although this is definitely advantageous. Where tumble weeds abound, as on the open plains of Saskatchewan and Alberta, the use of summerfallow for flax does not mean weed-free soil. In the Russian thistle areas one or two crops of thistles should be eradicated before the flax is sown. On summerfallow susceptible to drifting this is hazardous and the use of stubble might be preferable. On the heavy soils where mustards usually abound, the land is often too cold for flax early in May and seeding should be delayed until the soil is warm.

Chemical eradication of mustards in flax was quite successful in the Manitoba demonstrations of 1945 and in the Saskatchewan tests of 1946. Would-be flax growers should watch this development closely.

The amount of seed to sow per acre varies according to several factors and should be worked out by each individual according to the circumstances. The general rate recommended is a half a bushel (28 pounds) per acre of dust-treated seed. This rate is for a variety with medium-sized seed, sown about May 15 on well-prepared soil, reasonably free from weeds, on the open plains. The rate should be increased accordingly where the germination is lower than 95 per cent, or if the seed is large; or competition from weeds, or thinning from wireworms, cutworms, or late spring frosts are expected; or with heavy soil or an abundance of reserve moisture, or if the variety is late maturing, or the seedbed is not uniformly favorable. The basic rate may be decreased for a small-seeded variety, or on weed-free soil not well supplied with moisture.

THERE are many advantages and disadvantages to flax growing. These are reviewed critically in the published flax bulletins and need not be enumerated here. But it is important to consider here just what advantages there may be in growing a small acreage of flax every year rather than none at all. What are these advantages? They are as follows: 1, Flax is an alternative cash crop which, when grown properly, may be highly remunerative; 2, it draws differently upon the soil than wheat, or the other true cereals, has different diseases and other pests and is therefore helpful in spreading risks from pests; 3, flax distributes the use of farm machinery, particularly during harvest, for it suffers little from being left standing for weeks after it has matured or been cut; 4, it can be stored and hauled more cheaply than wheat, oats or barley, owing to its distinctly higher value per bushel; 5, it is frequently more remunerative than wheat as a stubble crop on heavy, cold or low-lying soil, and can follow barley successfully; 6, flax is much safer than wheat where danger from wireworms abounds, as on breaking; 7, flax resists lodging better than wheat, oats or barley and can be used where lodging is feared; 8, flax straw from separator or combine, has a cash value throughout southern Manitoba and south-eastern Saskatchewan, which varies from as little as \$2 to around \$10 per acre depending upon the amount and whether it is sold loose in the field, or baled and delivered by the grower; 9, flax can be produced with the use of the same farm machinery as required for wheat; 10, flax is much less subject than wheat to grade losses caused by after-harvest weathering.



[Univ. Sask. photo.]
Beatrice E. Murray, Graduate Assistant in Flax Breeding, examines plots in the irrigation nursery at the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon.

Venturing With Flax

THE by-products from flax are so valuable that one is reluctant to state discouraging factors in growing this oil-yielding plant, yet experience is a hard teacher. The urge to grow flax is unfortunately not based on practices beneficial to would-be growers. For example, many farmers following a good flax crop and better price a few years ago, jumped into sowing on rather an extensive scale, particularly in 1943, when advice was given to sow on summerfallow.

One of the axioms of successful farming is to avoid gambles in cropping, as far as possible, and that is exactly what the growing of flax is, judged by

the past! In our neighborhood (W. Central Sask.) it was asking for trouble to sow flax on summerfallow. A small-seeded crop, such as flax, needs, above everything, a firm—very firm—well-packed seed bed, which few summer-fallows have; then, being rather a bare-stemmed plant, weeds have every incentive to fill up the spaces between the rows. Far more satisfactory results with flax have been had when flax has followed a barley crop. At least that is the experience of ourselves and neighbors.

Harking back to 1943, many sowed their summerfallow hoping to make a killing, and met disaster, for the weeds

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Thus the Case Side-Delivery Rake, brought out when "tedding" was still done, turned directly away from that destructive practice. The Case rake made it possible to handle hay gently, to build high, fluffy windrows with leaves largely inside, sheltered from bleaching sun. It was the fast, work-saving way to make Air-Conditioned Hay. The Case slow-g geared, four-bar tractor rake of today does all this at modern rubber-tired speed.

To get hay with all its leaves and quality from windrow to manger was another problem. Years of research and experience with big pick-up balers brought forth the Case Slicer-Baler. Slicing instead of stomping and folding saves leaves both in the field and in the manger or feed-lot. It is so simple that boys can operate it, so low in cost that most any farmer can own it.



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HERBATE (2,4-D) is a *selective* weed killer. Deadly to most broad-leaved plants such as mustard, Canada thistle, many others, it does not injure grain nor common pasture grasses, nor does it affect the soil or endanger livestock.

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HERBATE comes in powder form. Dissolved in water, it may be applied with any type of power sprayer. Ask your dealer for HERBATE (2,4-D), the C-I-L *selective* weed killer. In 1-lb. and 5-lb. cans and 25-lb. drums.



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took control, losses were heavy from delayed ripening, heavy dockage and from crop left over winter uncut. Despite the denials of the college men, the practical make-a-living-on-the-land farmers will insist that flax is an exhausting crop, judging by subsequent crops grown on the same land, even after summerfallowing. Good crops of flax are to be desired, especially so with oil-extracting mills nearer the source of supply. But such are only to be had on the better soils, such as the Regina clay type. Rarely will the loams yield up to or above ten bushels per acre—less does not invite farmers to grow flax. The effect of fertilizers on a large scale does not seem to have been tried, although it may be submitted—all signs of a good crop fail in dry weather! The cake and oil are in demand.—Stockwell.

(Note: The price has now been boosted to five dollars per bushel, too. This should help get the acreage.—Ed.)

Warfare in the Soil

NITROGEN is the type of fertilizer which is most commonly needed by soils. Such fertilizers as sulphate of ammonia and nitrate of soda each contain nitrogen, but since the actual plant food is in the nitrates, the ammonia must be changed to the nitrate before the nitrogen becomes available to the plant. For a long time scientists did not know how this takes place in the soil. Finally, however, two French chemists discovered that it could be done in the laboratory by the use of bacteria, and it was later shown at the famous Rothamstead Experimental Station in England that bacteria are also responsible for this transformation in the soil.

With this knowledge, it became apparent that the soil contains a vast number of living organisms, though for a long time the tremendous number of these organisms was not fully appreciated. One of the reasons for the latter fact is that the soil is continuously taking in oxygen and giving out carbonic acid gas as a result of the activity of the organisms in it. It was found, too, that more fertile soil usually takes up oxygen more rapidly than those not so fertile. This indicates that bacterial activity is greater in fertile than in less fertile soil.

Further experiments in which the soil bacteria in good soil were killed by sterilization, indicated that the killing of the soil bacteria reduced the need for oxygen. When the soil was only partly sterilized so as to kill part of the organisms or certain types of them, and then conditions created that were favorable to organic soil life, bacterial numbers greatly increased. It was later discovered that natural, untreated soil contained large numbers of

protozoa, which are extremely minute forms of animal life that normally feed on the bacteria (regarded as plant-like organisms), and thus keep down the bacteria population of the soil.

When our knowledge of soil organisms was not as advanced as it is now, early counts of bacteria in soil were not reliable. Still, the first count made at Rothamstead showed from five to twenty million bacteria per gram (1/28 of an ounce) of soil. Now we know that the actual number is about 1,000 times greater than this.

Actual numbers appear to be changing from hour to hour, owing to what is in reality a constant turmoil within the soil. The battle between bacteria and the protozoa which feed on them, the life processes of the various molds and other vegetable organisms, and the animal population of the soil ranging from rodents to earthworms, insects, nematodes and other forms of animal life, creates a world beneath the surface of the soil of which we have no knowledge whatever except through the sciences.

This soil life has immense activity on a very minute scale and is of fundamental importance to the farmer, because it is through this activity that vegetable matter is assimilated and transformed into humus. It is by this same process that the water holding capacity of the soil is increased, the tilth of the soil improved and plant and mineral substances released for plant use, through the chemical activities induced by soil organisms.

Split-Up of Farm Receipts

TO the extent that the 17 illustration of the Dominion Experimental Farm Service in Manitoba are typical Manitoba farms, it is evident that some changes have occurred in Manitoba agriculture during the war years. Examination of accounts kept for these illustration stations by the Dominion Experimental Farm at Brandon shows, we are told, an average gross cash revenue in 1946 of \$6,400, an increase over 1945, but representing a slightly lower net revenue owing to increased operating expenses. Ninety-five per cent of revenue received from field crops was from grain sales. Nevertheless, field crops represented only 46 per cent of total revenue, cattle and dairy products 27 per cent, poultry 12 per cent, hogs nine per cent and miscellaneous revenue six per cent. Farm poultry flocks showed an increase from seven per cent in 1938, while, characteristically, hog production revealed the greatest fluctuation, rising from eight per cent of cash income in 1938 to 16 per cent in 1944 and dropping to nine per cent last year.



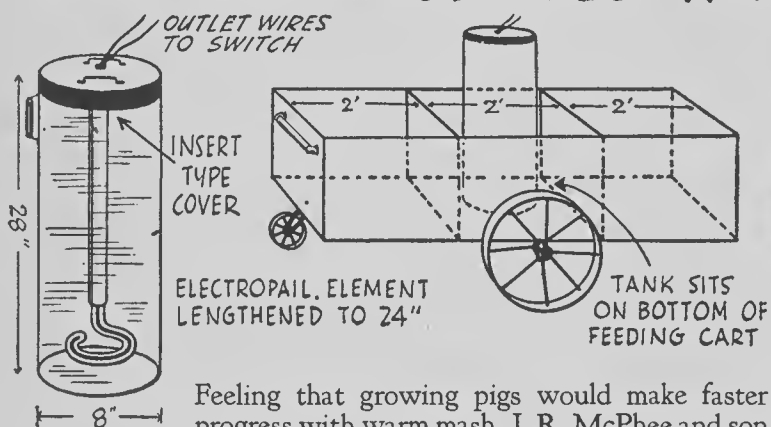
Unusual snowfall promises much flooding unless run-off is gradual. Picture shows flooded southern Manitoba fields in 1945.

IDEAS

from a Neighbor's Farm

Safeway's Farm Reporter keeps tab on how farmers make work easier, cut operating costs, improve crop quality. Safeway reports (not necessarily endorses) his findings because we Safeway people know that exchanging good ideas helps everybody, including us. After all, more than a third of our customers are farm folks.

YOUNG PORKERS GAIN FAST WITH HOME MADE FEED WARMER



Feeling that growing pigs would make faster progress with warm mash, J. R. McPhee and son Don, Chilliwack, B.C., went to work and came up with a warmer that is simple and efficient. They use a slop cart in three sections, one each for growing, finishing and sow ration—each section 2'x2'x2'. They were feeding mash at a heat of 38 degrees to 40 degrees F.—decided that if this could be raised to 80 degrees F. their pigs would gain faster. They lengthened and bent a 1320 watt Electropail heating element and welded the neck to a hollow insert-type lid, packing the lid with asbestos. The lid and unit is inserted into a water-filled metal cylinder 28"x8", with a heavy duty extension cord to a separate branch circuit—a time switch added for automatic operation. The tank is placed in the middle section and two hours before feeding time the warmer starts. At feeding time, son Don lifts the warmer out of the mash, removes the lid and pours the hot water into the warmed mash of that section. When the water and mash have been mixed thoroughly, the temperature of the mash is about 80 degrees F., and the young pigs love it.

SPRAYER-DUSTER



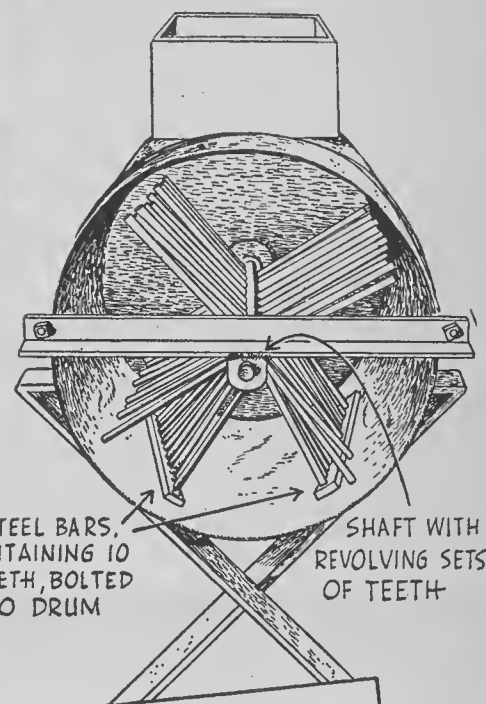
GOOD USE FOR HALF A BICYCLE!

During the war years, John Daman of St. Vital, Manitoba, could not get a satisfactory sprayer so he rigged up one himself from parts around his 40-acre produce farm. He used a hand sprayer, a bicycle wheel and built a frame out of $\frac{3}{4}$ " and $\frac{1}{2}$ " pipe. He attached a belt to the pulley on the sprayer, hooking it to a larger pulley on the wheel. The sprayer-dusters are worked from a $1\frac{1}{2}$ " flexible pipe attached to each handle by clamps. If the bicycle wheel has a brake on it, this can be used to throw the duster out of gear in rolling it from one garden to another. Cost was approximately \$25, and Daman says his investment has saved him plenty of work and time in dusting. Previously the dusting was done by hand from the same (Dobbin) sprayer.

SOLVES SEED THRESHING PROBLEMS

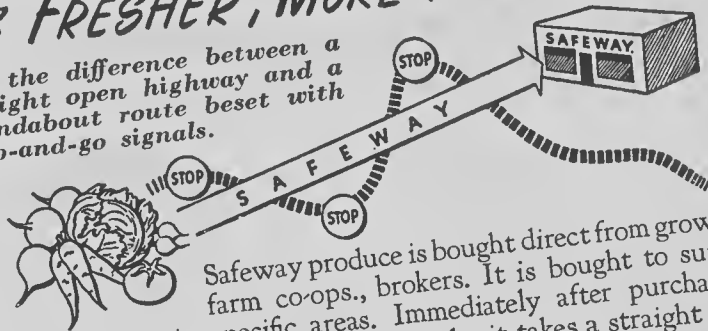


An oil drum on a frame, 18" high at front, 16" high at back, provides W. H. Baumbrough, Vernon, B.C., with a thresher for small seeds such as onions, etc. On a shaft in the set, clearing the drum by $1\frac{1}{2}$ ". Two steel bars, each with ten teeth, are bolted down inside drum and through these fixed teeth, the rotating teeth on the shaft mesh. Shaft is set in 2"x2" angle irons, bolted and welded to drum, with one end of shaft equipped with "V" pulley to a small motor. On top of drum is a hopper for feeding seed pods of small vegetables; doors at low end of drum provide access to the seed. Drum frame is simply made as shown.



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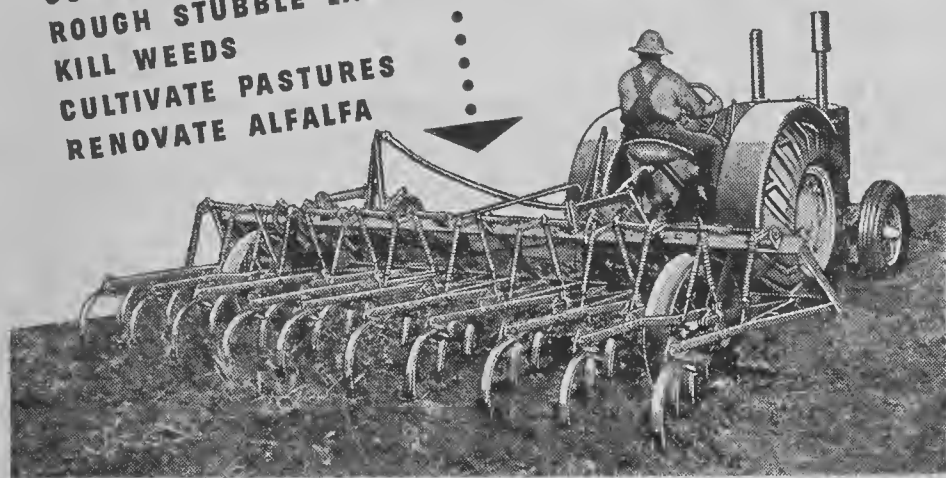
- Safeway buys direct, sells direct, to cut "in-between" costs.
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Revolution in Farm Building

More attention needed for farm buildings from specialists who will study design, utility and cost

IF any dozen people well acquainted with farm problems were to be asked what one thing would contribute most to the efficiency and development of agriculture, the answers would probably represent a considerable variety of opinion. They would probably include more or less complete mechanization, relatively high stabilized prices, soil conservation, abundant labor supply and possibly the modernization of farm buildings.

Whether the last named factor is important enough to be included in such a list may be a debatable question, but there is little doubt that most farm buildings are too costly and wasteful of time and money for this modern age. Buildings, as someone has remarked, are tools of the farmer. They should be designed to save the utmost in labor and to cost as little as possible, consistent with the essential purposes they must serve.

Aside from the farm house itself, most of the farm buildings are associated with the housing of livestock and machinery. In areas of moderate or generous rainfall, large barns have been the rule for the preservation of feed crops. These earlier barns were designed for a horse-power farm economy. Most of them are still with us, even though the tractor has replaced many of the horses. In eastern Canada, the bank barn is a characteristic feature of the countryside, and a writer in the Christian Science Monitor tells us that this type of barn was contributed to America by the Pennsylvania Dutch, political refugees from the Rhineland brought over by William Penn; and that this type of barn was copied widely during the 18th century and during the 19th century was adapted even to the great plains, of which the prairie provinces of Canada are a part. It is from this type of barn that we derive our familiarity with red paint, barn raising and barn dances. The same writer suggests that "the arrival of the machine, together with electricity, radio and perhaps atomic energy, gives rural America the potentials for the only American art form, architecture and social change of the 20th century."

However this may be, farm buildings are already engaged in the slow process of revolutionary change, both as to design and structural materials. The raising of livestock, in an area such as the Prairie Provinces for example, needs the encouragement which would be given by time saved in doing chores by labor-saving equipment and devices. Knowledge is available for the proper breeding, care and general management of

livestock, but what is needed is knowledge of how to save time and the cost of man labor in doing this work. Already, too, there is considerable talk about the use of prefabricated steel for barn construction, and the suggestion has been made that concrete for livestock housing, with separate housing for feed, would be most economical and efficient.

The extent to which research in farm building has been neglected is evidenced by the fact that we have in Canada very few men indeed who may be rated as experts in this field. The urgent need for more houses for thousands of families still living under crowded conditions in our towns and cities has awakened governments to the need for action in this field. In western Canada, provincial government committees are giving consideration to the special needs and architectural designs of farm houses, which is as it should be. Some awakening of interest has also occurred in connection with barns and other farm buildings, but here the interest and progress is much less widespread.

As lumber and other building materials become more plentiful, it is to be expected that the backlog of repairs and new construction of barns and other utility buildings will be reduced. One of the outstanding shortages, however, is that of architects and building designers who have a sufficient understanding of the farm to combine economy with utility and originality. There is need for definite co-ordination of ideas as between architects and agricultural engineers, and it would appear to be timely to suggest that at least in the Prairie Provinces, where climatic and other conditions are quite similar, a conference on farm buildings might lead to some unification of efforts and some action program.

Modern ideas are leading us more and more to a regional attack on problems of a more or less general nature. This is sensible and in the interests of economy. The thought of perhaps millions of dollars being expended within the next few years on the remodelling of old buildings and construction of new ones in traditional style and without much consideration for functional design and labor-saving economies, is discouraging. Individual farmers are pretty much at the mercy of local builders, and unless the Dominion and provincial governments take the lead in a general pooling of building knowledge and the sorting out of ideas with an eye to the future needs of agriculture, much money will be spent uneconomically.

The Sweet Clover Weevil

ONE of the insects and diseases for which no satisfactory control measure has been devised is the sweet clover weevil. Poison sprays, baits and dusts have generally proved ineffective. Not much is known about the effect of climate and weather on the development of this pest, and while some experimental work indicates the possibility of using pure arsenate of lime or sulphur dusts, insufficient work has been done to enable recommendations to be made with authority.

The sweet clover weevil has been noticed in Manitoba since 1939, in Saskatchewan since 1940, and Alberta since 1943. It is reported from Saskatchewan that all parts of the province are now infested. It is, in fact, established almost everywhere in Canada east of the Rocky Mountains, and has been known in Ontario since 1934.

The weevil itself is a dark grey, hard-shelled, snout beetle, only about 3/16

of an inch long. It is not often seen because it falls off the plant at the slightest touch and lies quiet in the soil. It has wings but is seldom seen in flight. The eggs are very tiny and white, and are laid in the soil principally from the middle of May to early July. The grubs are white, soft, without legs, and C-shaped. These mature in from five to nine weeks, and from June to August are found in the top ten inches of soil feeding on the roots of clover, but appear to do very little damage. The pupae into which the grubs change are mostly in the top six inches of soil, and during seven to twelve days in late July or early August the insect exists in this stage. From these the weevils emerge until about mid-August and feed until late fall, when they hibernate under lumps of earth and trash.

The weevils themselves are most numerous on foliage in the middle of summer. They feed on the leaves and make

crescent-shaped notches in them. They may even completely defoliate plants. Seedling seed clover may be completely destroyed, but second-year clover is seldom completely killed, although it may be rendered useless for pasture, hay or seed. Damage begins as soon as growth starts in the spring, and continues until all insect activity is stopped by cold weather in the fall. Alsike clover may be heavily infested, but other clovers and alfalfa are not often seriously damaged. Neither does the sweet clover weevil attack other crops and weeds seriously.

Who Originated Our Varieties?

PRAIRIE grain growers are seeding at the present time, or will seed within a year or two, a list of 39 recommended varieties of wheat, oats, barley and flax. A few of these are only recently licensed and are still being grown for multiplication. Of the 39 varieties, eight have come to us from foreign countries—one from Finland (Olli barley), three from Sweden (Victory and Eagle oats and Hannchen barley), and eight from the United States (including Thatcher and Stewart wheat, Banner oats, Trebi and Wisconsin No. 38 barley, as well as Redwing, Bison and Dakota flax).

Canadian plant breeders are entitled to credit for the remaining 27 varieties, of which 17 have been originated by the Dominion Experimental Farms Service either at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa (six), the laboratories of Cereal Breeding and Plant Pathology, Winnipeg (five), or at experimental farms and stations (six). From Ottawa have come Marquis, Garnet and the new Saunders wheat, Legacy, Brighton and Beaver oats. From the Winnipeg laboratories have come Regent and Redman wheat, and Exeter, Ajax and Vanguard oats. From the Dominion Experimental Farm at Brandon we have received Plush and Vantage barleys; from the Swift Current Experimental Station Prospect barley and Rescue wheat; and from the Dominion Experimental Station at Lacombe, Alberta, Sanalta barley and Larain oats.

The University of Alberta gave us the Red Bob selection 222, and Canus wheat, as well as Newal and Titan barley. From the University of Saskatchewan have come Apex wheat, Valor oats, Warrior barley and Royal flax. Two eastern colleges have contributed to varieties grown in western Canada. From the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, there have come OAC No. 21 barley and Banner oats (obtained originally from the United States), while very recently Macdonald College, Quebec, has introduced Montcalm, a new malting barley which has already received much publicity.

It is of interest to note that only one private breeder is represented in the entire list of varieties now in use. Dr. Seeger Wheeler developed the original Red Bobs, from which Red Bobs 222, now recommended for some portions of Alberta, was secured by selection at the University of Alberta.

It would appear also that the day of any one variety recommended generally over the three prairie provinces, is ended. Especially during the last 20 years plant breeders have applied themselves to specific problems. Primarily, of course, they have been concerned with disease resistance combined with yield, and in the case of wheat, milling quality. They have also, however, produced varieties suitable for specific areas, of which the new Saunders wheat is a notable example. These achievements, combined with the zonation of cereal varieties and the annual recommendations made by cerealists, lead to more recommended varieties for more efficient production.

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1946 Competitors Please Note:

Full list of 1946 National Barley Contest winners will be published following the awarding of Inter-provincial prizes at Manitoba Winter Fair, Brandon, Manitoba, March 31st.

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HORTICULTURE



An impressive, vigorous and heavily blooming clump of lilies at the Dominion Forest Nursery Station, Sutherland, Sask.

Native Shrubs for the Farmstead

By J. M. GILROY

WESTERN woods contain a wealth of material which, with a little planning, time and effort, will beautify the home grounds of the home-loving man and woman who dwell in remote sections or in areas where transportation factors make the importation of nursery offerings a chancy business.

Too often, the homesteader and country dweller of slender means overlooks the beauty wasting itself on the desert air. He has no yard, and the surroundings of his dwelling are littered with old stumps, machinery and manure piles, through which stock and poultry wander at will. No wonder, then, that he and his family dislike the place, and live only for the day on which they can sell out and move somewhere else—to repeat the same process.

First, of course, must come the wish for better things to father the thought. And the thought must be constructive—and consistent! How often have I given away ferns and other shrubs from my place to people who were seized with a good impulse. Later, walking down to the trail to the highway, I noted that the impulse had faded, along with my discarded gifts.

The spring is the best time to transplant wild shrubs from the woods, whether they be evergreens, or tamaracks—most beautiful in the fall—climbing clematis or honeysuckle, or wild fruit such as viburnums (highbush cranberries), saskatoons, choke-cherries and pin-cherries, and last, but not by any means least, wild hazelnuts.

Then there are also ornamentals, such as the red-osier dogwood, whose crimson bark makes such a brave show in the winter, while the berries attract birds; the low snowberries or wax-berries, some wild currants, the evergreen Labrador tea, and the wan and winsome birch.

People keep calling the West a "next year country," but it sounds like an alibi for lack of planting. First you ought to have some knowledge, and a plan. But even if you haven't got in touch with your provincial extension department for guidance on horticultural subjects growing around you, you can use some horse sense, blended with imagination.

Examine the surroundings of your home with a keen and critical eye for a start. Study it as it is now, for shade, for sun, for moisture, for soil. It doesn't matter whether you have a soil-testing outfit or not; or whether you know the difference between acid and alkaline soil.

The point is, you will play safe by introducing these wild plants and shrubs into surroundings more or less similar to those from which they came.

A moist, shady area just north of the house? Splendid! That's where you'll put your ferns, your birch saplings and, farther back, young spruce to provide shelter from the wind. Later on, in a spot like that, as you get more ambitious, you can plant some nursery stock such as lily-of-the-valley and red cardinal.

That clump of tall stumps is going to take time and sweat to remove. Not at all. Just leave them there. Hedge them with a strip of saskatoons in front, or even white "popple," and get some wild clematis or honeysuckle trained up the stumps; maybe even a birdhouse or at least a feeding station on top, depending on the local cat population.

Snowberry and dwarf honeysuckle make a nice low hedge to naturalize along the main path to the house, or half-moons in front of the main windows, planted with compact clumps of flashy tiger-lilies or Indian paint-brush.

Wild currants and bush roses will thrive along a dry, sunny rise, and those mossy hummocks will do nicely for Labrador tea as ground cover around some red-osier dogwood.

Highbush cranberries will make a spectacular hedge at any time of the year. They prefer shade, but once established will also survive in sunlight.

Wild gooseberries seem to thrive almost anywhere, on high rocky slopes, or mossy, moist lowlands. And their coloring in the fall is something to see—and remember.

There is a saying that, "It isn't a home till it's planted." If you add to that the other old and better-known proverb that "home is where the heart is," and put your heart, your muscles and your imagination into beautifying your home grounds, you'll have the kind of little grey home in the west that all the singing is about.

A U.S. Fast-Freezing Plant

A COUNTRY GUIDE representative had an opportunity last summer to visit, for a short time, a commercial quick-freezing plant at Wenatchee, Washington. This company processes fruits and vegetables to be sold as frozen, and appears to have developed a very large business of this kind.

The frozen food industry in the United States is now a very sizable one, and in recent years a considerable amount of

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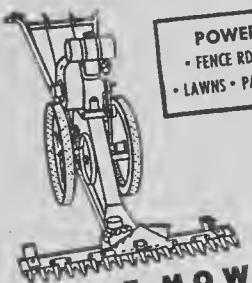
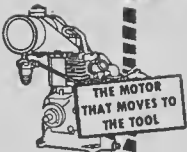
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experience has been obtained, not only in the actual process of freezing food commercially, but as to the kind and variety of food products suitable for freezing. Some varieties are more suitable than others. Information has also been obtained as to the effect of freezing on the quality of the product, especially if kept frozen for a considerable length of time.

In the Green Acres plant at Wenatchee, we visited the unloading platform at a time when peas, apricots and raspberries were being processed. The raw material moves rapidly through the plant, and from the delivery crate it is quickly washed, sorted, graded and packaged, and immediately cooled at a temperature 22 degrees below zero for eight hours, after which it is held at zero. Apricots, for example, are packed in one-pound cardboard packages wrapped in cellophane, as well as in 30-pound tins, and in barrels for the bakery trade. The fruit is carefully graded for the smaller packages, and the women who do this are careful to take out all of the green fruit. A neat trick in halving and pitting the apricots is utilized. A small V-shaped knife is used, which is pushed against the end of the apricot, and a skillful operator will push the pit out with the knife as the apricot is cut. This can be done very quickly, and the two operations of slicing and pitting are combined. The fruit not suitable for the smaller packages or the 30-lb. tins, is packed in barrels for the bakery trade. These are pitted with a mechanical pitter, which tends to mangle the fruit, and thus make it unsuitable for a better trade. Incidentally, entering a cooling chamber at 22 below zero is most certainly an experience not to be prolonged.

DD. For Rose Beetle

I HAVE had roses growing for years, but that little elephant-like creature, the rose-beetle, always took heavy toll. The rose-beetle attacks the buds by boring into the lower end of the flower part and in a few days the bud wilts and falls. I have tried almost every known preventive but they were not effective.

This summer I had some DDT 50 per cent white powder and in desperation I mixed up a dose. I used one large cupful of powder to 1½ gallons water and sprayed with a stirrup pump. Almost too true, the bugs were gone and the leaves were not injured.

I have also used the above spray on virginia creeper, gooseberries, currants and on a dozen varieties of flowers. I did not see any injury in a single case. —J. P. COFFEY, Carlyle, Sask.

The Flower Garden

By Dr. G. F. PATTERSON
Department of Horticulture
University of Saskatchewan.

2.—Peonies, Lilies and Irises!

A NUMBER of the finest and most outstanding hardy herbaceous perennial flowers are found among the plants usually grown from divisions. Some of these are the peonies, lilies, irises and tulips.

Among the earliest peonies to bloom are some of the forms of the common peony (*Paeonia officinalis*). The earliest with which the writer is familiar is a single-flowered form which begins blooming at Saskatoon about May 24. The fern-leaved peony (*Paeonia tenuifolia*) follows this closely in its blooming season. This is a beautiful peony in bloom and out of bloom and should be better known and more widely grown. Double forms of *Paeonia officinalis* follow these in their blooming season and

are very worthy of culture. Following these are the well known forms of *Paeonia albiflora* that are familiar to every flower grower. Both single- and double-flowered varieties in colors ranging from pure white and cream, through the pinks and light reds, to the very deep crimson are available.

Like many other flowers, the peony is available in a long list of varieties. All have merit but a few of these have proved very outstanding at Saskatoon. In whites, Kelway's Glorious is superb and tops the list with which the author is familiar. Though it may have a pale flesh tint at opening time, the flower of this variety soon bleaches to white. Though well known and widely grown, Marie Lemoine and Festiva Maxima are excellent varieties, in this color class. Though rated very highly by the American Peony Society, Le Cynge has not been satisfactory here. In pale pinks, Sarah Bernhardt, Therese, Madame Lemoine, Louise Renault, La Perle and La France have given a good account of themselves. In deep pinks, Monsieur Jules Elie, Berlioz, Henry Murger, De Candolle, Madame Jules Dessert and Madame Forel are outstanding and in reds Philippe Rivoire, Longfellow, Mary Brand, Karl Rosenfield and Felix Crousse are to be recommended.

A few of the most valuable forms and varieties of the lily, in the opinion of the writer, are: Candlestick lily (*Lilium umbellatum*), coral lily (*L. tenuifolium*), lovely lily (*L. amabile*), a group originated at the Central Experimental Farm, and known as the Ottawa Hybrids (*Lilium* Cummings, Grace Marshall, Phyllis Cox, oriole and coronation are outstanding varieties of this group) and the Maxwell. The flower color in the coral lily is coral; in oriole, buff; in coronation, yellow; in the others, tints and shades of orange.

Though not fully hardy in the Canadian West, the regal lily (*L. regale*) is worthy of the special care that it requires in western gardens. It is a magnificent lily. The flowers are large and trumpet-shaped, white with a pale yellow throat and strongly and sweetly scented. Either in the garden or cut and in a vase, the flowers of this plant are a joy not to be forgotten.

In the irises grown in the prairie provinces, the bearded group stands above all others in the pleasure the plants afford. It is true that many varieties of this group are somewhat tender for this climate but some possess the hardiness required. Only those varieties that have been found to do well should be planted. Rather than to select a list of varieties from descriptions given in an iris catalog, one should consult a local grower of irises and select the list to be planted from those that he has been able to grow successfully.

Varieties in the Darwin class of tulip appear to be more dependable for outdoor culture in this climate than do those in other classes. Even these often do not winter well. Certain Darwin varieties do better than other varieties. The variety Pride of Haarlem, the flowers of which are a very attractive American Beauty red, has been grown successfully out-of-doors at the University of Saskatchewan for twenty years and has been more successful than any other variety grown. William Pitt, Farncombe Sanders and Bartigon, three other red varieties, have done well out-of-doors. Clara Butt, a well-known salmon-flowered variety has made a good showing. Many other varieties can doubtless be grown under favorable conditions. To the beginner, the suggestion is made that one or more of the varieties mentioned above be tried.

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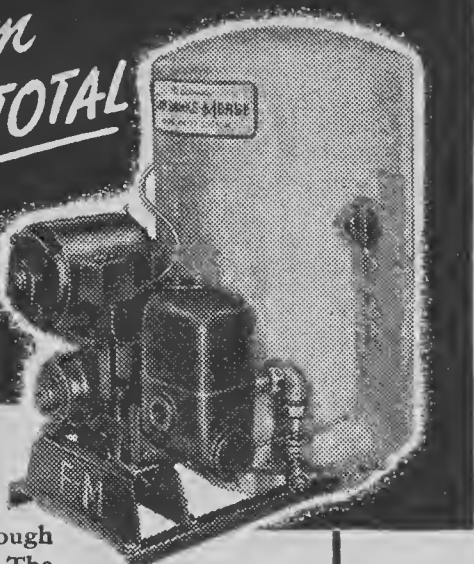
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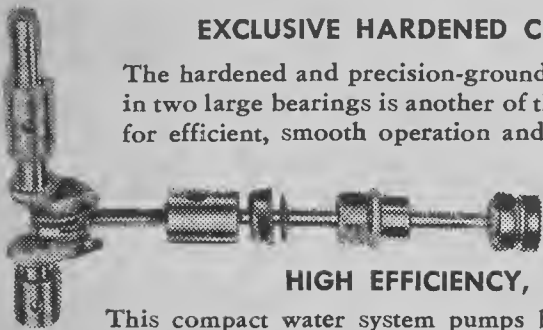
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SCIENCE PROTECTS FARM INCOME

Continued from page 13

was rare in oat varieties; but one, Victoria, was highly resistant and so was used extensively in the breeding program. Most of the leading varieties of oats in Iowa and in several other states have Victoria in their ancestry and, until recently, might well be proud of it. Just during the last couple of years a new disease caused by a species of *Helminthosporium* (a fungus for which there is no shorter name) has turned up. In 1946 it became widespread in the United States and caused serious losses in many areas, particularly in varieties with Victoria "blood" in them. This really necessitates starting all over again, first by finding a variety resistant to this particular kind of *Helminthosporium*, and then, by breeding methods, combining this resistance with resistance to rusts and smuts.

The fact of the matter is this: no species of living thing is entirely stable. Just as we breed plants and animals better adapted to local conditions, so the many insects, fungi, bacteria and viruses, by natural processes, develop new types better able to live as parasites or predators. The main facts of the development of wheat varieties resistant to stem rust are well known to all who will read this. There is reason to believe that the Canadian prairies may never again suffer serious losses from stem rust of wheat; but we can be fairly certain that this belief would persist only in a fool's paradise were it not for the constant vigilance of plant breeders and plant pathologists. Regent and Renown have yet to suffer serious damage; but recently a race of the fungus that causes stem rust has turned up which will attack these two varieties. Plant pathologists have already described some 200 races of this fungus and we may confidently expect that more will turn up. Clearly, we would be as safe without the local physician as without the agricultural scientists. What happened to Ajax oats in 1945? Rust. The same thing could happen to any new wheat variety, though the likelihood is not great.

Remarkable success has attended the efforts to produce a sawfly-resistant wheat. However, aside from the necessity for further improvement in baking quality, the job is not finished. We cannot afford to "pension off" Messrs. Platt, Farstad and their associates. The sawfly readily made the change from native grasses to wheat and the shift from Thatcher to Rescue may not be more difficult and appears likely to be much easier.

THEN, besides the fact that fungi, bacteria and insects have remarkable powers of adaptation, there is an ever present danger from diseases and insects hitherto unknown in a given region or country. Late blight of potatoes has only recently turned up in western Canada. Though it is unlikely to be as damaging here as in Europe or

even in eastern Canada, we dare not ignore it. Bacterial ring rot of potatoes has just lately become serious in Canada; little cherry disease, known only for a few years, is now a very serious threat to the cherry industry in British Columbia; and bacterial wilt of alfalfa is already engaging the attention of plant breeders. Many other equally important cases could be added to this group, but space and readers' patience are both limited. We have probably made a convincing case for the necessity of permanent plant breeding establishments in Canada and the impossibility of complete and final success in any major plant breeding project.

Progress in the improvement of farm animals, particularly in large animals and also with respect to disease resistance, is of necessity much slower than in crop plants. To attempt an adequate explanation of this fact would involve us in too many complicated technicalities. Fortunately, it is much easier to control the most important environmental factors, such as nutrition and diseases, in animals than in plants, so improvement by breeding is relatively less important.

A HOST of different factors is involved in the environment of a plant; so many, indeed, that it is surprising that our crops are as healthy as they are. The first one that occurs to most people is the climate, and we need spend no time on that because we can do nothing about it except by irrigation and by choosing crops that have a reasonable chance of survival.

The weather, which is simply an expression of climate at a given time or place, is more interesting to the research worker, as well as to the farmer, than is climate, because it has pronounced direct and indirect effects on crops. Year to year variations in the weather have very important effects on the severity of destructive outbreaks of insects and diseases. We do not know nearly enough about either short or long-term relations between various weather factors and disease and insect outbreaks. More extensive knowledge of these relations would probably often enable us to forecast outbreaks and to adjust agricultural practices accordingly. This is now possible with, for example, the pale western cutworm, populations of which are largely limited by the number of wet days during the period of larval activity the year before. A "wet" day is defined as one when the fields are too wet to use a disc harrow (presumably making due allowance for differences in soil texture). During the period of larval activity, less than ten wet days will result in an increase in cutworm population the following year; between ten and fifteen wet days, probably some decrease; and if over fifteen wet days, little trouble may be anticipated. The agricultural value of this knowledge is obvious, but the amount of painstaking research that went before is seldom appreciated. Unless we devote more and more time to similar studies, crop production will become more and more hazardous.



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The influence of weather factors on the spread and severity of many plant diseases is almost, if not quite, as important as it is upon destructive insects. Enough has been learned to demonstrate clearly that further study will pay good dividends.

In areas where commercial production is highly diversified, including, say, fruits, vegetables, tobacco, pasture and hay crops, consideration of weather factors in relation to planting, spraying and harvesting, as well as to the prevalence of insects and diseases, is almost of daily importance. Farmers and scientific investigators alike must be "weather conscious."

THE soil has a sort of double-barrelled importance in the environment of plants and, less directly, of animals. Appropriate cropping, tillage and fertilizer practices are essential not only to immediate returns, but to the continued existence of the soil itself. The relations between plants and the soil in which they grow are exceedingly complex and our knowledge of these relations is meagre. We know that the relative abundance of one nutrient element may affect the availability of another, and that availability is often dependent upon the activity of micro-organisms. Disease-producing micro-organisms are influenced by harmless and beneficial ones, by fertilizers and cropping practices. But, in spite of the knowledge we have, and although agriculture in Canada is still young, we know far too little about what goes on in the soil, and new problems of plant health in orchards, pastures and cropped fields appear with increasing frequency.

Weeds are important as part of the environment surrounding crops and livestock and are becoming more so as they continue to increase in number and kind. Anyone who has lived in the Prairie Provinces for the last twenty years and who is observant, as all good farmers are, knows that the weed population is a long way from equilibrium. Some of our most serious weeds, such as leafy spurge and hoary cress, occur in widely separated areas and are increasing year by year except where well organized control programs have been launched.

Although there is still much to be learned about weed control by tillage methods, cropping practices and the use of chemicals, and though the agricultural scientist has an important part to play, the farmer is and always will be the key man. Avoidable weed losses are almost invariably a result of bad farming, and for this reason the farmer himself has a much greater responsibility here than he has for problems that can be solved only through scientific investigation.

PRACTICALLY everyone appreciates, at least to some extent, the influence exerted by insects on the environment of plants and animals. Some, it is true, are beneficial, but we shall confine our remarks to objectionable ones. They include mosquitoes, warble flies, ticks, lice, cutworms, wireworms, wheat stem sawfly, grasshoppers and many others on livestock and crops, not to mention those with special tastes for fruit crops and forest trees. Control depends upon our ability to discover ways of creating environments in which destructive insects will not thrive. This may be done by the use of crops or varieties the insects don't like, by appropriate tillage and cropping practices, including the destruction of crop residues, by the application of chemicals, either poisons or repellents, and by deliberately multiplying and distributing insects that parasitize their destructive cousins.

In view of the multitude of different kinds of harmful insects and of the complexity of their life histories and habits, it goes without saying that we



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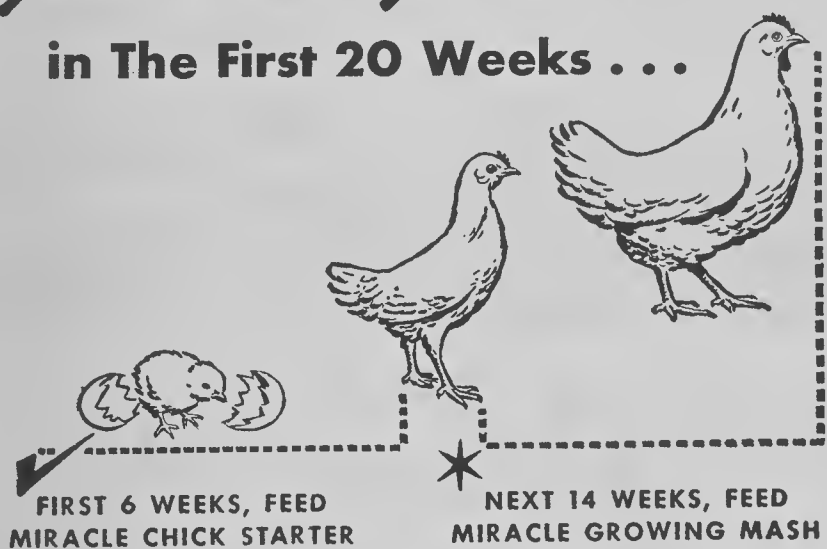
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cannot hope to deal with them without much patient study. Controls now in use by farmers, orchardists and gardeners are, almost without exception, the result of research work done in Canada and elsewhere by entomologists. Information is available from Dominion entomological laboratories, universities and provincial government officials. It is free but for the very tiny fraction of total taxes devoted to insect studies. Control methods are often costly, and one of the chief tasks of the investigator is to develop cheaper and more effective methods.

An environment characterized by disease is not a healthy one! The approach to this problem is essentially similar to that with insects. Except for diseases directly traceable to malnutrition, most are caused by living organisms such as bacteria, fungi and viruses. In many cases, the organisms that cause disease are carried from one plant, or animal, to another by insects, and some diseases can be transmitted in no other way. Fundamentally, disease control depends upon our knowledge of the conditions favorable and unfavorable to its development. Unfavorable conditions can, when we know enough, be provided by disease-resistant plants, seed treatments, sprays, soil fumigants, vaccines, sulpha drugs, penicillin and so on. In spite of splendid progress, we still suffer unnecessarily heavy losses for two reasons. The first is that we don't know enough about diseases and their causes, and the second that we don't make enough use of what we know.

By means of appropriate chemicals, we are often able to make the environment very unhealthy for disease-producing organisms. We spray for apple scab, late blight of potatoes; we "treat" seed to protect it, and the plants it will produce, from smuts and other seed borne organisms. But chemicals cost money, and applying them usually costs more. So for plants, at least, the ultimate hope is for resistant varieties. Rusts of cereal crops can be controlled by the use of sulphur dust, but it was much cheaper to develop resistant varieties. It is proving much more difficult to produce late blight-resistant potatoes and will be still harder to develop scab-resistant apples. In view, however, of the money spent on buying and applying fungicides, we can afford to try.

THE chief purpose of this article has been to emphasize the complexity of agricultural research and the pressing need for more knowledge not only among farmers but among agricultural scientists. We have tried to show that final solution of our problems is always difficult and sometimes impossible. To make matters worse, new threats continue to arise. Within the past few years, many new problems have demanded attention. Among them are Japanese beetle, potato flea beetle, sweet clover weevil, flax bollworm, potato rot nematode, European elm disease, little cherry, bacterial wilt of alfalfa, and several others. It is well to remember that most of our major problems had small beginnings. The percentage incidence of Western X, a recently discovered disease of peaches, in ten selected B.C. orchards has increased as follows: 1940—2.7; 1941—4.3; 1942—5.5; 1943—6.1; 1944—7.7. Though comparable figures are not available for 1945, a further increase was reported.

Clearly, a balance between agricultural plants and animals and their enemies is not yet established. Successful production in the future will depend to a large extent on increasing knowledge. Without it we shall deserve, and can expect to get, declining production.

(Note: Dr. K. W. Neatby is Director, Science Service, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

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POULTRY



[Guide photo.]

Growing young poultry stock under controlled range conditions shown here at the Dominion Experimental Station, Scott, Sask., makes for earlier maturity and a lower mortality.

Maintaining Egg Production

THE laying stock are usually at the peak of their production about this time of year. From now until early fall we should strive to keep this production as high as possible, for the cost of producing eggs is somewhat lower than during the winter months. The reason is that the birds require less feed for maintenance and also if they are allowed outside, they can supplement their diet with green feed and bugs. Too often we find that as soon as the hens are let out, egg production as well as egg quality drops very greatly.

While it is true that the high rate of production obtained in the spring will not be continued throughout the entire summer, there is no reason why it should not be higher than usual if good management practices are followed. To keep the birds laying steadily it is necessary to feed them a well balanced diet. This would include a laying mash available at all times in open hoppers, whole grains fed twice a day at the rate of 12-14 pounds per 100 birds per day, plenty of fresh, clean water and oyster shell or some other limestone-bearing grit in small hoppers.

It is customary to let the birds out to forage once the weather breaks in the spring. Shortly after this, we often find that the egg quality which is determined by candling, is much lower. The green feed on range is not entirely responsible. The cause can usually be traced to the lack of a well balanced diet. Do not discontinue feeding the laying mash; and also, keep the hens confined to their pens until the latter part of the afternoon.

Lice and Mites

FORTUNATELY the external parasites which affect poultry are easily disposed of, but in spite of this fact many of the birds still suffer from lice and mites. Lice, in contrast to the mites, live right on the chicken. If heavily infected, production may be lowered. To rid the birds of these pests, it is necessary to treat them in the following manner. Dust the birds with sodium fluoride, making sure that the powder is well rubbed into the fluff around the abdomen and also under the wings. The powder is not sufficiently strong to kill the eggs, so it is necessary to repeat the treatment one week later.

D.D.T. can be used in place of sodium fluoride but the treatment must also be repeated a week later. Black Leaf 40 is also good. It is applied along the roosts in a thin line just before

the birds go to roost. Be sure to have the house well ventilated as the fumes may seriously affect the birds. Repeat this treatment also a week later.

Mites are small blood-sucking insects which spend the day in crevices and cracks around the roosts and nests but feed on the birds at night. To rid the house of these pests, remove all the roosts, nests and other fixtures, spray used crank-case oil into all the cracks and on the roosts. Repeat the treatment a week later.

Range Shelters

DURING the summer months the growing stock should be provided with some form of housing. The brooder house may be used if more roosts are installed after the removal of the stove. However, this house will not be sufficiently large to accommodate all the birds, so it will be necessary to have one more house or shelter.

When the chicks are completely feathered and no longer require a source of artificial heat, it is advisable to separate the sexes. At that time, there should be very little difficulty in distinguishing the cockerels from the pullets. If the brooder house has not been overcrowded, then there will be enough room for one of the sexes. The other sex can nicely be cared for in a range shelter. This type of housing has proven very satisfactory and we would like to see more of these used in the future. They are easily constructed, provide plenty of ventilation, are movable and also give protection from the weather.

The question is often asked as to which sex should be placed in the shelter and which should be left in the brooder house. It would be advantageous to have two shelters but failing this, it is suggested that the pullets be placed in the shelter. As it is easily moved, it can be shifted periodically (about once a month) to a new piece of ground. This will insure a more even pasturage of the range and will lessen the danger of killing out patches of the green feed. Plans for shelters which will accommodate 100-125 pullets are available from the extension service of your provincial department of agriculture or university.

The average production for Canadian hens is slightly over 100 eggs per bird. Contrast this production with the number of eggs laid by R.O.P. flocks. The 1944-45 average was 182 eggs per hen for every bird entered in that year. Surely 15 dozen eggs per hen, per year, is more profitable than nine dozen.

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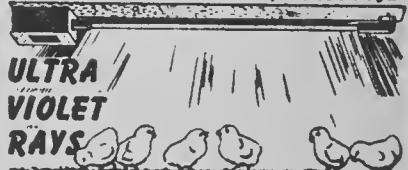
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OR BARLEY AND HOGS

Continued from page 6

required amount of bacon, it should be possible to arrive at some method by which the grower feeding his own barley can participate in the benefits.

R. N. RALPH.

* * *

Airdrie, Alta.

THERE are always factors in any broad government policy which do not appear to everyone. The decision embodied in the new coarse grain policy was obviously a difficult one for the government to reach. It should have been made six weeks ago. By March 20 Alberta farmers will pretty well know what they plan on seeding. They have their seed arranged for by that time. Seed barley is scarce and it takes considerable time to assemble, clean and distribute any large quantity of seed.

The incentive to switch from wheat to barley is very slight. A farmer can make just as much money out of wheat at \$1.35 net return as he can out of barley at 78 cents. I am certain that the new policy will result in more barley leaving western farms as barley instead of pork. The injustice to the man who feeds his own barley, which prevailed under the former equalization payment plan, has not been removed. It is the farmers who breed sows and raises pigs who is handicapped. The commercial feeder is subsidized again under this plan. Surely some method could be devised to put the man who grows barley and feeds pigs on an equitable basis.

Last fall I had a long drive through a large part of western Ontario. Hundreds of farms were left in grass and were rented out, carrying a few cattle each summer. It was very noticeable. When I came home I wrote for some statistics on Ontario crop production, and it was just what I expected, a progressive decline in barley production. Apparently it is easier and cheaper to go to the feed store, or have the truck deliver western barley to your barn, than to go to the trouble of raising it. Now that it is to be subsidized, as well as having the freight to the East paid on it, the tendency will be all the stronger. Huge businesses have been built up in the East to process and sell various types of feeds.

I see great danger in all this, as our whole economy is being geared up to a "grow the feed in the West and feed the livestock in the East" policy. We have had a number of good crops in the West the past few years. But we have also lived through several cycles of dry and wet periods. What would happen to our livestock program in the East if 1947 should turn out to be another 1937?

I believe that the East should produce feed on every available acre. Additional supplies can come from the West. It doesn't add up properly to me to see the farmers in the East being subsidized to buy barley from a long way off and leave many acres idle.

HOWARD P. WRIGHT,
President, Alberta Co-op. Seed Growers.

* * *

Drumheller, Alta.

THE undoubted effect of the new regulations will be to reduce the number of pigs grown in Alberta. Enough sows are now bred to ensure a one-third increase in spring farrowing, but fewer sows will be bred for fall farrowing and 1948 litters.

Farmers will grow more barley, but western feeders who grow their own barley will be at a disadvantage against eastern feeders who buy their grain with a 25-cent subsidy. The new regu-

lations boil down to this that more western barley will be grown for more eastern pigs, but western hog production will decline. This is just too bad as the logical place to produce the pigs is the place where the grain is grown.

P. J. ROCK.

* * *

Melville, Sask.

I DO not raise enough grain to feed anything, outside of oats for horses and the cattle we carry, therefore every pound of barley fed to hogs is bought. I feed hogs practically all barley, supplementing it according to age and growth. I consider that each hog costs me \$22 per head for grain under the scale of prices which prevailed before the announcement of March 17. This includes supplements, but does not include the keep of the boar and the sow.

It is apparent that I had the advantage over the producer of barley right along in feeding hogs. The farmer who felt he wanted to do his share in producing bacon for Britain during wartime, fed his barley to his hogs at an increased price to what I had to pay. If you take the proverbial 20-bushel-barley per hog, his cost of feed was three dollars more than mine. With the new subsidy it is more.

I am of the opinion that too much of a planned policy does not work out in the long run. I am reminded of 1937. That year we had a huge crop of wheat in prospect. Nobody had a solution for marketing and the sales agencies were in a dither. Providence solved the whole thing with rust. This year the government felt that an increase in barley acreage was absolutely necessary. We have had such a fall of snow this winter and a late spring that seeding will be delayed at least two weeks, so that even without the price increase we shall have a big increase in barley acreage. I consider that in this district alone, the wet spring will steal one-third of the acres planned for wheat.

I am quite certain, however, that for the present you can look for a sharp decrease in hog production. A crop of barley at 93 cents is attractive and few farmers will feed it either to hogs or cattle.

RHYS WILLIAMS.

* * *

Minnedosa, Man.

THE farmer who has to feed barley at the newly announced price to hogs at present prices will reduce his hogs. We grow a lot of barley here and with the increased price, I believe a lot more will be sown. Wheat will not be cut very much but oats will be reduced in acreage.

If the government wants hogs from farmers, the obvious course is to keep feed prices down and increase hog prices. When the profit is large enough we will raise not only hogs but all livestock and livestock products, and we will grow the feed to feed them.

EVERETT H. BATHO.

* * *

Tisdale, Sask.

I WAS very much surprised when I read the announcement of barley and oats price increases. It seems to me that it is just the opposite of what should have happened to maintain our supply of bacon for Britain. Farmers most certainly will not raise hogs when they can get such a good price for their feed grain as the feeding of hogs does entail a considerable amount of work and attention.

It seems to me that a far better solution for increased hog production would have been to have left grain prices where they were and increased the price of the actual hogs that went to market.

D. J. LUCK.

Ft. Saskatchewan, Alta.

IT appears quite evident that the newly announced coarse grains policy is replacing the acreage bonus plan sought by the Canadian Federation of Agriculture. If this is true, hog producers will no doubt use their energies along the line of least resistance. In fact, many in the West have commenced to liquidate breeding stock which they had held over as gilts. It is to be hoped that this does not become general in scope. If we place all our eggs in one basket we may rue the day, and the future economy of the West will be severely upset.

A bumper year would mean overstocked granaries. Then what of the future? Another angle to consider is the weather. Should we have a recurrence of abnormal climatic conditions and be faced with frosted crops, unfit for anything but feed, then where will we be, without at least some livestock to feed? My advice would still remain the same. Continue hog production for a future economic safeguard.

R. M. MACCRIMMON.

* * *

Bentley, Alta.

THE long awaited announcement on barley and oats prices as reported in the press has caused considerable concern in the producer feeding areas. With everyone fully expecting some plan to remove the handicap imposed upon the farmer who raises and feeds his own grain (which group represents the backbone of the industry with regard to quantity and quality of production) the announcement appears to be a let down. The inequalities of the past are not to be removed but actually are to be increased.

As it appears from present available information, the farmer to remain in the livestock feeding business has but two choices:

1. To sell his grain and purchase mixed feeds (which is not practical throughout the West owing to distances from markets, lack of proteins, etc.).
2. To practice a little co-operation between neighbors whereby one raises all wheat, another all barley and another all oats (all of which would appear to be legitimate but would not be in the best interests of good farming).

Our guess is that the average farmer will take still another course and instead of a possible increase in hog production we may actually see a decrease in western Canada. The finishing of cattle on farms may well become a lost art.

However if ceilings are raised on meats it will provide some help for competition is bound to be keen for the few supplies of livestock which will be available to the packers in western Canada.

G. A. WRIGHT,
Manager, Blindman Valley
Livestock Co-op.

* * *

Neepawa, Man.

THE new Dominion Government policy on oats, barley and flax was a surprise, but is being definitely well accepted as an increase in price usually is. Most farmers in this district were satisfied with prevailing prices, in spite of higher world prices propagandized by the Winnipeg Grain Exchange.

Neepawa, being first a grain farming and secondly a mixed farming district, the general feeling of farmers here is that feeding of barley to stock, especially hogs, would now be unsound business. The price of hogs was not more than properly in line with former grain prices. Unless further adjustment is made, the new advance price will not increase but decrease hog production in this district. However, taking the Dominion overall, there may be no

decrease, but just the opposite; an increase in hog production.

The new price will definitely increase barley and flax acreage here. Land previously allotted to wheat is now being planted to flax and coarse grains. Although farmers here find the Dominion Government price policy rather confusing, we trust this policy, along with the way the Wheat Board handles it.

HAROLD ISHENBERG.

* * *

Kathryn, Alta.

I MADE the prediction this winter that hog production would be up 40 per cent in 1947. Since the new coarse grains price regulations were announced I am not so sure of it. If I am to be guided by purely practical considerations I do not see how I can afford to feed 93-cent barley to pigs sold at the prices we are likely to receive. I should sell the grain instead. As I see it, this country cannot afford to neglect any opportunity to expand livestock production. The present arrangement will definitely tend to shift hog production from the West to the East, cancelling the fine advance made in the war years in Alberta hog production.

WM. HUDSON

* * *

Saskatoon, Sask.

INCREASED or decreased hog production—that is the question. When higher hog prices were announced earlier in the year the prospects for an increase were rosy; greater interest was evident; purchasers were clamoring for bred sows, impossible to find. Now the coarse grain price announcement has knocked this renewed interest flatter than a pancake.

F. A. MCGILL,

Director, Canadian Swine Breeders' Association.

* * *

Clearwater, Man.

THE new prices for oats and barley are very likely to decrease the production of hogs. Not many farmers—no matter how patriotic—will feel like feeding high priced barley to hogs when they can take it to town and get returns right away. It takes a lot of overtime hours and hard work to raise hogs and farm help is hard to get. We are promised a five dollar raise on hogs next September, but now it will take three dollars extra to raise the hog which leaves a balance of two dollars. It doesn't seem much, considering the extra work involved. I think the higher price for barley will increase the acreage sown to that crop.

JOHN R. GUILFORD.

* * *

Muenster, Sask.

THE new coarse grain policy does not alter the position of the feeder, since he will be feeding comparatively low-priced grain due to the government subsidy. The policy penalizes the producer-feeder of the prairie provinces. As a direct result of the government announcement a number of farmers of this district are already disposing of their bred gilts, since they no longer see a sufficient margin of profit in hog raising to warrant the necessary labor. We doubt whether the hog population of the Dominion will appreciably decrease, since the loss in the prairie provinces will undoubtedly be offset by the gain in the East. In my opinion the price of grain should be balanced with the price of livestock, leaving at all times a decent margin of profit for both eastern and western pig breeders. Though the opinion expressed above is the prevailing opinion of the farmers in this district I would prefer not to have my name used.

L. B.

* * *

(Ed. Note: The Guide regrets that lack of space makes it impossible to publish any more of the trenchant letters received on this subject.)

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Monthly

Wheat Over \$3.00 Per Bushel

During the early part of March there was a steady advance in the price of wheat on the Chicago market. As a result the Canadian price for export to countries other than Great Britain arose sharply until \$3.10 per bushel was asked for No. 1 Northern and \$3.10 for Durum wheat. There followed a sharp recession, also in sympathy with the movement of prices at Ottawa, which lowered the export price by 26 cents within three days. The Canadian Wheat Board, of course, has not very much wheat to sell at such high prices and, indeed, has had much difficulty in keeping up an adequate flow to meet the requirements of the contract to sell one hundred and sixty million bushels to Great Britain during the current crop year on the basis of \$1.55 per bushel.

The peak of prices was reached just as delegates were assembling in London for an International Conference designed to work out a world wheat agreement. Earlier it had been assumed that Canada would be willing to have established in such an agreement a maximum export basic price of \$1.55 per bushel, with a minimum of \$1.25. However, when the Conference opened, newspaper men reported that \$1.80 was the maximum price likely to be considered. It was stated that such a price would be agreeable to Canada, the United States, and Australia, but that Argentina was objecting. At first it had been doubtful whether Argentina would participate in the Conference. Representatives of that country finally announced that they would take part, at least so far as discussions were concerned.

Higher Prices for Oats, Barley and Flax

On March 17 the Government of Canada announced price changes with respect to oats, barley and flax, as well as certain administrative changes in connection with these grains. From the standpoint of the Western farmer the importance of the announcement lies in the effect it may have on his spring planning. The new regulations differ as between the different grades, and the difference in detail should be carefully noted.

\$5.00 per Bushel for Flax

Effective August 1, 1947, the fixed price for flaxseed will be increased from the present level of \$3.25 to \$5.00 per bushel, basis in store Fort William-Port Arthur or Vancouver. Until July 31 the present price level will remain in effect. Holders of flaxseed now in country elevators or delivered before July 31, will be required to sell at the present price level.

Flaxseed is handled on a different plan from all other grain. It is bought outright by the Canadian Wheat Board for account of the Canadian Government. That government incurs a loss on flaxseed resold in Canada and makes a profit, which in part offsets its loss, on exports to the United States where much higher prices prevail than in Canada.

When the Dominion-Provincial Agricultural Conference was held in Ottawa last December it was indicated that the Government hoped to see an additional 500,000 acres in western Canada put into flax in 1947. Quite possibly the new price guarantee will produce a still larger increase in acreage. Obviously it will make flax a highly profitable crop when good yields are obtained, but no doubt many farmers who have had un-

favorable experiences with flax in previous years will still be reluctant to grow this crop.

Advance Equalization Fee Payments Discontinued

As from March 18 advance equalization fee payments of 10 cents per bushel on oats and 15 cents per bushel on barley, made on account of the Canadian Wheat Board on delivery of grain at country elevators, were discontinued, concurrently with establishment of higher price bases for these grains. An additional 10 cents per bushel, on account of equalization fees, is to be paid to all farmers who have delivered barley during the current crop year up to and including March 17. The equalization fee account for barley for the current crop year will then be closed, and no further payment will be made as that account now shows a loss.

Just how soon that additional payment of barley can be made is not yet known. It will depend upon how rapidly arrangements can be worked out by the Canadian Wheat Board.

No further payments on oats already delivered is to be made immediately. However, the equalization fee account for oats for the current year is to be kept open and there may be a subsequent payment, which payment and the amount of which, will depend upon the extent to which oats may be exported during coming months.

Increased Price Basis for Barley

The ceiling price for barley has been advanced from the former level of 64½ cents per bushel to 93 cents. At the same time the Government has undertaken to support the price of barley until July 31, 1948, at a minimum of 90 cents for No. 1 Feed Barley in store at the lakehead, and at prices related thereto for other grades. It is to be noted that the guarantee is on the basis of freight rates to the lakehead and does not apply to prices based on Vancouver. The support prices for the highest grades of barley will be at 93 cents per bushel and consequently this can be expected to remain without fluctuation at the ceiling price. There is a prospect of fluctuation on lower grades of barley within the limits of the support price and the ceiling price. That will depend upon the extent to which the market demand for lower grades will tend to bring them up to or near the ceiling price. Fluctuations in that respect are to be expected. It will thus be seen that the producer selling barley loses, on the one hand, the former equalization fee payment of 15 cents per bushel, and on the other hand has the prospect of an increase in price which on some grades may be as high as 28¼. The additional prospective return for old crop barley marketed after March 18, 1947, and from new crop barley, may thus be as high as 13¼ cents per bushel, and somewhat less on lower grades.

To compensate buyers purchasing barley for feed purposes for the higher prices they will have to pay, they are to be given a subsidy of 25 cents per bushel on all grades of barley used for feed. Unlike the price changes on flax, those applying to oats and barley were made immediately effective as of March 18. A few days delay was found necessary in issuing new street prices to apply to different grades of barley delivered at elevators on and after March 18, until new prices for different grades in relation to the market could be worked out. During that time barley, and also oats, could be accepted at country elevators on a storage basis only.

Commentary

New Price Basis for Oats

The ceiling price on oats has been advanced from the former level of 51½ cents per bushel to 65 cents. A guaranteed minimum price has been provided of 61½ cents per bushel basis No. 1 Feed Oats in store at lakehead terminals until July 31, 1948. Support prices are to be provided for other grades which will bring the level for the highest grades up to the ceiling of 65 cents per bushel. As is the case with barley, these minimum support prices are based on grain in store at lakehead terminals so that freight rates to the lakehead, and not to Vancouver, must be used in calculating the price guarantee basis in the country. The possibility of price fluctuation is thus limited to the extent to which market demand may advance prices of lower grades to or towards the ceiling. Producers of oats have, on the one hand, lost the advance equalization fee payment of 10 cents per bushel formerly paid at the time of delivery. On the other hand there is the certainty of getting a price basis of 10 cents per bushel higher in the case of No. 1 Feed Oats, up to 13½ cents per bushel higher on the top grades and possibly less than 10 cents per bushel on grades lower than No. 1 Feed Oats. The subsidy to buyers on oats used for feed purposes will be 10 cents per bushel, intended to compensate them for the higher price they will have to pay.

How Long Will Price Ceilings Last?

It must be noted that while the guaranteed minimum price bases for oats and barley applies until July 31, 1948, the price ceilings on these grades may disappear before that time. In the House of Commons the minister of agriculture, Mr. Gardiner, intimated that price ceilings on all meats and other livestock products would probably disappear, perhaps in 1947, and if not probably in 1948. As long as those ceilings remain, it is intended that the ceiling on feed grains will also remain. When the former disappear probably the latter will also disappear. That statement, however, should not be interpreted as meaning that a price advance in feed grains is probable during the coming crop year. Even if the formal ceilings come off, price control over feed grains can still be exercised by the government by limiting exports.

Wheat Board Sole Exporter

Until March 17 the export of oats and barley was in commercial channels. It was, however, regulated by the requirement that no one could export such grains without a permit obtained from the Wheat Board. At times these permits were issued very sparingly or refused altogether. Exporters were required to pay high fees, intended to equalize the difference between the selling prices in Canada and those prevailing in the United States. Such fees were as high as \$1.10 per bushel for barley and 64 cents per bushel for oats. Now export control will be provided by making the Canadian Wheat Board the only agency authorized to export oats or barley from Canada. Such grain may come into the hands of the Board through the price support program. Presumably that will only happen when the demand in Canada for feed grains is fully satisfied and when any surplus oats and barley are offered to the Wheat Board at support prices. Such profits as the Board makes on exports, it has been stated, will be held for account of producers and will be ultimately distributed to them.

Commercial Stocks Seized

To prevent the holders of oats and

barley from making a "fortuitous" profit from the advance in ceiling prices, holders of all such grain in commercial channels as at midnight on March 17 were required to sell them to the Canadian Wheat Board on the basis of ceiling prices. Provision was made whereby holders could buy these stocks back from the Wheat Board at an advanced price if required to fill existing contracts. The Canadian Wheat Board has since been re-selling the stocks which it acquired on March 17 and, of course, stands to make a very considerable profit because of the price advance. Presumably that profit will be for account of the Government of Canada, which will thus recover a part of the cost of subsidy payments made to purchasers of oats and barley.

Apparently the principle adopted when the government decided to take over stocks of oats and barley was that existing export contracts must be honored without any increase in price. Existing contracts in Canada were, however, interfered with to the extent that no one who had previously contracted to buy oats at former prices could claim the benefit of such a contract. To illustrate the position, consider the case of a farmer who had contracted before March 17 for a carload of seed oats. The vendor was no longer in a position to fill the contract, because all his oats had been seized. If the buyer agreed to pay the new and higher price, the vendor could get back from the Wheat Board oats with which to fill the contract. But in that case the seed oats would cost the buyer more by 13½ cents than what he had originally undertaken to pay. Actually there were outstanding, at March 17, a considerable number of contracts for seed oats. This situation was called to the attention of the government but whether or not steps would be taken to protect the interests of buyers was not known when this page went to press. There would be a corresponding difficulty in the case of buyers who had previously contracted for feed oats. So far as figures are concerned, however, they will be compensated by the subsidy of 10 cents a bushel to which they became entitled. Numerous other problems were bound to arise under circumstances where government action interfered with the carrying out of previously existing contracts. Another example is furnished in the case of an export buyer who had been accumulating barley for shipment to the United States. Such a buyer had previously agreed to accept a carload of farmers' barley and to pay for it the authorized premium of five cents a bushel, which applies to barley selected for malting. As soon as the new policy became effective the buyer was no longer able to export, and indeed under the price ceiling regulation was probably forbidden to pay such a premium. In that case there seemed to be no way of protecting the grower against the loss of the premium, although, of course, he had benefited by the advance in price. Such problems will probably take some time to straighten out.

No Acreage Payment on Barley

There is to be no acreage payment on barley seeded in 1947 in western Canada, although a suggestion for such a demand was made at the Dominion-Provincial Agricultural Conference in December, 1946, and was much discussed until the time that the new government policy was made known. The suggestion was based on the idea that such a payment, at the rate of \$5.00

Turn to page 55



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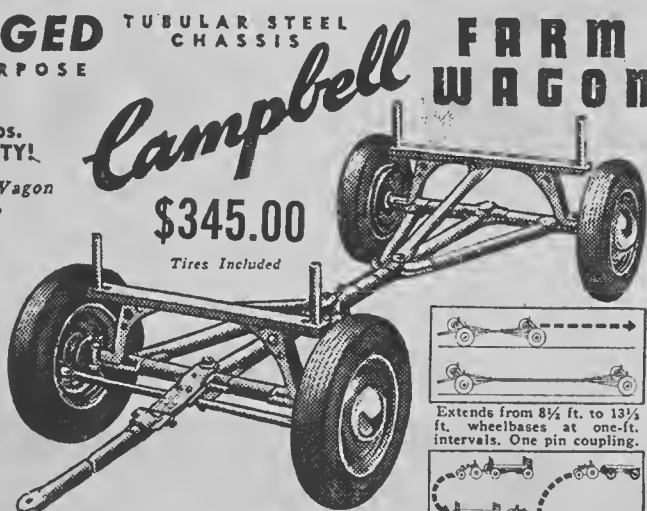
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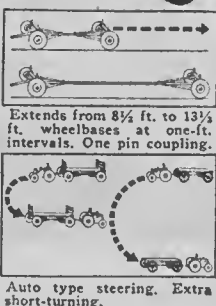
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NEIGHBORLY NEWS

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Skip Jimmy Welsh Honored

As a climax to his fine performance in skipping the famous Welsh rink to victory in the Canadian Curling Championship finals, skip Jimmy Welsh was honored at a reception held in the U.G.G. head office attended by the full staff.

E. E. Bayne on behalf of the U.G.G. Board of Directors expressed the pride felt by the Company and staff that one of their fellow workers should have brought honor to Western Canadian sport. Peter Watt, Grain Terminals manager presented Jimmy with a cartoon showing the highlights of his curling career. Jimmy responded with a modest account of the famous curling event and paid a generous tribute to the other members of his championship rink. Jimmy has been a U.G.G. employee for over 20 years.—Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Set Good Example

The Rural Municipality of Lakeview at Wadena have set a good example in the progress of raising better crops and controlling the weed menace by purchasing a spraying outfit to control mustard which has become a very dangerous weed during the last few years. This machine will be operated at a rate per acre as near cost as possible and the council is being congratulated on its energetic work in this move to destroy noxious weeds.—Wadena, Sask.

Wins Grand Aggregate for Fifth Time

The grand aggregate cup returned to Langenburg from Yorkton Bonspiel for the fifth time, won by C. P. Leanger's rink. Mr. A. A. Blackwell won it the first time in 1929 and again in 1931. Mr. Leanger's rink won it in 1939, 1941 and 1947. Members of this year's Leanger rink were Geo. Becker, Norman Thompson, H. Herlein and C. P. Leanger.—Langenburg, Sask.

Married Forty-two Years

A large number of friends and relatives gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Watson to offer best wishes and congratulations to them on their 42nd wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson are early pioneers of the Renwer district, and for many years have operated the post office and bus depot.—Renwer, Man.

Wins Chaplains' Bonspiel

Shown second from left as a member of the victorious Chaplains' Bonspiel rink in the Winnipeg Bonspiel, the Rev. J. M. Wallace, 78 years old, father of G. B. Wallace, The Guide's Extension Department director, feels well able to take on a rink "open to any age." A retired minister of the United Church, Mr. Wallace is a well-known figure in the west, and equally well-remembered as a keen curler on many a western rink in the old days.—Winnipeg, Man.

Through Lanes of Snow

Angusville this winter specialized in snow banks of different sizes. Some were two feet and others as high as seven feet. Driving was between "picturesque" lanes of snow made by Nick and his snow plow.—Angusville, Man.

Interesting Land Sale

Of considerable interest to farmers was the sale by Blackfoot Indian Reserve of some 19 parcels of land comprising about 6,000 acres. This is nearly all cultivated land situated in Mossleigh, Arrowwood, Shouldice districts.—Mossleigh, Alta.

Son Shows Dad "How"

Spectators at one of the bonspiel games were very much surprised and amused at a brilliant shot made by one of our youngest curlers in the 'spiel. The young curler was Bobby Young who plays lead. It seems that Bobby threw only one of his rocks, so when the end was over the opposing skip suggested that Bobby could throw his rock then. Bobby threw his rock and made the shot his skip had missed. Papa Young is the U.G.G. local agent!—Newdale, Man.

Hard on Wild Life

Farmers living north near the Forest Reserve have been bringing numerous reports as to the destruction of wild life. These farmers complained in the fall that elks had been damaging their crops seriously. During winter these same animals did considerable damage to haystacks stacked in the fields.

The younger animals are apparently very weak through lack of food due to early snowfall. The wolves stalk and kill these young elk and deer as they are too weak to run away in deep snow. A repetition of this hard luck for wild life in the winters to come will make serious inroads into our wild life population.—Oakburn, Man.

Trip Home After Forty Years

Mr. and Mrs. Gustavson, the genial proprietor of Gusts Hotel at Rose Valley sailed from New York for Norway recently aboard the Gripsholm.

Forty years ago Gust left Norway as a lad, coming to Rose Valley district to homestead. In 1923 he built the first hotel, now one of the best known in northern Saskatchewan.

Mrs. Gustavson besides her strenuous duties is a very ardent horticulturist specializing in growing tomatoes. —Rose Valley, Sask.



A Worthy Objective

The Women's Institute have decided to sponsor a box social and dance in aid of three wards for Birdtail in the new Hospital at Rossburn. — *Birdtail, Manitoba.*

Local Winner of Barley Contest

Carl Buschau, of Plumas, was successful in winning first prize for this region in the National Barley Contest.

In addition to a cash prize of \$160, Carl has the honor of being first in a list of 1,234 contestants. The district of Plumas is justly proud of this achievement.

The winning car of barley was cleaned and shipped through the U.G.G. elevator at Plumas. — *Plumas, Man.*

New Curling Rink

The residents of Westbourne and surrounding district are proud of their Curling Rink built throughout the summer months of 1946.

This rink consists of two sheets of ice, self-supporting round roof, and a good size waiting room.

The building was erected by volunteer help and the money for material was raised throughout the district by donations. — *Westbourne, Man.*

Cochrane Wins Bow Valley Hockey Title

One of the most unique and stoutly contested sports events in the West takes place annually when Cochrane, Jumping Pound, Bearspaw and Springbank meet in a round-robin competition in the Calgary Arena to decide the Bow Valley Hockey Championship.

This year's play-off took place in the Arena in Calgary with the following results: Cochrane won the first game from the Jumping Pound Cowboys. While they finished with a substantial margin over the Cowboys, it was no "pushover" for what the Cowboys lacked in hockey ability, they made up in determination and enthusiasm. Bearspaw won the second game from Springbank, and, in the final, Cochrane playing their second game of the evening, and, nursing a few wounds from their earlier tussle with the Jumping Pound Cowboys, were able to turn in another victory and won the Pruett trophy.

This annual event is in the nature of a "Community Get Together" for a large district and creates a tremendous amount of interest even among Calgary hockey fans. Several hundred farmers and ranchers and their families from the Foothills west of Calgary came in to support their favorites and good fellowship prevailed among the enthusiastic spectators. — *Cochrane, Alta.*

U.G.G. Local Member Passes

Herbert Bagnall, a member since its inception of the U.G.G. local at Stenen during which he served many years as secretary, recently passed away. One of the men who pioneered the Stenen district about the turn of the century, Mr. Bagnall was first engaged in ranching. With the development of the district he turned to grain farming. His active association with the local board made him a valuable and appreciated member. — *Stenen, Sask.*

U.F.A. Meeting Held

At the annual meeting of the Northern Light U.F.A., Bill Yorgason was re-elected president, and Cliff O'Neill, secretary-treasurer.

Raymond Hart gave full report on the U.F.A. convention held in Calgary.

Peter Jamieson, the new district agriculturist delivered a short address on the use of the D.A.'s office by the farmers, stating that the farmers of the district were invited to ask his advice and assistance at any time. Mr. Jamieson wishes to bring about a closer relationship between the farmer and his district agriculturist. Mr. Jamieson also

spoke on the government's policy to increase flax acreage. — *Woodhouse, Alta.*

Winter Sport

Fishing through the ice on the lake, about fifteen miles south of here, has proven quite profitable, as well as a leisurely sport.

Fish nets are strung from one hole to another at distances along the ice, by the use of "jiggers." Difficulties are experienced as sometimes the nets freeze, or one end will have vanished from sight. Fish markets all over the province welcome the sight of these speckled beauties. — *Shouldice, Alta.*

Stock Horse Owner Honored

A packed house greeted Allie Streeter at a dinner in the Broxy Hall, honoring Allie and his stock horse Keeno. Mr. Streeter just returned from Denver, Colorado, where he placed seventh in the stock cutting contest.

Allie is arena director of the famous Nanton Stampede and Horse Show, held annually at Nanton, by the Nanton Agricultural Society. — *Nanton, Alta.*

Stromberg Buys Good U. of A. Angus Bull

Enoch Stromberg & Son, New Norway, Alta., have recently acquired a new bull from the University of Alberta to head their small but select herd of breeding cows at Woodland Farm.

The bull, Eston Repeater 2nd, was bred by S. J. Henderson, Lacombe, and is sired by the good breeding bull, Eston Elation Quality from the Hopley herd. — *New Norway, Alta.*

• Monthly Commentary

Continued from page 53

per acre, would result in an increase of perhaps two million acres in barley seeding for 1947. Two conflicting points of view were expressed by western farmers in this respect. Broadly speaking, those accustomed to sell their barley preferred to get an increased return by way of higher price. On the other hand, farmers accustomed to feed their own barley on their own farms welcomed the proposal for the acreage payment.

Such farmers had long felt that they had a grievance, because when they fed their own barley they sacrificed both the market price and the equilization fee payment whereas to the buyer of feed barley the only cost was the market price. Had the acreage payment idea been adopted there would probably have been an increase in barley acreage in western Canada but little, if any, increase in quantities of barley offered for sale. The increased production would probably have been taken up in western feeding operations.

The policy actually adopted will have a reverse effect. It will encourage producers to sell barley rather than feed it on their own farms. Experts claim that on the new price basis it will still pay to feed barley rather than to sell it. That, however, is a calculation that each producer will have to make on his own account.

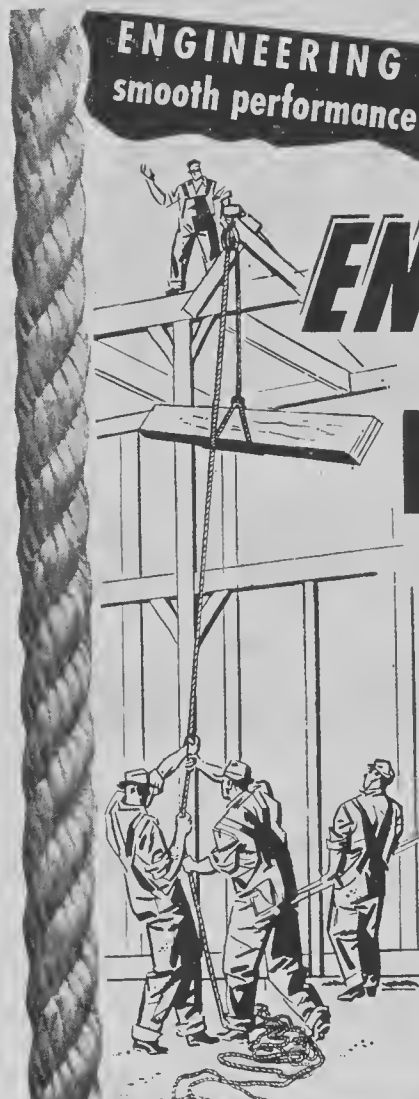
The government still plans to continue the free freight policy on feed grain shipped east of Port Arthur or west from Calgary and Edmonton. When, to the cost of that freight, there will be now added a subsidy of ten cents per bushel on oats and 25 cents per bushel on barley, it will be seen that the production of hogs in eastern Canada and in British Columbia entails a very considerable expense on the Dominion Government. No doubt the new policy will be criticized on the ground that it makes hog production an expensive matter for the Government of Canada, and that greater production could be brought about in western Canada by spending a smaller amount of money on bonusing hog production.



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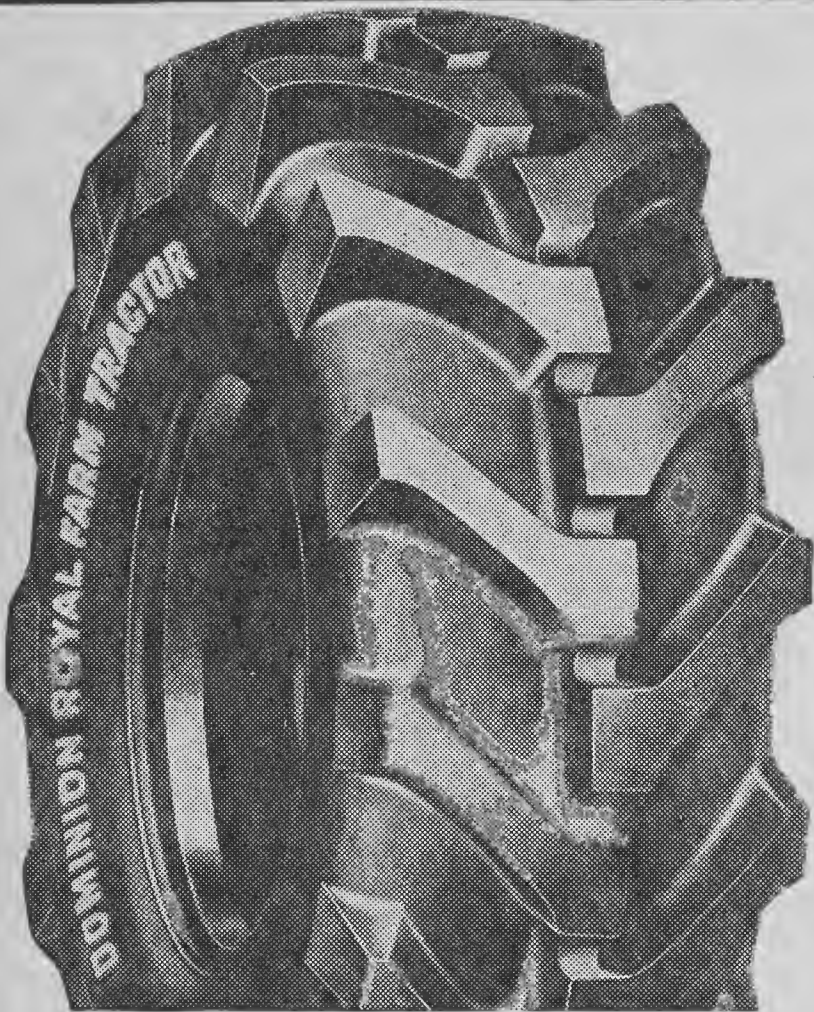
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SCOUTING AROUND

Continued from page 10

To yield revenue of the kind already mentioned, average production in this 28-cow herd must be fairly high. Mr. Gaunt told me that his cows averaged around three gallons per day the year round, and that the milk tests from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to five per cent butterfat. One of the cows in his herd produced more than 13,000 pounds of milk in a year. —H.S.F.

Dairy Herd Improvement Profitable

THE first time I learned anything about herd improvement was when one of the Saskatchewan dairy promoters spoke to me at the creamery. He came out to the farm in the afternoon, saw the herd and took me under his wing. He got me about four different bulls from time to time; and since 1929, when I first started herd improvement work, the average production of my herd has about doubled."

The speaker was H. A. Rowsom, who farms a section of land three or four miles east of Regina, keeps from 25 to 30 cows milking for the Regina fluid milk market, has a total herd of 52 head, of which 47 was purebred, and was one of the first livestock men in the Regina area to become interested in artificial insemination.

When I visited his farm late last summer, he had nine artificially bred calves. The official record of his herd improvement, kept in the Dairy Branch of the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture, shows that in 1929, his 18 cows averaged 7,196 pounds of milk and 253.5 pounds of butterfat. By 1944, his average for 19 cows was 14,122 pounds of milk and 460.8 pounds of butterfat. In 1945, the last year for which I have the figures, he milked 28.3 cows over the year, averaging 12,691 pounds of milk and 416.3 pounds of fat.

Regina, as anyone living in western Canada will know, is not naturally a good milk producing area. The Regina plains, famous for grain production, are short of water, not very hospitable to hay and forage crops, and for the most part lack the shade and shelter provided by trees and shrubs. Under such conditions, cost of production is high. Feed is an ever-recurrent problem, while labor is perhaps even more difficult to obtain than in natural livestock areas.

On Mr. Rowsom's section, one quarter is in permanent pasture (brome and alfalfa), while on the remaining three quarters he follows a rotation of summerfallow, wheat, oats and barley. Grain is handled with a swather and combine now, so that a minimum of help is needed; and I was interested in Mr. Rowsom's comment that he had not had a good crop of hay for the last nine years. Some of his hay land, he said, he intended to break and seed to millet or green oats in the future because he could make better use of the limited amount of moisture available in the district. If grain prices remain satisfactory, he felt it would be advisable to grow more grain and buy his roughage. The year 1946 was not a good roughage year, and he thought he would need to buy two or three cars of alfalfa. In the disastrous year of 1937, he travelled 1,700 miles looking for feed, and didn't buy a single pound of hay until he struck the Hutterite colony near Portage la Prairie, Manitoba. There he found nine cars of sweet clover and an additional two cars at Oakville.

The 30-cow barn on the farm is not as modern as some others one sees, but labor-saving has been emphasized. A

raised outside granary permits easy filling of the feed carrier, which holds enough for morning and night feedings. One of the first milking machines in the Regina area was in use in its 19th year. A deep 160-foot well supplies water for the cooling tank in the milk house. From here, a small electric pump carries it up over the stable into a 1,000-gallon tank, from which it flows by gravity into the water bowls in front of the cattle. By this method, not only is the water in the cooling tank prevented from becoming stale, but during the long winter no hand labor at all is required to water the cows.

Saving labor on a dairy farm involves other considerations also. With two tractors, three stationary engines, a truck, combine, car and milking machine, any spare time available is pretty well utilized in taking care of the machinery. In addition, a rather unexpected reaction to labor-saving was given by Mr. Rowsom in connection with the utilization of manure. Answering his own question as to who is going to spread manure, Mr. Rowsom sold 350 loads in the spring of 1946; and one reason, in the absence of efficient weed control, lay in the fact that old and well rotted manure applied on Regina land is likely to yield a heavy crop of French weed. Moreover, that particular soil hardly requires manure if moisture is available. The perfection of chemical weed sprays may change this picture, but meanwhile Mr. Rowsom uses ammonium phosphate fertilizer at 25 pounds per acre on summer-fallow wheat, and gets around six bushels per acre increased yield.

A fair amount of breeding stock is sold from the herd, which is represented on a limited show circuit, in order to assist in selling young stock. Animals from the herd have been Grand Champion at Moose Jaw and Regina, have been represented in the Dominion Classic Sale (topping the Saskatchewan representation in 1944) and five have been sent to Mexico. It is Mr. Rowsom's intention to develop a straight purebred herd and to emphasize high average butterfat production.

It was a matter of keen interest to me also to meet Mr. Rowsom's father, who lives in a separate house on the farm and is, I understood, 93 years old. Tall, straight and quite active, the elder Mr. Rowsom still worked in his garden, and told me that his father, grandfather and great-grandfather each lived to be 100 years old or more. He came from Brockville, Ontario, to Manitoba in '79, got a job the same afternoon in feed stables in Fort Garry, and in June of the same year joined a surveying party which worked in the Cree Indian territory south of Fort Pelly, with old Fort Ellice as a supply centre. Though the Indians were hostile, the party decided to learn the Indian language as quickly as possible, and found that this helped them to get along satisfactorily. They experienced no trouble until toward the end of the ten-month period, and this, when it developed, was due to another surveying party.—H.S.F.

Co-operative Machinery Satisfactory

FARMING is an individual enterprise in more ways than one. Notwithstanding the proverbial neighborliness of farm folk in general, and their longstanding habits of exchanging work, or donating it freely to neighbors incapacitated by sickness or accident, the great majority of farms remain as distinct, individual, and for the most part family enterprises.

The last 25 years has witnessed much co-operative development in western Canada in the marketing of farm products and the purchase of farm supplies. During the difficult years of the 30's, co-operation among farmers increased substantially, but until the

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war years little had been heard, and very few examples could be found, of co-operative production in any form. During recent years, however, labor has been scarce, as well as machinery. These two shortages have combined to encourage a small beginning in the co-operative ownership and use of the more expensive equipment. Special efforts have been made in Saskatchewan to encourage this type of co-operation, but progress is slow.

Last summer, a representative of The Country Guide visited the Round Hill district about 20 miles northeast of North Battleford, where a farm machinery co-operative was known to exist. It represents the joint enterprise of ten farmers who call themselves the Round Hill Agricultural Production Co-operative Association. After much driving through hilly country in an effort to contact one or two or three leading spirits in the enterprise, I finally met Mr. Hans Nadeborn, Secretary of the organization. He told me that he had previously lived a few miles west and south, where he and a neighbor, B. Keall, had talked about the idea. When he moved to his present location, his neighbors fell in with the proposal and the organization was incorporated in November, 1943, and began operating the spring of 1944 with nine members.

No pooling of individual machinery is involved. Machinery used co-operatively is purchased for the purpose. Shares were sold at two dollars per acre, and when eventually a thresher was purchased, the assessment was increased to three dollars per acre. About 1,400 acres of cultivated land are involved in this co-operative production venture, which appears to have been started for three principal reasons. The first was the fact that labor was hard to obtain; second was the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient amount of machinery; and third was the fact that livestock required pretty well the full time of each member. The purchase of a tractor and the hiring of one man to operate it solved a problem for everyone. Last season, members were charged \$2.20 per hour for the tractor, including operator and fuel. When threshing time comes, a crew is hired and each member is charged slightly less than custom rates for the thresher.

No patronage dividend is declared or paid, but if a surplus exists after a year's operation, it is kept for machinery purchases. In 1945, there was a little deficit on paper, but the co-operative found that it had charged more than necessary for depreciation, and that this overcharge accounted for the deficit.

The experience has been very satisfactory, Mr. Nadeborn said. No trouble had been experienced, and meetings are very few—only when necessary. One of the group is appointed manager and routes the equipment for different operations. In addition to the tractor and thresher, the group last year operated a double disc at 30 cents per hour, an eight-foot one-way at 30 cents per hour, a seeder at 30 cents per hour, a 14-foot duck-foot cultivator at 25 cents per hour, a four-furrow tractor plow at 25 cents per hour, a packer at 10 cents per hour and a chopper at 5 1/2 cents per minute.

Not every group of ten farmers living together as neighbors are able to operate machinery co-operatively without dissension. In this area, however, comparatively isolated, with a considerable proportion of native pasture, topography that is rough and hilly and less than 1,500 acres of cultivated land on nine farms, it would seem to promise substantial economies. No single individual could economically maintain a full range of power equipment. Livestock must be the mainstay of the district.—H.S.F.

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GYPSY LOVE

Continued from page 9

settlement. Too large for the bandits to attack. He would go there. And surely, for the sake of the Blessed Virgin, the villagers would take pity on him, would give him a cow or two, a bit of land, farm implements. Would give him, perhaps, a woman to wed?

Yes. A wife. To bear him children.

Children. Then grandchildren. And the grandchildren, too, would grow up and marry, and so, in the course of the years, his seed would fill the land, would till the clean, orderly fields.

Oh, yes—a field for every peasant, a maid for every lad.

That's how it should be. That's how, he decided, it was going to be. And so, at a good pace, he walked along, and late in the afternoon he came upon Myryam where she was sitting by the side of the highway.

He saw her weeping. He stopped to enquire what was troubling her. She explained that she had been robbed, and he said that he too had lost his all.

She hardly heard his reply. Her own misery seemed so much more important. She went on how—oh yes! she had known it—the coming of freedom meant an end to decent security, that the open road was no longer safe, not even to a gypsy. That's why she had made up her mind to go to Erzerum. She had been on her way there, intending to sell her jewels and open a small shop. And now what was going to become of her?

She sobbed as if her heart would break, and he sat down beside her and whispered, "Poor child!" and—what else was a man to do?—put an arm about her waist. And she—what else was a girl to do?—leaned against him.

She found his shoulder broad and comforting. So they sat there, and neither spoke, while the mists of evening trooped thick and purple.

PRESENTLY she fell asleep. And he turned, very gently, so as not to disturb her, and glanced at her sideways, and said to himself, in his queer, stilted peasant way, that a man might travel far—aye! as far west as the yellow land of Egypt and as far east as the grey land of Russia—and find a maid less lovely than this one and less stirring to a lad's blood. And he thought again of the woman, his wife, who would be mother to his children, and he laughed. She sat up startled and demanded:

"Why are you laughing?"

"At the dream in my heart. Such a foolish dream."

"Tell me!"

"A dream of you."

She frowned.

"And why," she said indignantly, "should a dream of me be foolish? Other

men," she continued with calm arrogance, "have dreamed of me. Nor did they think their dreams foolish. Sweet they thought them, I have been told, and glorious."

"Sweet they would be and glorious, if only . . ."

"If what?"

"If they came true." And he added, "I love you."

She stared at him.

How tall he is! she thought. How strong! And how staunch!

And she smiled. She said, "You seem an old hand, a shrewd hand, at this business of making love."

"I have never loved before. My love for you came suddenly."

"Very suddenly," she mocked. "You do not know me. Not at all."

"Is not love in itself knowledge enough?"

They were silent as they looked at each other.

Did he kiss her first, or she him? He did not know. Nor did she. She only knew that his lips were on hers; that here, at the close of this unhappy day, the miracle of love had come to her, swiftly, strangely, out of the nowhere. Again they kissed, and he said:

"Let's go! It is getting late, and the valley is many miles away."

"What valley?"

"In the west. Friendly Armenians live there. They will help us. And soon I'll build you a house with the strength and skill of my arms. And there will be oxen and sheep and the tilling of fields and . . ."

"No!" she interrupted.

"Are you afraid? It's a large settlement. Too large for the bandits to attack."

"It isn't that," she told him.

She went on to explain that for years she had roamed the land, first with her tribe, her parents, then by herself. Now, with the roads no longer safe, this life was over. But she was not a peasant, a woman to milk and churn and spin. In the future it would be Erzerum for her, the cobbled streets, the thronged bazaars.

He shook his head. He replied that once he had been in Erzerum, and that he had choked there for want of air.

"I hate the city, and the dust and noise of the city."

"And I hate the fields, and the loneliness of the fields."

THEY argued. Both proud and stubborn, they faced each other. Almost, in spite of their love, they said: "You go your way, and I shall go mine." And then, suddenly, Zado gave in.

After all, he told her, it didn't matter where he went as long as she was with him. Thus, since she insisted, let it be Erzerum. But what was he going to do there to earn a living?

"What I meant to do," she said, "Open a shop."

"With what? I am poor, and you . . ."

"Not quite so poor." She laughed, reached into her left shoe, and brought



out a fair-sized emerald. "Here is one thing the bandits did not find."

"It is yours, not mine."

"But you are going to Erzerum because of me. Must I be less generous than you? The emerald will bring a good price. Enough to start a small shop."

"I know nothing about barter and trade."

"Buy cheap. Sell high. Speak politely to everybody. There you have the whole wisdom of the bazaars. You will learn it easily enough."

Myryam was right. Too right, she reflected later on, unhappily.

For Zado discovered quickly that bazaar trading differed not at all from dealing in cattle and horses. He applied his bright, peasant shrewdness in his shop in the Armenian quarter and he prospered exceedingly. By the end of the year, grave merchants bowed deeply as he passed and spoke to him with courtesy.

Their polite greetings, as often as not, cloaked envy. But Zado did not mind. It made him relish more keenly the change that had come over his estate. For by this time there was little left in him of peasant accent or manner when he pronounced words of wisdom in coffee house or caravanserai; when he twisted crafty words of barter across the counter; when he whispered honeyed words of tenderness to his wife.

Her beauty grew, as did his love.

He told her so, adding:

"A flower you are, a perfume, a soft dream!"

"You weigh your words," she replied rather bitterly, "as carefully as if they were minted gold."

"Why not?" He kissed her hand. "You are as precious as gold."

As precious as gold! she echoed in her mind. Ah—the business man speaking! And formerly he would have told me: "As precious as the grand, green crops!

As precious as God's blessed fields!" Formerly he would have kissed my lips—and not my hand!

He turned toward the door, and she demanded: "Where are you going?"

"To the bazaar."

"I see so little of you. Stay here."

"I cannot tonight. I have to talk to a Persian about a profitable deal in silk."

"Have you not made enough profit since you came to Erzerum?"

"Five hundred pieces of gold, neither more nor less, I have saved," was his proud rejoinder.

"It is enough."

"Not yet, I want a thousand. I like the ring and lilt of a thousand. It sings itself like a good song."

HE made the thousand—and wanted more, gold breeding greed for gold—while Myryam, who had once hated the loneliness of the fields, now hated the loneliness of the city, with Zado all day at his shop and often, at night, in coffee house or caravanserai, bartering, haggling.

Yet he was happy, and she loved him. How could she disturb his happiness by asking him to leave, to return to the country? Once, through selfishness, she had uprooted him. How could she again uproot him, through this same selfishness?

Besides, she was too proud to say frankly:

"I was wrong, and you were right. The orderly fields, not the thronged streets of town, are the place for ease and the full heart."

So she was unhappy. She tried to hide her unhappiness, even from herself. She became almost supine, a slave of Fate—she, who formerly had known no master except her own will.

And then, one day, on her way to the grocery shop, she met Nur Tugluk, the old gypsy. She saw him in the market

square, surrounded by a gay crowd. He was banging his tambourine and shouting braggingly:

"Gather round, friends! For I am the lad who can mend your pots and pans, can read the lines of your palms, can cure your ills, can mix you unfailing love potions! Gather round!"

Myryam smiled. She recalled the days of her childhood when she had roamed with her tribe from village to village. Ah, a careless, merry, free life it had been . . .

She interrupted her reverie as she heard the old gypsy exclaim:

"What about a song? Pay me the price of a hearty meal, friends, and I shall pipe you a tune the like of which has not been heard in these parts since the red Persian giant ate the bull-elephant and choked to death on swallowing the trunk!"

Myryam sighed. Dear Lord, the very words her father had used years ago, when he had tried to loosen the peasants' tight purse strings, and she dropped a gold piece in the tambourine, whispering an ancient gypsy greeting.

"Here is for the freedom of the road. O brother of the wind!"

The man looked up sharply. She turned down the street. He followed, catching up with her near her house.

"What is your name, gypsy?" he demanded.

"Myryam."

"And your father's name?"

"Hakki Mansur."

"Of the Kohee tribe?"

"Yes."

"I knew him. Where is he?"

"Dead. So is my mother."

"May their souls enjoy paradise!" He stared at her, went on with something of contempt, "Why the embroidered head shawl, the voluminous petticoats? Are you no longer of the Romany?"

"No longer."

"Eh . . .?"

"I am married."

"To whom?"

"An Armenian merchant."

"Rich, doubtless?"

"Very rich."

Nur Tugluk sniffed.

"I see!" he said. "A rich merchant who, with his golden shears, has clipped your wings!"

"No!" she cried defiantly, "I am happy with him! So happy!" There was a sob in her voice as she said it. "Why, he has given me everything—everything except sorrow! Look—" she pointed—"this house, my own house, rich, clean—not a gypsy's tent reeking of rags and wood smoke!"

Nur Tugluk's laughter pealed shrilly, derisively. "But I am sorry for you! Sorry for the young eagle in a cage of gold!"

HE went away, while she looked after him, thinking. An eagle in a cage of gold! The gypsy is right, right! And she entered her dwelling and walked about the handsomely furnished rooms, and unhappiness came to her and a deep, welling restlessness, and that evening she said to her husband:

"Let us go back."

"You—" he was astonished—"you mean . . .?"

"To the valley, the fields. I long for them."

She spoke simply, truthfully. He did not understand or believe. She insisted. He smiled. A woman's passing mood, he concluded, and changed the subject.

Of late, he told her, there had been rumors in the bazaars of trouble in the west, of the Kurd bandits' having united their roving bands, boasting they would attack and loot Erzerum itself. Not that the city fathers were worried. They were sure there was no danger. Once more the machinery of government was beginning to run smoothly, and Turkish soldiers were guarding the



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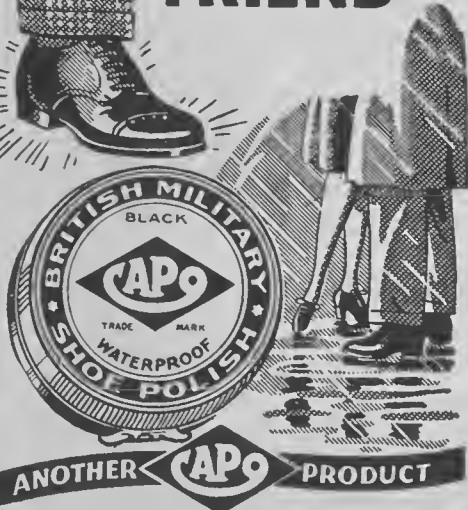
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roads. They would crush the Kurds before the latter could get under way. Some of the merchants, though, the nervous ones, were leaving town. And he laughed, saying it was all to the good. For, with less competition, he was making more money than ever. He announced triumphantly that this very day he had put away his seven-thousandth piece of gold.

"Aren't you proud of me?" he demanded.

"No!" she cried. "I despise gold! Dust it is—yellow and ugly!"

"Yet there is high worth in what a bold spirit can make of it."

"For instance . . . ?"

"Success. A bigger shop. A second. A third. A whole chain of them."

Already, in his word-dreaming, he saw his ambition accomplished, saw himself master undisputed of the city's mazed marts; and he was pleased with himself.

"Tell me, Myryam," he demanded, "have I not changed since coming to Erzerum?"

"Yes," she agreed, fully frustrated. "You have changed indeed."

But she was not wholly right. He had not changed in essentials. In essentials he was still the peasant, the man of the soil, who wanted greener crops than the next man, richer orchards, more land brought under the plow. But with the shift of scene, had come a certain shift of values, so that his crops were expressed by money, his orchards by shops, his land by trade.

This she did not understand, it often being the tragedy of great love that, through its very greatness, it is liable to exaggerate the importance of the outer shell, making it paramount. And Zado's outer shell worried her. His face, she thought, his dear face was no longer ruddy, but pale and drawn. And his exquisite politeness, his bazaar servitude when he talked to customers! It passed all bounds, she thought a week or two later when, stopping near his shop, she heard him bargaining with an overdressed Jewess over lengths of Bokharan silk.

The florid compliments he breathed, addressing the woman as "O glory of Jerusalem!" and "O star in Israel!" The way he extolled the color and quality of the shimmering bolts which he displayed on the counters! His shoulder-shrugging and salaaming and fanlike spreading of eloquent hands!

Myryam watched, blushing. And when two men walked past her, talking in undertones, saying that this morning there had been musketry fire in the west, that perhaps the Kurds were approaching and already clashing with Turkish patrols—when she overheard, she thought savagely, Let them come! Let them sweep through the bazaars with steel and torch! Let the glowing red torch burn away the dross of my unhappiness, my grief, my shame!

Shame as she listened to her husband assuring the woman that—by the honor of his nose!—he was losing money on the transaction, but "Wah!

what would I not do for the sake of one of your eyelashes, O mother of a thousand charms?" Shame as she considered that this wheedling huckster was the strong, clean man who, with his village in ruins and everybody wiped out, had spoken so bravely and simply of rebuilding, of tilling the blessed, orderly fields.

Yes it was his bravery, his forthright simplicity, which had carried her off her feet, which she had loved . . .

Had loved . . . ?

Why, she loved him still. She would always love him. Her love for him was a fact, unalterable. It was, whatever might happen, her lodestar.

IT was towards the end of the week that, with the summer heat dropping on Erzerum like a sodden blanket, Myryam and Zado decided to move to a little cottage they had rented in the hills at quite a distance from town. So, on a Friday, Myryam was waiting for her husband when he notified her by one of his clerks that a deal in rugs was keeping him for another day or two. She knew how to drive their small car. Let her go ahead, and he would follow as soon as he could.

She shrugged her shoulders.

Business, she thought bitterly.

SHE gave the finishing touches to her packing, then saw that some of the bed linen, which she was taking along, was missing. She sent one of the servants to the Turkish laundry a few blocks away, and he brought back word that the linen would be delivered in a couple of hours.

A couple of hours. More likely, she reflected, five or six hours, given the contempt Turks had for time. But she did not mind. Better, she thought, to travel in the cool of the evening. And she went up on the balcony and sat down, listening to the streets' coiling symphony.

Voices in Turkish, Russian, Persian, Tartar, Armenian, Greek. Voices like an intricate rhythm of life and the impatient gestures of life reaching up to the lonely woman on the balcony with eager tentacles.

The noises blended and clashed like the surge and drone of the sea.

It made her sleepy. She dozed off, and she saw, in her dreams, a vision of the countryside. A farmstead, the house and granary and barns stoutly built. The forests with their stately trees. The crops, yellow with the glint of kerning corn. The land, the soil, where Zado the bazaar merchant would once more be Zado the peasant, the free man.

And she, too, free.

Free and happy in the peace and blessed silence of the fields . . .

Quite suddenly she sat up, wide awake . . . and, strangely, the silence continued. A stark silence. The notion came to her—a threatening and ominous silence. She went to the head of the stairs, called to her servants. No answer. The house seemed empty.

She looked from the balcony.

The streets, too, were empty.

Then, out of a house across the way, she saw a man running, followed by his wife and children. They were staggering under great loads of household goods. They disappeared around the corner. And other doors opened; other men and women ran, ran like hares. And there was no longer the clogging silence, but voices screaming in fear. Shots, a clatter of hooves. And Myryam wondered what was the matter; knew, a moment later.

For down the broad street came Turkish cavalymen riding helter-skelter. And after them galloped a rabble of Kurds. They must have broken through the defences of the city, and here they were: men filled with the

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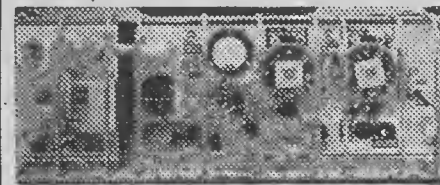
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"One thing you can be sure of, son. Your mother can out-talk his mother."

lust of blood and loot; filled, also, with the lust of destruction. And there was one of them, lean, black-bearded, fur-capped, who struck a match, held it to an oil-soaked bundle of cotton waste, and threw the first torch with a wild yell of triumph. Flames spread rapidly. Myryam saw the pink glow, saw it deepening to ruby and orange and remembered, just then, queerly, her wish of a few days earlier: "Let them come! Let them sweep through the bazaars with steel and torch! Let the red torch burn away the dross of my unhappiness, my grief, my shame!"

She laughed. Here was her wish come true.

And then, all at once, she thought of her husband, in his shop.

There was, a second later, downstairs, the crash of rifle butts against the front door. It splintered and caved in as Myryam hurried down the back stairs and out through the kitchen garden.

SWIFTLY she ran through narrow, crooked side streets, followed by the plop of firing as the Kurds bent to their butcher's task. She reached the Armenian bazaar. It was deserted except for a single man who stood there on the threshold of his shop, tall, erect.

It was Zado. His face was tense and hard. His right fist gripped a sword—an ancient Persian blade which, Myryam remembered, he had bought cheaply a few days earlier, announcing triumphantly he would sell it at a handsome profit.

Long ago the other merchants had run away. He had refused to leave.

His wife, he was sure, had gone, hours earlier, to the safety of the cottage in the hills. But his shop and his gold in the safe were in danger. He would defend it.

The idea of the futility of what he was trying to do did not enter his mind; nor the idea that doubtless, he would be killed. Only his duty mattered, or rather, his right. Here were the things he had worked for. And Myryam who, unnoticed by him, had stopped at the entrance of the bazaar, knew that it would be useless to argue or plead.

"My belongings!" he would say to her. "Mine! I must fight for them."

How ridiculous! How gloriously ridiculous! This man, with his weak sword, against rifle bullets . . .

And what was she to do?

She turned as she heard a patter of feet.

She saw a small, rat-faced man scurrying around the corner; knew, by sign of his baggy striped clothes, that he was a convict. The Kurds must have opened the city gaol, or, with the guards on the run, the inmates must have broken out.

In his right hand the rat-faced man had a revolver, in his left hand a torch. He came at a lope. And Myryam's first thought was to cry out a warning to her husband. Her second thought was different. A thought of how to save her husband. A thought, no less, of how to save herself. She ran up to the convict. "Listen!" was her sibilant whisper, as she drew him into a dark postern.

He was astonished, suspicious.

"Well . . . ?"

"Will you do something for me?"

"Why should I?"

"It will pay you well. Thousands of pieces of gold, if . . ."

"Something you want to save?"

"Something I want you to destroy. A worthless thing."

"Tell me!"

She pointed at Zado's shop, at her husband standing there on guard.

"There is," she said, "a back entrance, the other side of the Church of the Infant Saviour. A door is there. A room. And in it, a safe filled with gold. I know the combination. I shall give it to you."

All you have to do in payment . . ."

"Yes?"

"Throw the torch after you have the gold. Throw it straight."

"You hate this man?" The convict smiled unpleasantly.

"No. I love him."

SO, an hour later, having escaped through the narrow, coiling side streets, Myryam and Zado turned their backs on Erzerum. It was burning fiercely, the flames licking the sky with scarlet tongues.

They walked in silence.

"What was there to keep me in the city," he said presently, "with my house gone—my shop, my gold, everything destroyed? I, dear Saints! am poor again. So poor."

And she said, "No, best beloved."

"Eh . . . ?"

"Did you not tell me once about a valley where live friendly Armenians who will give you a bit of land, farm implements, a cow or two?"

"A rich valley," he replied. "Winter wheat yields sixteen-fold there. And carrots do well, too. And turnips. Only," he added with a little sigh, "it'll be hard work. My muscles are bazaar-soft. I shall need help."

"I shall help you," she interrupted.

"You?" He shook his head. "What do you know of . . ."

"Of the ways of the orderly fields? They will not be hard to learn. And I" with a queer little laugh—"I am clever. You have no idea how clever I am. Clever enough to handle Fate itself. And so, surely, clever enough to handle a rake or pitching-fork."

Again she laughed, and they walked along, hand in hand to the valley in the west . . .

"And so it came about," my kindly old host concluded, leaning forward to peer into my face and make his meaning clear, "that Zado and Myryam the gypsy both found their souls' happiness. It is the will of God—" he nodded wisely—"A field for every peasant, a maid for every lad."

SELF-SERVICE FOR FARM BUSINESS

Continued from page 11

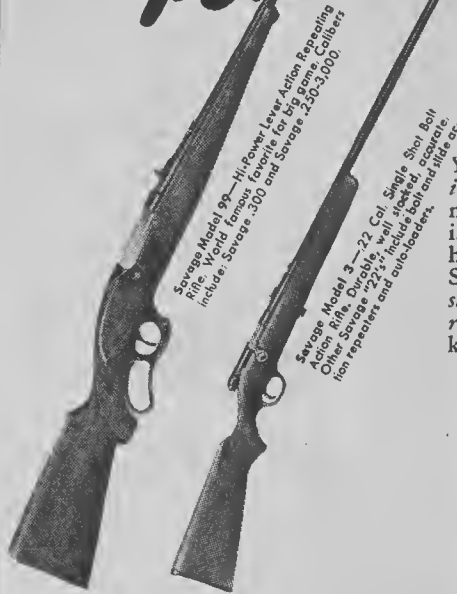
scription), a further sum of \$862, making his total contribution to capital account \$902. He had been paid, in interest on this capital, a total of \$182.02, including \$31.60 paid in 1945 on his subscription to capital at the end of 1944. He had in addition contributed \$148.67 to reserve, which had been reduced to \$108.51 by cash redemption in one year, of \$17.18 cash and by loss in one year, of which his share was \$22.98. The net result of the 16 years of his membership was that he had bought \$18,071.04 worth of goods and services, at the same prices he would have paid elsewhere, had had returned to him \$374 of his investment in capital, and still had to his credit \$528 in the capital account of the Association, and \$108.51 in the reserve account.



[Guide photo.]

The Surrey Co-op. hardware and meat stores and the locker service are housed in this building.

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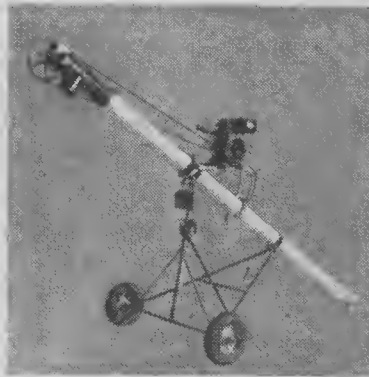
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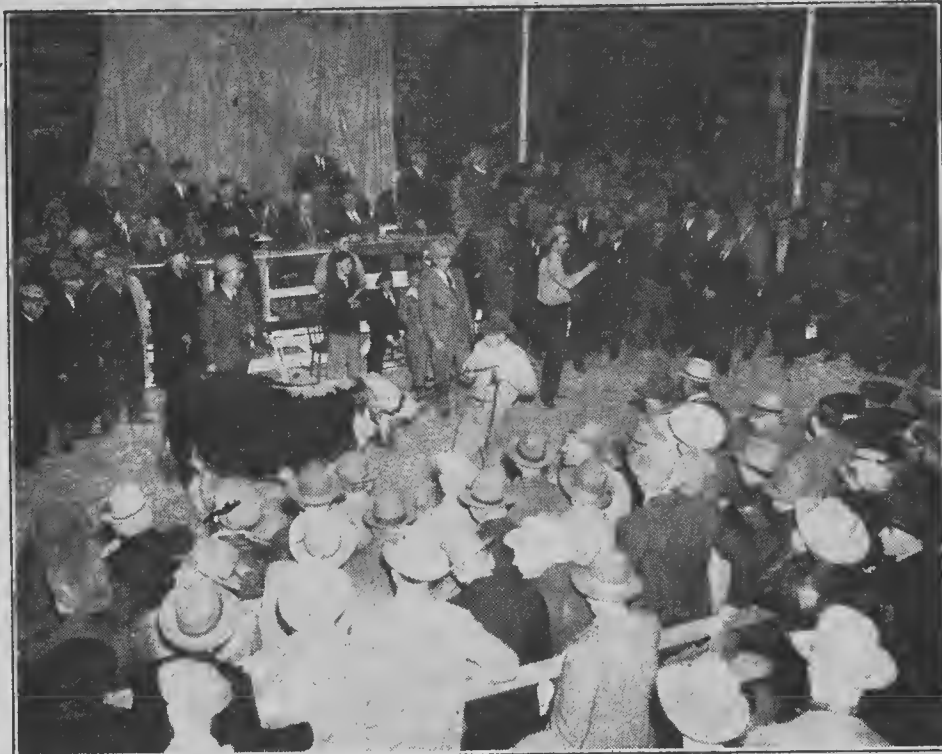
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SMITH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Established 1893 Dept. D - Preston, Ont.**Calgary Bull Sale**

Records fall like nine-pins



The auctioneers about to knock down W. A. Crawford-Frost's Caerleon Standard 46th for \$4,000 at Calgary Bull Sale.

THE 47th annual Calgary Bull sale was held from March 17 to 21 and Charlie Yule's smooth organization set up some new marks that will probably stand for years, what with the long-heralded business "recession" in the offing. While the total number of bulls sold was 850, less than the 953 sold last year, prices were so much better that the average price per bull reached a new high, \$478 as against \$456 in 1945.

The sale of fat stock and baby beef earlier in the week brought the grand total of livestock sales at the show to \$447,284, another new record. Likewise when the arithmeticians toted up the sum paid for Hereford bulls—599 of them for \$318,050, a new average for that breed was set, \$530 as against a previous high of \$514; 157 Shorthorns averaged \$340 or \$15 more than last year; 94 Aberdeen-Angus bulls averaged \$371, a new Calgary high for that breed.

The atmosphere around the sale on the opening day was a good augury of what was about to happen. The management was swamped by the attendance. In spite of the bad state of many Alberta roads, which put restrictions on the movement of livestock by truck and trailer, Albertans swarmed to the show. The supply of 5,000 catalogs threatened to disappear on the first day. American buyers supported the sale as never before, as may be seen by some nice prices paid for stock sold to go over the line. Perhaps Charlie Yule's sojourn of last summer among the rodeos south of the line may have had something to do with the numbers in which American buyers turned up. It must be said, however, that in spite of spirited Yankee bidding, Canadian buyers were determined not to let the best stock go for export.

THE boys' and girls' baby beef classes brought out the usual fine show of steers. Ross Gould, the perennial winner from Rosalind again brought out the champion, a Hereford, which was bought by the T. Eaton Co. for a dollar a pound, \$685 for one steer. The best Shorthorn baby beef was shown by Leta Boake, Acme. Lou McBride, Benalta topped the Aberdeen-Angus baby beef class.

The youngest exhibitors in the respective baby beef classes were Herefords—Roger Jones, Midnapore; Shorthorns—Billy Hebson, Okotoks; Aberdeen-Angus—Jane C. Ralston, Balzac.

The grand champion fat animal of the show was a Doddie shown by E. F.

Noad, Olds, for which the Quaker Oats Co. also paid a dollar a pound. Reserve Champion was a steer shown by J. Dobinson & Son, Clive, sold to Sam Henderson.

THE bull show was probably unequalled in the history of the Calgary Spring Show for general uniformity and excellence. A representative of the Hereford Journal, who assisted in the sale ring, declared that the bulls shown at Calgary are larger than bulls of similar ages shown at American bull sales, and that there are fewer tail-enders. The Texan judge, Dan Thornton, was also effusive in his praise of the quality of the cattle which went through his hands.

The highest priced bull of the sale was the Hereford, Caerleon Standard 46th, shown by W. A. Crawford-Frost, Nanton, the price being \$4,000. This bull stood second in his class to the champion Advance B. Domino 358th, shown by Chas. Bull & Son, which was sold for \$3,400. The reserve champion Hereford, Tobruk Blanchard 15th, shown by Henry Zeigler & Sons, Vegreville, was sold to Al Price, Crossfield, for \$3,800. Five Crawford-Frost bulls brought a total of \$11,325, another new record.

C. H. Richardson, Bowden, carried away the Aberdeen-Angus championship with Birdman of Willow Park 41, while the reserve championship went to Wm. Gibb, Killam, on Black Bar 5th. The former bull sold for \$585 while the young Gibb bull was knocked down for \$500. Here again the buyers differed from judges, for high price on black bulls was \$1,100 paid by S. J. Henderson, Lacombe, for Dalrene Black Bar 3rd, shown by Flint and Flint, New Norway. Another Aberdeen-Angus bull, Prince Barb J. B. 2nd, shown by J. G. Barkley, Twining, also beat the thousand dollar mark, going for \$1,025 to Jack McBride, Benalta.

IN the Shorthorn ring top honors went to T. G. Hamilton, on his Rannoch Rodney, on which he realized \$925 to the bidding of Rod. Macleay, High River, and the Turner trophy, presented in person by Jas. Turner, Royal Oak, B.C. Reserve championship was pinned on the youthful Elburne Command, shown by R. W. Stefura, Chipman, and sold to H. R. Walters, Clive, for \$1,200. Two other Shorthorns topped the thousand mark: Adam Berreth's Aberfoyle Champion, from Beiseker, which went to Albert Sanderman, Okotoks, for

\$1,050; and W. L. Robinson's Glen-robin Monarch 14th, from Vermilion for which D. A. Mouser, Claresholm, paid the same price.

Frank Collicutt, a former rancher of the Crossfield district led his quota of bulls into the ring for the last time amid cheers from spectators who desired to make some acknowledgment of what Mr. Collicutt's contribution has been to the purebred industry of Alberta. Mr. Collicutt has sold his ranch and gone into retirement. His last draft of bulls brought him \$3,100.

In the sale of purebred females which preceded the bull sale, 11 Shorthorn females sold for an average of \$210; five Aberdeen-Angus females for an average of \$296; and 34 Hereford females for an average of \$341. Top prices in the respective breeds were for Balgerran Ecstasy, sold by Hugh L. Sharp, Lacombe to J. A. Snyder, Didsbury, for \$420; the Aberdeen Highland Brackbird B22, sold for \$325 by Jas. Scott & Son, Conrich to E. L. Snodgrass, High River; and the Hereford Melladew Janet 227th from J. R. King's herd, Black Diamond, sold to Henry Zeigler, Vegreville.

A Legal Judgment

A DECISION was handed down in Winnipeg, March 24, by Mr. Justice A. K. Dysart in the court of King's Bench, which is of some significance to farmers interested in the co-operative purchase or sale of farm supplies.

Last autumn, one Leslie Pozier of Winnipeg, at one time employed in the hardware business, and six associates, all of Winnipeg, planned the establishment of a company capitalized at \$250,000 to sell, besides the usual lines of shelf hardware, farm implements, fence posts and other farm supplies. The capital was to be raised by the sale of an undetermined number of shares at \$25 to farmers and others, referred to by the promoters as membership shares.

An application for incorporation as a co-operative company was, however, refused by John W. Ward, registrar of co-operative associations in the province of Manitoba. A second application was also turned down, Mr. Ward being of the opinion that "the urge for such a co-operative should come from prospective customers," and that none of the seven applicants were farmers, who should be the sponsors of the co-operative.

Upon the second refusal, Mr. Pozier and his associates applied to the courts for a writ of mandamus to compel Mr. Ward to approve the application.

The presence or absence of features popularly regarded as co-operative were not questions at issue during the trial. The following are extracts from the judgment:

"These reasons for the refusal are matters of policy—and while they may be wise and proper they have not been prescribed by the Act. It is not clear whether they could be invoked by the Minister of Agriculture or by the Provincial Secretary but certainly I think they are not within the scope of Mr. Ward's powers or duties as laid down in the statute."

"Mr. Ward is allowed to use his judgment as to whether or not the various forms and by-laws comply with the Act. In that respect he has a certain discretionary power, but it is a very limited discretion."

As the matter now stands, any seven people who can satisfy the formal requirements of the Act may apply for registration as a co-operative company, and it is the duty of the registrar of co-operative associations to assist them and to approve the application. Notice of appeal has been posted by W. P. Fillmore, K.C., counsel for Mr. Ward.

The International Wheat Conference

Back of the Conference lie thirty years of growing dislocation in world wheat distribution

ANY international wheat agreement which may arise out of the International Wheat Conference which opened in London, England, March 18, will be different, to some extent, from the draft agreement prepared for the Conference by the International Wheat Council and approved by that body in January of this year. One important reason is to be found in a press communique issued from the Conference on March 28, which says in part:

"The Argentine delegation has made a statement to the Conference to the effect that their Government is following its deliberations with close attention, but have decided that it is not for the present possible for them to be parties to an agreement. The International Wheat Conference has, however, been continuing its work in committees and working parties. The first committee has been discussing tentative draft articles on the subject of prices, import and export obligations and the effective dates and duration of the agreement."

Further cable advice as we go to press suggests that the Conference may be able to complete its sessions by April 3, and that the absence of Argentina as a signatory will influence the nature of the final document. It is understood that the agreement as finally approved will probably be open for signature until July 1, 1947, and that on August 1, countries which have signed the agreement can decide if there are sufficient signatures to warrant making the agreement operative.

It is understood that the discussion of price range has reached narrower limits than the .85-\$1.80 per bushel limits proposed earlier in the Conference. When approved, the agreement will provide a specified import and export commitment for each signatory country, and the absence of the Argentine is important in relation to the total of these commitments. Voting on the International Wheat Council, which will become the operative agency for the agreement, will be weighed in relation to the importance of individual countries in the international wheat trade.

NO country in the world has a more vital interest in the outcome of the London Conference than has Canada. The Conference is the first full scale postwar effort to achieve international accord in the marketing and distribution of the world's wheat, by means of a workable international commodity agreement. Canada's interest in this problem stems essentially from two important facts: 1, Approximately 70 per cent of all the improved farm land in Canada is located in the three prairie provinces; and 2, during the past 30 years, Canadian wheat acreage has shown a larger percentage increase than that of any other important wheat-producing country, with the result that Canada contributes on the average about 40 per cent of all the wheat entering into international trading each year.

The importance of an international wheat agreement to Canada therefore warrants an examination of its background and of the problem which is before it for solution. Interested in the problem and having representatives at the Conference are these 23 countries: Australia, Czechoslovakia, India, Norway, Austria, Denmark, Ireland, Peru, Belgium, Ethiopia, Italy, United Kingdom, Brazil, France, Mexico, United States, Canada, Greece, Netherlands, Uruguay, China, Hungary, and New Zealand. Canada's official delegate is the Honorable Norman Robertson, with Dr.

C. F. Wilson as alternate. Advisors to the Canadian delegate are: R. V. Bidulph, European Commissioner, Canadian Wheat Board; J. J. Deutsch, Department of Finance; A. M. Shaw, Director, Marketing Service, Dominion Department of Agriculture. Technical advisers to the Canadian delegate are: R. C. Brown, Director, United Grain Growers, Limited, Winnipeg; Paul Farnalls; C. E. Huntting, until recently Assistant Chief Commissioner, Canadian Wheat Board; Ben F. Plumer, Chairman, Alberta Wheat Pool; J. H. Wesson, President, Saskatchewan Wheat Pool.

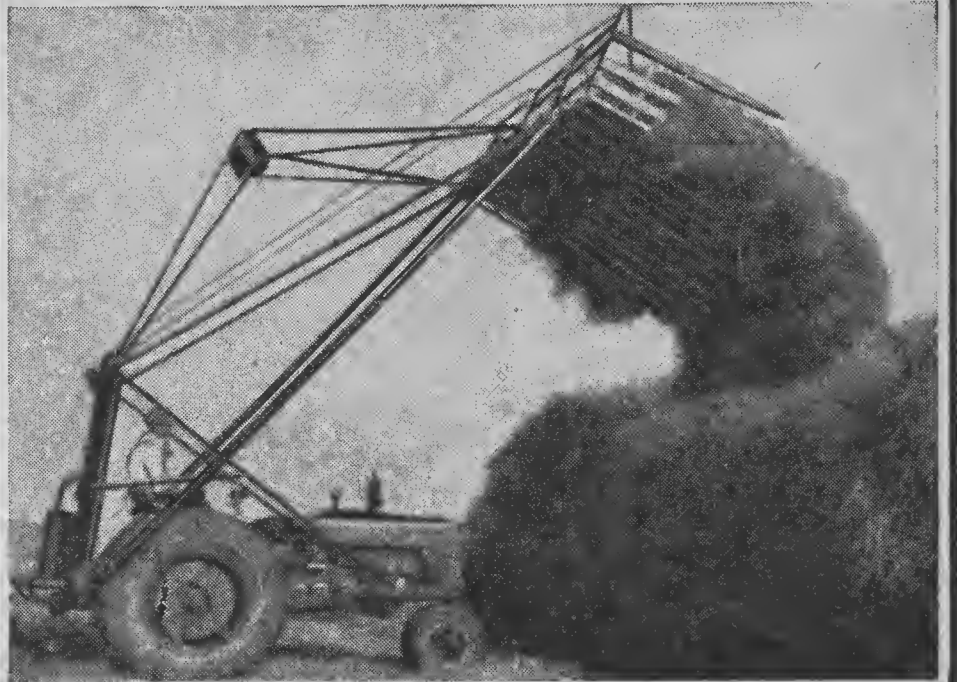
BEFORE World War I (1914), there was very little interference by governments with the international wheat trade. There were, in some cases, import duties, but these were comparatively low, and demand and supply pretty well regulated production and international trading. Some governmental controls accompanied World War I, but as currencies were stabilized afterward and the more or less normal conditions obtained again, the controls were mostly abandoned. There were, however, some changes, since wheat production in Canada, the United States and Australia had been greatly expanded, while at the same time Russia and India ceased to be exporting countries of any importance.

As the world approached the thirties, however, various European countries, notably Italy and Germany, exhibited marked tendencies toward self-sufficiency, with the result that tariffs were raised on wheat flour and millinery quotas; mixing regulations and special taxes were used together with import quotas, permits, licenses, and import monopolies. These many devices were also accompanied by domestic price fixing and subsidy payments. By the early thirties, tariffs in some instances were more than twice as high as in the late twenties, and the prices paid to domestic producers were as much as three times as high as the cost of imported wheat before payment of duty. As if these interferences were not enough, the situation was further complicated by preferential clearing and barter arrangements, so that only a few importing countries with adequate resources were able to provide a more or less open export market for producers, in the face of all these limiting factors. Producers in exporting countries, in the face of a disastrous collapse of world prices, not only maintained but increased acreages in order to hold their incomes to a reasonable level. Result: Between the periods 1927-31 and 1934-38 average world wheat acreage increased by 31.1 million acres.

Meanwhile, the volume of world wheat trade dwindled, and between 1924-29 and the 1934-39 period, the decrease was roughly one-third. If the total decline is divided into units of 600,000 metric tons (2,204.62 pounds), Italy and Germany each accounted for nearly three units, France two, Czechoslovakia one, Egypt and Japan combined one, and other countries approximately one unit.

With this decline in world markets, exporting countries developed support programs including loans, acreage controls, export subsidies and government stockpiles. Canada established the Canadian Wheat Board in 1935. The inevitable result was a sharp increase in the world stock of carry-over wheat; for 1922-26 the average was 16.9 million metric tons, which increased to 23.6 million metric tons for the 1927-31 period, and to 32.2 million metric tons in 1934. Crop failures reduced the figure to 17.1 million metric tons in

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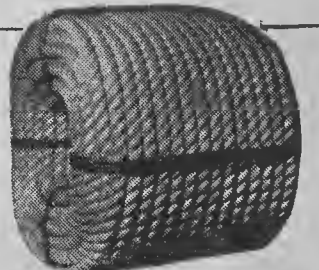
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1938, but this figure was soon doubled and reached 35.7 million metric tons in 1940. The record level of 47 million metric tons was reached by the middle of 1943.

WORLD War II led to a very great consumption of wheat for animal feeding in North America and a heavy usage of wheat for industrial purposes. Eventually, an unprecedented demand for wheat came from liberated and conquered countries in Europe, the Far East and India, so that in 1945-46 the world wheat trade reached the extremely high level of 24.5 million metric tons, accompanied by extremely high prices. These war conditions also increased the amount of government intervention in both importing and exporting countries. Prices in national markets were regulated principally by price fixing and import and export control. Export wheat prices have ranged from \$1.55 (Canadian-U.K. wheat agreement) to \$3.92 (Turkish export price prior to July 1, 1946). Prices for domestic wheat in importing countries have little or no relationship to world market prices.

Nearly 15 years ago, efforts were made to bring some order out of the chaos that was developing, and in August, 1933, 22 countries joined in an international wheat agreement, including Russia. This agreement provided for a two-year plan to regulate wheat exports and check expanding production, as well as to reduce import barriers. It set up a Wheat Advisory Committee to administer the agreement and make recommendations to governments, but the agreement soon became inoperative, though the wheat advisory committee was maintained in existence until August, 1940.

In January, 1939, after repeated attempts to draft a new and better agreement, a ten-country Preparatory Committee was set up, including the principal wheat growing countries as well as France, Germany, Hungary, Roumania and the United Kingdom. The war interrupted this work, but in June, 1941, representatives of Argentina, Australia, Canada, the United Kingdom and the United States met in Washington, drew up a memorandum of agreement which received the approval of the five governments in June, 1942. Amended in June, 1946, to take into account the cessation of hostilities, it came into effect on that date.

The understanding then reached provided that the United States should, when the time was propitious, call a conference of all nations substantially interested in wheat export or import, whether as producers or consumers, which would consider a general agreement prepared by the Washington Wheat Meeting, and called a Draft Convention. In the meantime, the memorandum of agreement required that each country should adopt measures in its discretion, to control production and support arrangements for the administration and distribution of a relief pool of wheat described in the Draft Convention. This draft convention, prepared by the Washington Wheat Meeting of 1941-42 feared postwar wheat surpluses, the control of which would involve national and international measures applying to both exporting and importing countries. These in turn would require orderly distribution of prices fair to both producers and consumers, the lowering of barriers to world trade and decreased costs of production. Provision was made for the regulation of reserve stocks, the establishment of minimum and maximum prices and quotas for exporting countries. The five countries agreed to establish a pool of wheat for relief to war stricken areas. This provision was made operative at the close of the war.

When the five governments in 1942 (Argentina, Austria, Canada, the United Kingdom and the United States)

approved the memorandum of agreement regarding international wheat trading, they also arranged to establish the International Wheat Council, through which the five signatories might work co-operatively to handle war and relief problems until such time as a comprehensive international agreement might be arranged. The first meeting of the International Wheat Council was held on August 3, 1942, and in September, 1945, it was enlarged to include Brazil, Belgium, China, Denmark, France, India, Italy and the Netherlands, making 13 members in all. At the same time, a Preparatory Committee, representative of the same countries, was established in order to revise the 1942 draft convention for submission to an international wheat conference.

On January 16, 1947, when the International Wheat Council held its fifteenth session in Washington, it considered a complete draft of an international wheat agreement and also decided to recommend to the government of the United States that it arrange for an international wheat conference at which final consideration could be given to the proposed agreement.

This, then, is the origin and background of the International Wheat Conference now under way in London. So far in this article we have attempted to review briefly the background of the Conference. The road to international agreement has been beset with many difficulties. Postwar problems have also added additional considerations. Readers will recall that in September, 1946, the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations met in Copenhagen, at which time Sir John Boyd Orr, the Director-General, submitted proposals for a world food board, primarily aimed at improved human nutrition throughout the world. Following this conference, a Preparatory Commission representative of 16 countries was set up to consider world food proposals. This commission, in view of the hope for an international wheat agreement, gave considerable attention to wheat and set out a number of recommendations as guiding principles which should be followed when drawing up an international wheat agreement. No doubt these recommendations are receiving consideration at the London conference.

IN addition, it should be remembered that wheat is not the only commodity for which an international commodity agreement is sought, or has been in existence. Under the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations, it is proposed to set up an international trade organization for the general regulation of international trading of all sorts. The Economic and Social Council set up a Preparatory Committee to draft a charter for the proposed international trade organization, and this committee has accepted a chapter on inter-governmental commodity arrangements, which is to be included in the draft of the charter. Until such time as an international trade organization can be formed, it recommended that this chapter be used as a guide in inter-governmental consultations on commodity problems.

The details of all of the draft me-

A Dairyman's Problem as solved by



No. 6. The Sailor.

moranda and recommendations by the International Wheat Council, the F.A.O. Preparatory Commission and the Preparatory Committee for the proposed international trade organization, are too long for inclusion in this article, but they are referred to in order that the reader may obtain a better grasp of the complexity of the problem which faces the International Wheat Conference.

In brief, the agreement of 1933 came at a time when very large carryovers bore heavily on Canada and coincided with the height of the depression. The problem then was to divide a limited effective demand among exporting countries. When the 1942 draft convention was approved, the carryover was still large and concentrated in North America, owing to a limited effective demand imposed by the war. Since that time the picture has been completely changed. Demand exceeds supply and reserves are almost exhausted with prices at the highest level in over 25 years. Among exporting countries, Canada alone has attempted to control wheat price inflation, at the risk of prejudicing her bargaining position internationally. Under the Canadian-United Kingdom wheat agreement, Canadian producers are now making a substantial contribution to the British taxpayer. In view of her leadership in this connection, Canada will probably seek balancing concessions, in the event an international wheat agreement is completed. Stability in the international wheat market requires not only a measure of price control and import commitments, but discouragement by import countries of uneconomic domestic production.—H.S.F.

Talkative Fish

ICAN well remember a journalist friend of mine who had covered the atom bomb tests at Bikini last July, telling me how one day he was looking over the side of one of the target ships in the lagoon when he saw a middle-aged American who was wearing ear-phones lower a strange instrument into the water and listen very intently. "What are you after?" he asked him. "I'm listening to the shrimps," the scientist replied. "They are making a noise like 'Awk-Awk, Awk-Awk'."

Well, you may well ask what this bit of apparently useless research implied in the middle of a very serious naval operation? It was only a few days ago that I found the answer—in a scientific paper from the United States Naval Ordnance Laboratory at Washington.

It seems that for some time the U.S. naval scientists have been afraid that new super-sensitive mines, designed to be detonated by the sound of a ship's engines, might be set off prematurely by noises creatures make in the sea. In the same way torpedoes fitted with a device to guide them automatically towards the sound of an enemy ship, might be put off course by fish sounds. So, strange as it seems, the measurement of the volume of shrimp-talk at Bikini was definitely high priority naval research.

According to latest reports, the depths of the sea, formerly thought to be silent, as silent as the grave, are "about as noisy as a farmyard at feeding-time! Fishes squeal, they squawk, they cackle, they grunt and they honk. One very common species—the catfish—makes a rhythmic drumming noise like the beating of a tom-tom. Another, the croaker, makes a sound like a pneumatic drill. Several kinds of fish, previously thought to be quite dumb, turned out to be extremely noisy . . . fishes have no vocal chords, so they certainly can't talk as we do . . . but these sounds are certainly heard by other fishes and they seem to have some significance. Thus the croaker, a fish common off the coast of America, makes far more noise when it is courting than at any other time! —CHAPMAN PINCHER, on the BBC.

Hiring a Man

By HARRY J. BOYLE

WE have a new hired man. His name is Joe Martin and he works on an hourly basis, driving to work from his home in the village and arriving punctually at seven o'clock. He takes an hour between twelve and one and quits sharp at six o'clock, going home for his supper. The new era has arrived as far as hired men are concerned.

Hiring a man used to be such an easy, casual affair. In town on Saturday night I might spot somebody, ask him if he wanted work and tell him to come along the following Monday morning. He would arrive carrying a battered suitcase or knapsack and would be given a brisk eyeing by the women-folk who were always concerned about whether the hired man was "clean" or not.

The new hired man would be installed in the bedroom over the kitchen. This semi-isolation was supposed to be a precaution against the occasional, unsanitary one that came along. Sometimes in rush seasons like haying or harvesting we have even hired tramps who were made to sleep in the hay-mow at considerable risk, considering the number of them who smoked "makings" almost constantly.

A hired man soon got into the swing of things around the farm. They were usually quiet fellows with a certain resignation to their fate as laborers. If he was a good type he would find time to light the fire in the morning or see that the woodbox was kept full of wood, in return for the amenities of having his socks darned or buttons sewed on his shirts by the women-folk.

Hours used to mean very little to hired men. They were usually the first up in the morning. In rush seasons, dinner was a hurried affair, and the hired man would finish and pick up his hat and leave the kitchen first. This was according to some unwritten law that possibly some domestic situations had to be aired and it was just as well for him not to be around.

SOME hired men liked horses and others didn't. Those who had no liking for horses used to naturally fall into the routine of bringing up the cows while I watered and stabled the horses. Chore time was accepted as another part of his duties. After supper, the average hired man would sit and smoke and possibly glance at the newspaper and then go off to bed. In summertime, especially during harvest it was accepted that the hired man would go back to the river for a swim and a chat with the other young men of the community.

Depending on how well he was accepted by the family, the hired man might be offered the horse and buggy or the car, in case of a dance or some local entertainment. It was a generally accepted fact that the hired man always went to town on Saturday night with the family. He could be seen purchasing a week's supply of tobacco, some socks, underwear or shirts and possibly a little candy if he had a sweet tooth. Fifteen minutes or a half hour before we were ready to leave he would appear at the feed store.

Some hired men accepted a Saturday bath in the tin tub in the woodshed or back kitchen, depending on the season, with good grace. Others just ignored it, a fact which always gave the women room to complain about the state of the sheets on his bed.

Hired men never had an easy time of it. It was comparatively simple to get work in the summertime at going wages, but it was a lot different in the winter-time. Many of them used to hire out to cut wood or do chores, simply for their keep and tobacco and possibly the odd shirt or suit of overalls.

Most hired men had good appetites.

Meals were attacked in the same way as work and they would just as leave forget to bring in all the grain from a field as leave anything on the table. The women of the house could be counted on to pry out of them some general information on the cooking ability of other women in the community. In the busy season, your wife's ability as a cook was also a decided asset in hiring a man.

Hired men were usually popular with the children. Having travelled a lot, most of them could be counted upon as a certain source of entertainment, either by way of stories or their ability to whittle out toys of various kinds.

I always felt sorry for our hired men—at least for the ones who were not out-and-out wanderers. Most of them

treasured the hope of some day getting a farm of their own and yet, all of them knew down in their hearts, that unless some good fortune came along they would never be able to save up enough money out of their small wages. In a way they were sort of slaves to a system.

If my new hired man is a fair example, then things are really changing. He worked in a war plant during the war and liked the idea of a regular, hourly return. He got married and he intends to see to it that his standard of living doesn't depreciate from what he and his family are used to.

I've been thinking of building a small house and hiring a man on a regular basis. I should be able to give him a garden plot and some of the produce he needs for his family. After all, it looks in this new day and age as if the hired man is going to be a sort of partner on most farms.



There will be no warble flies in this herd.

A Winter To Be Remembered

By H. S. FRY

THE weatherman is as unpredictable as a woman, as mean as a bear with a sore head and as grouchy as a man with an ulcerated stomach. He has certainly left us with something to remember him by following his antics during the winter of 1946-47.

In western Canada, old-timers have to go back years and years to find anything like it, and one of them,

Robert Sinton, 93-year-old pioneer of Regina, Saskatchewan, who can remember back as far as 1882, told the Regina Leader Post that this was the worst winter yet. Manitoba came through the blizzard period of early February comparatively unscathed, though rural roads were blocked in most parts of the province for weeks. During the worst of the period, after trans-continental

through trains had been coming in eight and ten or more hours late, all trains were cancelled for a short time. Plane flights were similarly held up. Groups of people were marooned in some towns for eight or ten days. Huge railway freight engines and snowplows were stuck in Saskatchewan snowdrifts 22 feet high and had to be abandoned.

Southern and northeastern Saskatchewan seems to have suffered the most, though losses of cattle and other livestock in southern Alberta arising from the deep snow on the ranges, have yet to be calculated and cannot be fully known until the spring opens up and the grass turns green. In southern Saskatchewan, individual towns were marooned for days at a time without any train or mail service and in the face of dwindling food and fuel supplies. The Leader Post reported feed supplies buried under 15 feet of snow south of Weyburn, and pig pens buried under similar depths of snow. When finally reached, 26 bred sows were smothered in the pens. On one fox and mink ranch north of Weyburn, 50 mink and 20 foxes had been lost up to February 13. All over the snow laden country, losses of livestock were being reported. On one community pasture, 12 head of horses were found frozen in one day; one Saskatchewan farmer found eight cows dead and had to destroy six others; in another case seven head of cattle starved to death. In sunny southern Alberta, the Lethbridge Herald reported that feed supplies, which were intended for use in March, had been used up in January, while ranchers were fearing the late spring, which would really reveal ultimate livestock losses. Hay meadows near Pekisko lay under a four-foot level of snow; and on one ranch near the same town, measured snowfall amounted to 108 inches by the middle of February.

STORIES of farmers adjacent to a small hamlet, trekking by sleigh for 15 to 20 miles to other towns in order to bring in food and fuel, were common. One group of 17 farmers, 20 miles south of Yorkton, rigged up a tractor train, consisting of a caterpillar tractor and wagon boxes loaded on logging sleds and worked their way to Yorkton with grocery lists long enough to serve the entire community. They also carried cans of cream and oil drums, as well as plenty of logging chains and shovels. The 4½-hour trip was an alternative to going hungry.

Previous outstandingly cold or difficult winters in the prairie provinces were reported by old-timers as having been the winters of 1882-83, 1892-93, and 1906-07. Of these, probably the winter of 1906-07 was the worst, since deep snow and a temperature of 40 below zero were characteristic, while some of the snowdrifts lasted until May. In some of the towns of that day, broken packing boxes, fences and sheds provided fuel, and on some farms wheat and elevator screenings kept people warm. Cattle on the ranges died in large numbers. Z. M. Hamilton, for ten years Secretary of the Saskatchewan Historical Society, writing in the Leader Post, said of that memorable winter:

"Cattle on the range perished by the thousands. During the fall of 1906, a number of big cattlemen of southern Alberta had moved herds into what was then virgin grazing territory along the south branch of the Saskatchewan, and when the blizzard blew from the northwest, the cattle began to drift before the gale. The railway company had recently fenced the right-of-way west of Swift Current, and the wires stopped the movements of the herd. Cattle can usually stand severe cold if the range is open and they can drift before the storm until they find a natural shelter. Thousands of cattle, when held up by these fences, wandered up and down looking for openings, and when they found none, just froze to death in their tracks."

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The Rehabilitation of Roy Allen

A veteran recovers health on a bush farm



The home of Major Roy Allen, near Flin Flon, Man. Note the Lupins.

MAJOR Roy Allen is a missionary and his promised land is in Manitoba north of Township 56.

Here is the story of his own conversion. Before the first war Roy Allen lived in the Maple Creek district. His horse riding habits got him into the Fort Garry Horse, which in turn got him into so much trouble that he has never in his life been more than two jumps away from a hospital bed.

In 1930 the doctors told him to go north. As he still had to have everything done for him it took quite a bit of close figuring, but eventually he decided he could hire Indians to build him a log house, clear a patch of land, and do the small amount of seasonal work required around a bush clearing. Roy's wife, now gone to her reward, did not take kindly to the prospect of isolation, 20 miles north of The Pas, but when she saw his health gradually returning, she altered her appraisal of the new location.

The bush clearing is now a 20-acre field, mostly alfalfa which grows prodigiously and unfailingly. Besides that, for 12 years, according to his own account he has grown the best oats in Manitoba. The expanding fields have become a Dominion Illustration Station whose potato crop is something to be seen, and in whose flower garden Russell lupins, the pride of English gardens, grow as an escaped weed. Not so surprising when one considers that the May-to-August rainfall has averaged nearly eleven inches over a space of twelve years. Not so surprising when he has never had a hail storm or a crop failure.

The Major can vouch for that precipitation record for he is the official meteorologist. In fact he is local Justice of the Peace and general Pooh-Bah for the whole surrounding area. And physically speaking he looks about as good as any of the other old sweats who went galloping over the Santerre Plateau with sabres gleaming, that bright August morning 29 years ago.

It is a common saying that the Hudson Bay shield, on which Allen settled, is all rock and muskeg, save for little pockets of fertile land. So it is. But at Wanless, on No. 10 Highway, north of The Pas, you will find about two sections which Allen says will support 40 families, each on 40 acres of land. In that country, and on land like his, the Major says, a man can support himself on 40 acres. He visualizes it as the future market garden for Flin Flon, now Manitoba's third city, and the mining area around it. For the land is a pocket of leaf mould, fourteen feet of it down to the limestone rock below. That's his story.

Major Allen has always cherished the notion that this block would be reserved for settling old veterans of World War I, who would do as he has done, utilize pension money to hire the labor necessary. The provincial government even set the land apart until that proposal was investigated. The land is still vacant, but the provincial department seems to be more intent on putting new settlers into its Carrot River block, where each settler may get more land and perhaps land equally good.

But whether the Major collects his legion of pensioners or not he has no regrets over his rash invasion of the wilderness. He has regained his health and slowly his little farm has been built up to a value between \$6,000 and \$7,000, with 3,000 cords of wood still to cut. In the summer he can smoke a pipe with the Hollywood characters who fly up in their own planes, via Winnipeg, where they pick up guides who lead them to the teeming pools. Or he can go out in the winter when the black flies are quiet and catch a few whoppers for himself through the ice. On Rock Lake, at the edge of his land, a fisherman is never more than a mile from shore, regardless of its 60 mile shore line. Rock Lake is probably better known on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot than it is in the barber shops of its own province.



A bush land grain field.

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THE BOYS WILL TINKER

Continued from page 8

The same stunt can be used to train dogs to avoid such creatures as domestic rabbits, young pigs, and sheep.

"Help yourself to the notion—I haven't any exclusive rights on this 'invention'," Dave hospitably offers. "It can be modified to suit different needs, too. For example, I sometimes get hold of a sporting dog that just can't leave porcupines alone, and I've found this electric-shock idea will cure him once and for all time of attacking porkies. Only, it's something of a problem to catch a porcupine and corral the critter inside a wire screen. I'd use the same shock system to cure dogs of attacking skunks, except for the horrible chore of trying to pen up a powerful skunk!"

OTTO Fleck, of Botha, Alberta, is another home-inventor. Noticing the heavy annual spoilage of fruit sealers because of minor chips around the top rims, which prevents air-tight sealing and ruins sealers for further use, Mr. Fleck got busy and designed a small and simple tool which trims true the top rim of glass jars and permits them to be perfectly sealed every time.

ANOTHER sealer idea has been invented by a retired farmer who has to be nameless. He calls his invention The Sealer-Lifter-Outer! The device is made of heavy wire, constructed in such a way as to provide a bull-dog grip on the top of a sealer or jar or rim-necked bottle. Once gripped in the gadget, the sealer can be safely lifted from preserving kettle without risk of burning the fingers of the cook.

This retired farmer, known as The Sealer-Lifter-Outer Man, visits the towns between Calgary and Edmonton and stands on street corners during busy shopping periods and waves a handful of his gadgets at the passing housewives. His talk is continuous and pithy, and a twinkle in his eyes reveals that he is thoroughly enjoying himself.

One day a comely young housewife came along and attempted to pass, whereupon he waved a gadget in front of her and yelled: "Get your Sealer-Lifter-Outer, Ma'am! I'm the original source o' supply an' you can't get 'em no wheres else."

"I've already got one," the housewife countered. "I bought it from you last month."

"Well, good for you!" cheered The Sealer-Lifter-Outer Man. "Only, why don't you wear it as a hat ornament, then I'd know not to bother you! It'd be good advertisin' fer me, too, 'specially because you're so pretty! Just think over that there notion, Ma'am—an' be sure you send all your burnt-finger friends fer a Sealer-Lifter-Outer!"

LOOK around, Farmer: perhaps one of your labor-saving notions is an invention of worth. Have you got a new way of watering stock? How about turkeys—have you doped out a never-miss method of preventing a twisted breastbone? Perhaps it's something to do with tilling; a way of plowing, discing, seeding, and packing all on the same trip? Or have you got that long awaited cure for the cow who switches her wiry tail smack into the milker's left ear? Look around home: perhaps you've got a fortune-making idea right in your own backyard.

One thing is certain. If the time ever comes when some smart man invents a machine which does away with human work altogether, you can bet your bottom dollar that the inventor will be a farmer!

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BIG RED

Continued from page 7

them and a small roll of bills into Danny's hand.

"Here are your tickets and the rest of your first month's wages," he said. "I'll arrange for Boy."

He entered an office, telephoned, and came out to stand beside Danny and Red. A trainman followed him.

Mr. Haggin turned to Danny.

"I've arranged for Red to go in the baggage car," he said. "Be sure to get him out at the Wintapi station."

"Can't I go in the baggage car too?"

"You won't get any sleep," Mr. Haggin objected.

"I can sleep in the darndest places! Honest! Can't we ride together? Red might . . . might bite the baggage man and then you'd be in an awful fix!"

"Well . . ." Mr. Haggin looked at the trainman, who grinned and said, "C'mon." They passed through a gate, and the trainman spoke to the guard in the baggage car. He turned to wave his hand.

"You can both go. Hoist the pooch in."

Danny cradled Red in his arms and lifted him through the open door. The big dog stood peering back with tongue lolling and tail gently wagging while he watched Danny. Danny shook hands with Mr. Haggin.

"I want to thank you for everything," he said awkwardly.

Mr. Haggin laughed. "Think about the things you've seen and learned, Danny."

"I am thinkin' about such things."

"All right. See you in the Wintapi. Good luck."

"Good luck."

Danny climbed into the car and the guard rolled the door shut. He looked admiringly at Red.

"Your dog, kid?"

"No, sir. I'm only takin' care of him for Mr. Haggin."

"Hm-m," the guard grinned. "Haggin's got you under his wing, huh? If he didn't have, you never would have brought an uncrated dog into this car or ridden here as passenger yourself. But I guess owning half a railroad makes a difference in what you can do. Well, make yourselves at home."

Danny sat on a wooden crate, swinging his long legs from it while Red curled up beside him and slept. The train started, and only the noise of wheels on rails penetrated the baggage car. After a bit Danny got down from the crate, pillowed his head against it, and dozed. The guard tossed him a blanket.

"This may be softer."

DANNY folded the blanket under his head, and Red crouched close beside him as the train rumbled through the night. At various times it stopped, and Red growled softly when the door was opened to receive more baggage. Danny awoke, sat up, and lay down again to pillow his head on the blanket. The lights in the car grew pale as slow dawn crept out of the sky. Danny rose, and with Red padding beside him looked about the car. Half asleep in a chair, the guard stirred and grinned.

"An hour more, kid. I'm going through to Morrisville myself, then back to the city. Do you live around these parts?"

"In the beech woods in the Wintapi," Danny said courteously. "My pappy and I, we're trappers there. Of course, now I'm goin' to be takin' care of Mr. Haggin's dog, too."

"I've hunted in the Wintapi," the guard said wistfully. "Once, when we laid over two days at Morrisville, I went to a place called Chestnut Creek and hunted deer. I didn't get any, but

the man with me shot a big ten-pointer."

"Come up this season and I'll show you deer," Danny invited. "Ask at Mr. Haggin's place, and they'll tell you where Ross and Danny Pickett live."

"I might do just that. Let's get a little fresh air."

He opened the door, and Danny sat on a box to watch. They were in the hills, and the little farms that huddled close to their bases still slept in the grey dawn. Then they rounded a bend and, far off, he saw Smokey Mountain towering above all the rest. The train started slowing for the Wintapi station, and Danny stood eagerly erect.

When the train lurched to a stop, he jumped. He turned to help Red, but the big Irish setter had already leaped to the cinders beside him.

"So long," the guard yelled.

"So long."

Danny turned to wave, then started for the beech woods that began where the railroad's property ended. A mighty, leaping happiness coursed through him. The fuss and glamor of the dog show were done with. Mr. Haggin had the ribbons. But Danny had the dog. And now they were home, here in the Wintapi.

Red paced sedately beside him. But once in the woods, screened by trees from prying eyes that might see and

ped the chains. Wild to be free, the four hounds went in a mad race across the fields. They came tearing back and were away again. Red raced with them, but wheeled and came back when Danny whistled. Danny scratched his silken ears.

"Leave 'em go," he said. "Leave 'em go, Red. They'll just run awhile and come back. But you ain't goin' to run with ordinary hounds. You got more important work to do—given Pappy can think alike with me."

RED walked beside him when Danny went into the house. Outside, everything had been warm sunshine. But inside, where only glancing sunbeams strayed through the single-paned windows that Ross Pickett had set in the walls of his shanty, a definite chill prevailed. Danny stuffed tinder into the stove, lighted it, and added wood when it was blazing. He pulled aside the burlap curtain that hung over the cupboard, and took out a pot and skillet. Red trotted beside him when he went to the spring house for a piece of pork that Ross had left there to cool, and returned to lie in the centre of the floor while Danny cooked the meat.

An hour later Red got up and went to sit before the door. There was a little pause, a heavy tread on the porch, and Ross Pickett came in.



comment on any let-down in dignity, Danny broke into a wild run. It seemed an eternity since he had seen the rough shanty where he and his father lived, smelled the good scent of streams, forests, and mountains, or had any part at all in the only life he had ever loved. With the dog racing beside him, Danny climbed over the jutting nose of a mountain, trotted up a long valley, climbed the ridge at its head, and descended the other side. He ran in almost a perfectly straight line to his father's clearing. Coming to the edge of it, Danny slowed to a walk. He knew by the smokeless chimney that his father wasn't home. Ross Pickett, naturally, would have been up at dawn and out scouting the ridges on a fine day like this.

But his father's four hounds strained at the ends of their chains and bayed a vociferous welcome. Danny grinned at them, and watched Red go up to renew acquaintance with Old Mike. The two dogs wagged stiff tails, and Mike sat down to blink indifferently at Danny.

Danny chuckled, and tickled the old hound's tattered ears while the three pups begged for attention. Red sat with his head cocked to one side and watched jealously. Danny stooped and unsnap-

"Danny!" he exclaimed. "I knowed you was home on account I heerd the hounds a-bayin'."

"Hello, Pappy. It sure is good to be home. You aimed to start out and scout a trap line?"

"Yup. Stoney Lonesome ridge for foxes. Ought to be a nice take of pelts this year. They's lots of rabbits for pelt animals to eat off."

But the shine in Ross's eyes belied the workaday talk, and the flutter in Danny's chest was far too intense ever to be put into words. He and his father had been so close for so long that they felt, and acted, and almost thought alike. Each was lost without the other, and now that they were together they could be happy again. Danny said with affected carelessness that could not hide the enormous pride he felt,

"I fetched the red dog home. There he is."

"Well, so you did!" Ross whirled about as though he had just noticed the magnificent setter. "That is a dog, Danny. I reckon you'n him must of cut some swath in New York, huh?"

"Red did in the dog ring. He got some prizes for Mr. Haggin."

"What you see in New York, Danny?" "Dogs, little mites of dogs that San-

ders Cahoon could tie on that watch chain he carries. Dogs most as big as a Shetland pony. Hounds that could course up Wintapi ravines. Dogs made to run so fast they could catch a fox . . ."

For two hours he talked on, explaining in minutest detail all the marvels to be encountered at a dog show, while Ross listened raptly. Red pushed the screen door open with his nose, and went outside to sit on the sun-drenched porch. A hawk, circling over the clearing, gave vent to a shrieking whistle and Red growled warningly at it. Then Ross looked at the tarnished dollar watch that he kept stuffed into the pocket of his blue overalls.

"That was mighty good talk," he sighed. "We'll have to talk some more when evenin' comes. But right now I got to horse myself up Stoney Lonesome. Given we don't have our fox sets staked out, we won't take many foxes."

"Shall I come along?" Danny asked.

"Nope, you stay here and watch that big dog. He ain't no woods dog yet, even though he did run Ol' Majesty to a standstill. He's got to get more used to the woods. When he does—by gummy, we can pull all our traps and take our pelts with him alone."

"Pappy, I think . . ." Danny hesitated.

"Speak your mind, boy," Ross urged.

"I think there's more ways of teachin' dogs to hunt than the ways we been usin'. I'd sort of like to try some of those ways on Red."

"Sure. He's your dog. Teach him any way you see fit. Well, I got to be off."

ROSS went out the door, and Danny watched with miserable eyes while he tramped across the clearing and disappeared in the woods. Ross was counting on making a varmint dog of Red. There were just some things that Ross did not understand, but might understand if given the chance. Any mongrel with four legs and the ability to run could hunt varmints. Danny looked fondly at the big setter. The first man who had dreamed of an Irish setter had dreamed of a dog to hunt birds, and to make Red a varmint dog would almost be betrayal of that man and all the others who had striven to make the breed what it was.

With Red padding close beside him, Danny went down to the creek and a short way up it. Brook trout darted toward hidden crevices under the bank, and fat suckers lay inert in some of the deeper pools. Red stayed close behind Danny, going where he went and almost stepping in his tracks. After a bit he ranged out a little more, and when a chipmunk scurried across their path he dashed at it.

For four days they wandered around in the woods, never getting very far from the shanty, while Red slowly learned the true ways of the life that from now on was to be his. Danny watched him critically. Ruffed grouse, known throughout the Wintapi as partridges, were the only game birds in the section. A dog that would hunt them must at all times be under close control of the man with the gun. And Red, now that he was learning all about the fascinating things in the woods, gave no sign that he understood in the slightest degree any sort of control that a hunter's dog must have. Danny thought of a choke collar and check cord, and discarded the notion. There were other ways, and a dog that learned of its own free will always learned better than one that was forced.

The sun continued to shine through lazy summer days, and every day Ross was off to the hills or to some creek to determine where the most fur-bearers were running. Red and Danny prowled through the woods near the cabin. Then one morning, while Danny was sprawled across the porch with his straw hat over his eyes and Red lay curled near

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him, Ross came around the corner of the shanty.

"My gosh, Danny! I never in my life saw anything more do-less."

Danny sat up to grin. Red rose, padded down the steps to greet Ross, and came back to Danny. Ross shifted the two fishing rods he carried from his left hand to his right, and raised his head to stare at two black crows that were winging their raucous way across the valley.

"Trappin' season's just around the corner," he observed. "And by gummy, summer's the time to make ready to take furs when winter gets here."

Danny sat up a little straighter. "That's right." He looked at the fishing rods. "You goin' to catch shiners for bait?"

"That's what I'm going to do. Want to help?"

"I reckon. We ain't had a sashay since I went to New York."

"You been too busy with that big dog," Ross grunted. "How's he comin' on?"

"Good."

Danny rose and descended the steps, and Red padded after him. He held out his hands for one of the rods Ross carried, and a can of bait. Asa and the white and black cow raised their heads as the trio set off across the pasture. At the far end Danny stopped, and parted the wires so Red could get through. They left the sun-warmed clearing, entered the sunless and cooler beech woods, and Danny paused to watch a grey squirrel on the end of a mossy log. He had seen squirrels before, more than he could count, but you never knew what a squirrel was going to do and therefore every new one was worth watching.

There was a short, happy bark from Red as he dashed in pursuit. The squirrel hesitated a moment, until the big dog was almost upon him, and sprang easily to the bole of a tree. Red leaped, and reared with his front paws against its trunk.

"Come back here!" Danny shouted. "Red, you come back here!"

Ross turned to watch. "Why'n't you let him go after that little old squirrel?"

"Can't have him doin' it," Danny said stubbornly. "I don't want him chasin' those kinds of varmints. Red, you come back here!"

The squirrel scampered up the tree and disappeared in its topmost branches. With a final, wistful look toward them, Red came trotting in to grin sheepishly at Danny. Danny shook a finger at him.

"Red, doggone you! If you go off chasin' varmints thataway I'll . . . I dunno what I will do to you! How'm I goin' to make him stop, Pappy?"

"Give him a lickin'," Ross suggested. "I can't. Red's not the kind of dog you can ever lick."

"Well, all I know is that if I had a hound chased things I didn't want him to chase, he'd get a hidin' that'd teach him not to. What's the matter with lettin' him chase them little varmints anyhow?"

"I don't want him to chase those kinds of varmints," Danny said desperately.

"You're teachin' him. Teach him your way."

Ross set off through the beech woods towards the creek, and Danny followed looking miserably at his father's back. The only kind of hunting Ross understood was that kind where you went out to kill something for practical use. But Ross had never been to a New York dog show, or talked dog with a man like Mr. Haggin. He was a good dog man, but with all his knowledge he just didn't understand that using a dog like Red for varmints would be like using one of Mr. Haggin's finely bred saddle horses to do a mule's work. Nor did he seem to know that it was impossible to take a stick or club and bludgeon

every dog to the will of its master. Red was no ordinary dog. He was sensitive, highstrung, and a whipping would only make him hate or fear the person who gave it to him.

Danny shook his head. Red, being what he was, just naturally had to hunt partridges, and Ross would never understand that either. A partridge dog would be worse than useless if he left the hunt to chase whatever else crossed his path.

There was a rustling ahead, in a little patch of ferns, and Red sprang joyously forward to dive into them. Ross broke into a little trot, and when Danny came up beside him he was looking at the brown entrance of a burrow in the centre of the ferns. Red was digging with his front paws in the mouth of the burrow, and a little geyser of dirt spouted out on either side.

Ross said scornfully, "Your New York dog's tryin' to dig hisself out a woodchuck now, Danny. Talk to him, and tell him real gentle-like what a naughty boy he is!"

DANNY shifted his feet uncomfortably, and looked from the growing pile of dirt behind Red to Ross. The big setter, shoulder-deep in the hole, came to a turn and swerved to dig in this new direction. Danny reached down to twine his fingers in Red's collar, and drew him out of the hole.

"Come out of there," he said as roughly as he could.

The big dog stood panting as he gazed eagerly back down the hole. He made a little lunge as though to get back in, and Danny took a firmer grasp on his collar. Red bent his head, snuffing at the hot scent of the woodchuck in the hole. He whined eagerly. Ross's frozen face melted.

"Don't look so miserable about it," he said. "All the dog needs is some more teachin'. Any tenderfoot dog worth its salt is goin' to chase any kind of varmint. But, what a varmint dog this'n'll make!"

Danny gulped wretchedly. "What should I ought to do about it, Pappy?"

"I'd give him a hidin'," Ross suggested seriously. "Now if'n he had a coon up a tree, I'd say let him go to it for all he's worth. But a varmint dog just can't stay at dens, and dig into every one he runs over. It takes too much time, and he's got to have a mind to stop it."

"But you can't give Red a lickin'!" Danny said desperately. "He's too smart and sensitive. Given I licked him he—he'd have no trust in me any more."

"Do tell!" Ross scoffed. "The dog was never born as didn't need to have sense licked into him at least once! But, as I said before, it's your dog. Bring him along and we'll get on with our fishin'."

Danny tugged on Red's collar, and the big setter strained backward toward the woodchuck hole. Danny dragged him from it, with Red protesting every step of the way, and when they had gone a hundred feet farther set him free. Red mounted an ant hill, and waved his plumed tail gently as he stared back toward the enticing den. Then he bounded to a moss-covered stump and smelled eagerly at it. Danny watched worriedly. A partridge dog had always to work within range of the hunter with him. And, of course, he must learn that partridges were the only game he could hunt. A dog that chased off after everything that crossed its path would be worse than useless.

But how to break him of his penchant for chasing varmints? Ross scoffed at the notion that a whipping would hurt him, but Danny knew better. Red had depths of feeling and sensitivity that he had seen in no other dog, and he was proud. He wouldn't bear the lash any more than would a proud man. Danny looked worriedly at Ross's back. Sometimes it seemed that taking care

of a highly bred dog brought more perplexing problems than anything else.

A small buck with ragged shreds of velvet clinging to his nearly matured antlers stepped from behind a beech tree and stood looking at them. Ross halted. The wind shifted, carried to the buck the scent of human beings, and with a rasping snort and a mighty leap he hoisted his white tail over his back and bounded away. Ross lifted the fishing rod he carried and with the imaginary gun followed the buck's course. He turned to grin.

"I could of had him," he said. "I could of had him three-four times while he tore through the trees that-away."

"Reckon you could, Pappy," Danny agreed. He had seen Ross bring down a buck running through slashings and a hundred yards away.

But he was studying Red, and heaved a great sigh of relief when the big setter betrayed no more than a passing interest in the buck. Deer scent, he knew, was the most pungent and exciting of any scent. Probably the hardest part of training any dog was to teach it not to run deer, and a dog that would run them was almost incurable. Danny had known of deer-running hounds to follow eagerly a scent two days old. But most hounds took naturally to running deer, and most setters would do so only if their interest in deer was deliberately encouraged.

Two hundred yards farther on they flushed a doe and her adolescent fawn, and Red merely looked at them. He fell in beside Danny, and Danny reached gratefully down to stroke his ear.

THEY came to sunlit meadow with a tangle of blackberry briars at one end and lush wild hay carpeting the remainder. Smokey Creek brushed the far side of the meadow and broadened into a long pool deep at the upper end and shallow at the lower. The shiners Ross wanted swarmed in the pool, and there were a few big bass there. Trout occasionally came into the pool, but preferred the more secluded and shadier portions of the creek.

Red left Danny's side and darted swiftly forward. He paused to look back, then advanced another ten feet. Ross stopped perplexedly, studying the dog as he lifted one forefoot and held his tail stiffly behind him. Danny exulted, and some of the anxiety that had sat so heavily upon him since he had discovered Red's bent for chasing varmints departed. He knew these signs. Red was on partridges now, and if he was somewhat clumsy about it he still was not doing badly for a dog that had had no training. Danny laid the rod and can of bait he carried on the ground, and stooped to pick up a stone. He walked quietly forward, grasped Red's collar, and cast the stone into the small patch of blackberries at which he was pointing.

A partridge thundered up and soared across the meadow into the beech woods. Red whined, and twisted under Danny's restraining hand as he strove to follow. He reared with his front feet pawing the air. Danny held him.

"Easy," he murmured. "Don't get excited."

The big setter dropped back to earth and stood watching the place where the partridge had disappeared. As soon as Danny let him go he raced out to cast around in circles and look for another bird. Danny watched him, leaping high in the tall grass so he could both see and scent, and turned to Ross with shining eyes.

"He had a partridge that time!" he ejaculated.

"I see he did." Ross looked disapprovingly at the ranging dog. "That's bad, Danny. A varmint dog shouldn't hunt nothin' but varmints. He sure oughtn't to go chasin' off after birds."

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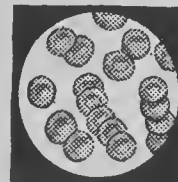
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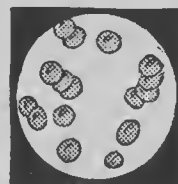
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Danny said nothing.

Red came bounding back, and splashed shoulder-deep into the pool to lap thirstily at its crystal-clear water. He lay down to cool himself. A school of suckers moved sluggishly away from him, and a half dozen shiners darted erratically toward the bank, where they fell to nosing about the flat rocks that dotted the pool's bottom. Ross strung up his rod, baited the hook, and cast. Almost as soon as the line settled into the water a gentle tugging told of a bite. Ross struck, and his four-ounce rod curved slightly as he played a shiner in to the bank and slipped it into the live-bag that he had tied to a willow root beside the pool.

Red splashed out of the pool, stretched in the sun at Danny's feet, and went to sleep. Danny strung his own rod, cast, and almost immediately caught a fat chub. He put it in the live-bag, re-baited his hook, and caught another. There was no sport in catching chubs and shiners, but fish was the basis of almost every scent that he and Ross used on the far-flung traplines when winter came, and they took a major portion of their livelihood from trapping. For two hours they fished, until the live-bag was swarming with shiners.

Then, instead of the gentle tug that told of a shiner nibbling, Danny's line started straight across the pool. He let it go, feeling through the line and the wand-like rod that a big fish was on this time. The line stopped moving, and Danny waited tensely with two feet of slack looping from the reel.

"You better draw your line in," he warned Ross. "I got a bass out there fiddlin' with my bait, and he feels like a big 'un. Given I ketch him, we won't eat side meat for supper."

Again the line began to move, and Danny struck hard. Out in the black pool, where the taut line dipped into the water, there was a swirling little ripple. Far out, a gleaming, bronze-black bass broke water and splashed back in as he strove to shake the hook. He bore toward the bottom, and Danny paid out more line as he let him go. The rod, one that Ross himself had made, bent almost double. Danny elevated the tip, to let the fighting fish tire itself against the spring, and stripped in ten feet of line as the bass surged toward the bank. Red rose, and stood watching interestedly.

"Hang on!" Ross yelled. "He's a nice 'un!"

"I'm a-tryin' to," Danny panted.

The bass turned back into the pool, and Danny paid out the line that he had retrieved. Again the fish broke

water, rising high above the surface and falling back into it. He began to run in little circles that grew shorter as he became more tired, and Danny played him toward the bank. Slowly he fought the bass into the shallows, and Ross waded out to stand knee-deep in the water. He ran his fingers down Danny's taut line, fastened them in the bass's gills, and lifted him triumphantly free of the pool.

"Four pounds!" he gloated. "Danny, I disremember any such bass taken from Smokey Creek before."

"He sure is purty," Danny agreed. "And he'll go plenty good for supper, huh?"

"You bet," Ross agreed. "What say we catch a half dozen more shiners and go home. It's nigh on to evenin' time."

THEY fished ten minutes, added six more to the bag of shiners, and dismounted their rods. The sun was sinking in the west, and a golden aureole glowed on the summits of the tallest mountains. Far back in the forests a fox yelled, and the wan, sad cry of a mourning dove came from the nearby beeches. But aside from that the forest was strangely hushed. Red ranged ahead of them as they walked homeward, sniffing at likely cracks and crevices wherever he found them, and when they passed the woodchuck hole he sniffed long and deeply at it. But few of the wilderness creatures were moving.

They came to the fence, and Danny lifted it to let Red crawl under. Ross climbed over, and Danny was about to do so when a rabbit burst from a bunch of thistle and went bounding across the pasture.

With a wild yell, Red was after it. The rabbit lengthened out, his white tail twinkling as he called on every bit of speed he possessed. Red flew, tail close to the ground and head up as he strove to overtake this enticing quarry. Chained to their kennels, the four hounds bayed loud encouragement. Even Asa, the mule, overcame his customary indifference to everything sufficiently to raise his head and watch.

Danny yelled, "Red, come back here! Come back!"

The big setter paid no heed, but bounded on after the fleeing rabbit. A half jump ahead of the dog, it flashed beneath a rock pile and disappeared. With his hind-quarters in the air and his front ones close to the ground, Red pawed futilely at the rocks. Danny ran up, grasped his collar, and jerked him roughly aside.



"Teacher says you did so much of my homework you should have a report card too, Daddy!"

"You, Red! I dunno what I will do with you, anyhow!"

Ross walked up. "Goll ding it, I said I wouldn't meddle in the way you teach your dog. But he sure needs a hidin'. You let him sniff into dens and holes thataway, and he ain't never goin' to be no good for anything."

"Pappy, I won't whip that dog!"

Ross shrugged.

Red looked happily up, tongue lolling, tail wagging, and a bright, devilish gleam in his eye. Danny's heart melted. Red was smart, with all the heart and courage that anyone could ask for or expect to find in a dog. There must be some method, other than whipping, to wean him away from this sort of chasing and make him hunt partridges only. Danny gritted his teeth. It was up to him to find that method. He pulled Red into the house.

Ross took their catch of shiners into the shed, and began to prepare the trap-line scents that only he could make properly. Red went out to lie down on the porch. Danny skinned the bass, split it, and removed the heavy spinal bone. He laid the two halves in a pan of cold water and added a little salt. Red pushed the door open with his nose and came back in. Danny looked fondly at him.

"Rabbit-chaser," he murmured. "Darn old rabbit-chaser. When you goin' to get some sense into you?"

Red thumped the floor with his tail while Danny took the two halves of bass and laid them in a hot skillet. He sliced potatoes in another skillet, and put them on the stove to fry while he set the table. His hands covered with fish scales, Ross entered and washed. He took his home-made violin from its case, drew the bow across it a couple of times, and sat on a chair to coax from it the haunting strains of "Johnny O'Dare." Danny sang softly with him,

*"Johnny O'Dare the moon is glowin',
The silver clouds in the sky are showin',*

*And I sit alone but alone am knowin',
You'll come home to me Johnny O'Dare."*

He grinned. The day was gone, and with it all the doubts and perplexities it had brought. He, Ross, and Red, were alone with plenty to eat and a song in their hearts. It was enough. Danny put the cooked food on the table, and Ross returned the violin to its case. Both sat down to eat.

"What we goin' to do tomorrow, Pappy?" Danny asked.

"Mr. Haggin asked me to fetch him twenty-four quarts of blackberries," Ross said. "I better get at that come mornin'; he'll pay fifteen cents a quart. After that I won't be able to take any side jobs on account there's trap-lines that ain't staked out and I feel a ache for a varmint hunt. How would you like to chop down and trim a few trees for wood?"

"Sure. Fine."

Ross took a great forkful of the bass. "This is mighty tasty fish, Danny. By the way, do you consider that we should ought to let that Red dog run along when I take the hounds on a varmint hunt? Ol' Mike could teach him some tricks, and he's smart enough to pick up where Mike leaves off."

Danny choked on the food in his mouth. "I, I just don't favor the notion of Red's runnin' with hounds."

Ross looked at him, a little resentfully. "Well, it's your dog."

DANNY went out to sit on the porch, while Red sat beside him and poked his nose into Danny's cupped hand. This was mighty serious. Ross had his heart set on making Red a varmint dog, and Red just couldn't be a varmint dog. It was in him to hunt birds, nothing else. Danny's right arm stole out to encircle the big setter's neck.

"You got to be a bird dog," he said. "You chase them little varmints be-

cause it's fun, but at heart you're a bird hunter. I sure wish Pappy'd understand. How we goin' to make him?"

Ross was already in bed when Danny re-entered the cottage and sought his own cot. And, though Danny was up with the sun, Ross had risen, prepared his own breakfast, taken his picking pails, and departed for the blackberry thickets. Danny milked the cow, fed Asa and Red, ate a great heap of pancakes, and took a razor-keen double-bitted axe from its rack in the closet. He went outside, strung Asa's leather and chain harness on the boney old mule, and hooked a long chain into the singletree that dragged behind. Asa followed indifferently when Danny started toward a stand of yellow birch that had grown up in the beeches. Mr. Haggin, who owned most of the beech woods as well as the great Wintapi estate, didn't want any other trees cut as long as there was scrap wood like yellow birch around.

Red ranged before them, sniffing at likely thickets and bits of brush along the way. He came to a stiff point beside a clump of laurel, and held it while Danny flushed two partridges. Red made an eager little jump forward, and stopped. Danny forgot to breathe. The dog was smart, plenty smart, and getting the idea that it was not right to chase the partridges he pointed. Danny frowned. If only he would get the same idea about varmints! But how to teach him without resorting to violent methods?

"I think you're doin' it out of devilishness alone," Danny murmured, more to himself than to the dog. "Doggonit, Red, why can't you stop?"

A hundred feet farther on Red had an ecstatic time chasing a chipmunk that was rooting in the fallen leaves for beech-nuts, and a little beyond he tore through the woods after a fleeing rabbit. Danny swung his axe and lopped down the thick weeds that had grown up beside the trail. Shouting at Red, as he had proven yesterday, did no good. Maybe, after all, he would have to use the choke collar and drag rope. He came to the stand of yellow birch, hitched Asa to one, and set to work felling the slender little trees.

Most of the day he worked, chopping the birches down, trimming the branches from them, and piling them in a great heap. In the middle of the afternoon he untied Asa, led him to the felled trees, hooked the chain around a dozen of them, and tightened it. He led the mule back down the trail, left the trees in the chip-littered wood yard behind the shanty, and went back for another load. Dusk had fallen when he went down the trail with the last of the trees, and blue smoke was rising lazily from the cabin's chimney. He led Asa to the wood yard, and was piling the trees on those already there, when Ross came from the cabin to stand silently watching.

"You got a right smart lot of wood," he finally observed. "You better give Asa a feed of grain and rub him down, too. I'll have some vittles for you when you come in."

Danny cared for the mule, hung the harness in the barn, and with Red padding beside him entered the house. Ross bent over the stove, and when Danny came in he turned to smile wanly.

"I bet you got a yen for grub," he said.

"I could eat," Danny admitted. "But I'm not so tired. Tell me about yourself. Did you see Mr. Haggin?"

"Yup." With studied deliberation Ross turned away from him and faced the stove. "I took him his berries. By the way, Danny, he wants you should bring that Red dog and come down in the mornin'. There's some sort of quality woman stayin' there, and I guess he wants she should see him."



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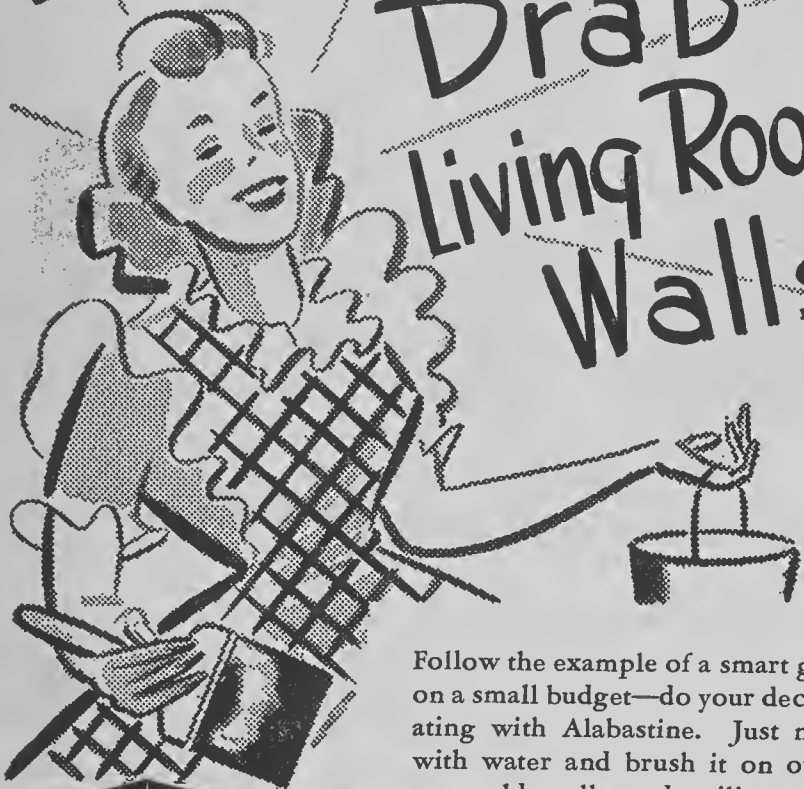
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"Why, sure. It's Mr. Haggin's dog. He's got the right to see him if he wants."

"Danny . . ."

"What?"

"I . . . Set down and eat your supper," Ross finished lamely. "You won't have nothin' else to do tomorrow. I'll take care of the wood you and Asa brought in."

"Two of us with cross-cut'll get it sawed quicker," Danny said. "What's the matter with you, Pappy?"

"Nothin'. Set and eat."

Danny ate, and after eating strolled through the evening woods with Red while Ross washed the dishes. He was a little worried about his father. That Ross should even offer to wash the dishes was astounding in itself. Still, there didn't seem to be any physical difficulty; evidently Ross had something on his mind. When darkness fell, Danny went to bed.

HE was up very early, and scrubbed his face to the point of immaculateness in the tin basin. He put on a clean shirt and a fresh pair of trousers, and after breakfast, with Red frisking beside him, started down the Smokey Creek trail. A red fox leaped across the trail ahead of them, and Red dashed wildly to lunge at it. After ten minutes Red came back, panting heavily. Danny frowned and walked on. They broke out of the woods into the rolling acres of Mr. Haggin's estate, and started across them.

Red fell back to pace sedately at Danny's side, and Danny reached down to reassure himself by touching the dog's head. Of course Mr. Haggin was a mighty fine man, but just the same it was hard not to feel at least a little awed when approaching such magnificence as was to be encountered on his Wintapi estate. Danny saw two riders galloping on a pair of Mr. Haggin's blooded horses along a bridle trail, and looked carefully at them. One was Mr. Haggin himself, and the other looked like a woman. Danny stopped in front of the barn. The two riders galloped in, and Red backed uncertainly against his knees. A groom came forward to take their horses, and Mr. Haggin and his companion swung from their saddles to come toward Danny. Mr. Haggin's booming voice bridged the distance between them.

"Good morning, Danny."

"Mornin', sir. I brought Red down."

Danny was studying the woman. She was tall, slender, and moved with the easy grace of a sable. She was dressed in riding breeches, polished boots, and a silken shirt. Her black hair had blown back on her head, and her cheeks were flushed. Certainly it was the quality woman of whom Ross had spoken. Yet Danny twitched uncomfortably. There was something very hard and very cold about her, as though she had always had her own way and always intended to have it.

"Miss Grennan, meet Danny Pickett," Mr. Haggin said.

"Hello, Danny," the quality woman smiled.

"Howdy, ma'am," Danny mumbled.

"Miss Grennan's the manager of my Philadelphia branch," Mr. Haggin explained. "There's the dog I was telling you about, Katherine, Champion Sylvester's Boy."

"Oh, Dick, what a gorgeous creature!"

The quality woman knelt beside Red, and put her hand on his ruff. Red backed a little nearer to Danny, to get away from the smell of the perfume she wore. Danny looked at her with miserable eyes, knowing now why Ross had been so perturbed last night. The quality woman rose to her feet.

"Dick, give him to me."

"Whoa there! Wait a minute. What would you do with a dog like that?"

"Dick, let me have him."

Mr. Haggin coughed, and looked away.

He squirmed, and coughed again. "Now, Katherine, your sense of acquisitiveness . . ."

"Oh, you silly! Let me have him for six months, and show him off in Philly."

"I can't let you have that dog."

"Why not?"

"Danny."

Katherine Grennan smiled again. "What do you say, Danny?"

"Well, I sure wouldn't like to see Red leave here."

The quality woman was very cold now, and very hard. "I know you wouldn't, Danny. But it isn't your dog, is it? It belongs to Mr. Haggin, doesn't it?"

Danny said manfully, "Yes, ma'am."

"There!" she said triumphantly. "Now let me have him, Dick."

Mr. Haggin looked at Danny. "Do you think she should take him?"

"It's your dog," Danny said.

"There, old iron man!" the quality woman said. "You can't have another thing to say. Anyhow, he'll be back in six months."

Mr. Haggin shrugged helplessly. "All right, Danny. Do you want to leave him now or bring him down in the morning?"

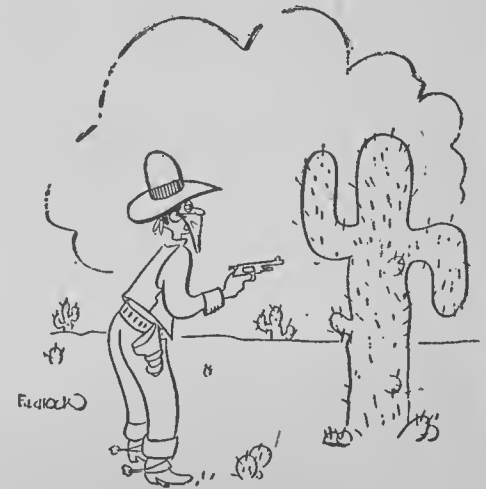
"Well," Danny hedged, "I could just as leave bring him in the mornin', and save you the bother of feedin' him tonight."

"Do that, Danny," the quality woman smiled. "I'll be leaving at eight o'clock."

WITH Red beside him, Danny turned miserably away. He swung from the trail to the foot of Misty Mountain, and started up its slope. When Red dashed after a squirrel, Danny only looked dully at him. The big dog might as well have his fun. Tomorrow morning he was going to Philadelphia, and that was almost as big as New York. There'd be no forest there, nothing except pavement and little patches of green grass that were called parks. With the back of his hand Danny wiped the tears from his eyes. The quality woman didn't really want a dog, or know what a fine dog was. She wanted Red because he looked nice, and would complement her own faultlessly groomed self. Every morning, probably, she would take him walking on a leash and the rest of the time he'd spend chained to some little kennel where there was just enough grass for him to scratch in.

It wasn't right to take a dog like Red away from the life he was meant for.

The bushes moved, and Red dashed happily in to chase whatever small creature was moving them. A little farther on he pointed two grouse, and Danny didn't even try to keep him from running after them when they flushed. All day he walked, up Misty Mountain, down its other side, and into the nameless gulleys and ravines that lay beyond. It was his last day with Red. True, the quality woman had said that she would bring him back in six months, but Danny didn't believe it. Once she got him, she'd find some excuse for keeping him. Darkness had



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fallen when Danny swung back to the clearing in the beech woods and stamped wearily into the cabin. Ross was there, sitting at the table and staring at the flickering kerosene lamp. He turned blankly around.

"The quality woman down to Mr. Haggin's," Danny explained dully. "Mr. Haggin give Red to her. She's takin' him come eight o'clock in the mornin'. I got to fetch him down then."

Ross nodded. "I figured she'd try to get her hooks in him given she saw him. I pegged her for that kind. What you goin' to do about it, Danny?"

"Take him down," Danny said hopelessly. "It's Mr. Haggin's rightful dog."

He sat miserably on a chair, pecked at the food that Ross put before him, and pillowed his chin in his hands. Ross filled and smoked a pipe, something he did only in times of great stress, and there was a long silence.

"You know what, Danny?" he said finally. "If I had the money cost of that dog, I'd buy him and give him to you."

"We haven't got seven thousand dollars," Danny said bitterly. "We haven't even got seventy dollars."

"That's right," Ross said tiredly.

Danny rose and sought his cot, praying for the sleep that would not come. Sleep brought forgetfulness, and if he could forget for only a few minutes... But the long night hours dragged dimly and endlessly on. Just before dawn he fell into a restless and dream-troubled slumber from which Ross awakened him.

"Danny, I don't want to bother you. But if you have to be down to Mr. Haggin's at eight o'clock, it's nearly quarter past seven."

"Sure, sure. Thanks for wakin' me, Pappy."

Danny got out of bed and Red padded eagerly in to greet him with lolling tongue and wagging tail. Danny tore his eyes away from the big setter, and put on the clean clothes he had worn yesterday. There must be no fumbling or faltering now—unless the quality woman wanted to walk into the country back of Stoney Lonesome to claim her dog! Danny stopped to pat Red's forehead, and with an effort walked past him to linger in front of the door.

"I—I'll have some vittles when I get back, Pappy," he said. "Likely it won't take me long."

"Sure."

Ross turned around to stare out of the window. Danny opened the door, and Red raced happily out. He dashed at a rabbit that was nibbling clover at the edge of the pasture, and ran it under the stone pile. After scratching at the unyielding stones a few seconds he ran down the trail to catch up with Danny. Danny walked stolidly forward, turning his head away from the dog. A powerful magnet seemed to be pulling him toward Stoney Lonesome, where he could take Red and where Mr. Haggin and the quality woman couldn't find him if he didn't want to be found. But that wouldn't be right. Red was Mr. Haggin's dog, and Mr. Haggin had a perfect right to do with him what he would.

Some tall grass beside the trail moved, and Red raced joyously down to investigate. He jumped into the grass, remained a moment, and came stumbling out. For a bit he stood in the trail, and rubbed his face in its gravelled bottom.

Danny said sternly, "Heel."

HE marched steadily on, not looking around. Red had his last run after a varmint. When he got to Philadelphia there might be a cat or two for him to chase, but certainly there would be nothing more. Danny took a deep breath, and plunged out of the forest onto Mr. Haggin's estate. He saw Mr. Haggin, standing with one foot on the

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running-board of a smart roadster, and the quality woman in it with her hands on the wheel. She looked curiously around, as Mr. Haggin said,

"Good morning, Danny."

"Mornin', sir."

The quality woman took a silk handkerchief from her purse and held it delicately against her nose. Red backed against Danny's knees, and Danny steeled his aching heart. The big setter did not want to go. But he must go. Danny stooped, put one arm around Red's chest and the other about his rear legs. He lifted him bodily, and deposited him on the polished leather seat beside the quality woman.

"Here's your dog, ma'am," he murmured.

Suddenly and violently the quality woman recoiled. She grimaced, grabbed the silk handkerchief with both hands, and plastered it against her nose.

"Get that thing out of here!" she gasped.

Red hopped over the side of the car, and squeezed very close to Danny's legs. The woman turned furious eyes on Mr. Haggin, whose face had turned purple and whose mouth was emitting subdued gurgles.

"Dick, if this is your idea of a joke . . . !"

"Now, Katherine, I swear that I had nothing whatever to do with it."

The quality woman put her car in gear, stepped on the gas, and gravel spurted from beneath the wheels as she roared toward the road. Mr. Haggin gasped, and burst into gales of uncontrolled laughter. Danny watched wonderingly.

"Oh Lord!" Mr. Haggin said at last. "That's the best I ever saw! Katherine thought she knew everything, and found out that she still has something to learn. Take your dog and go back into the beech woods, Danny. He's safe now."

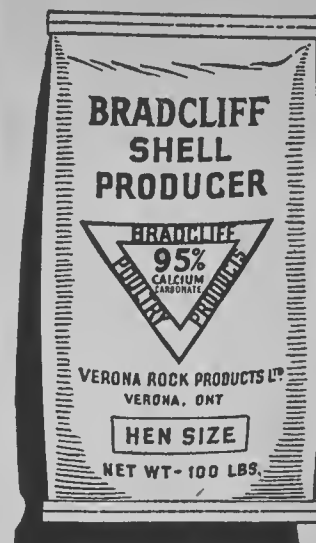
But Danny had already gone, was racing up the Smokey Creek trail on winged feet, with Red gambolling happily beside him. A small rabbit hopped across the trail, and Red made a wide circle around it. Danny burst into the cabin.

"Pappy!" he yelled. "Pappy, I got Red back and I'm goin' to keep him. He don't chase varmints no more, either; he wouldn't run at a little old rabbit in the trail. The quality woman, she's gone and she don't want him, just because on the way down he jumped on a skunk! Can you imagine anybody not wantin' a dog like him just because he smells?"

Ross's eyes were shining, but he shook his head gravely. "City women are funny thataway," he observed. "I'm so glad for you, Danny. But you better take your dog down to the crick and wash him off. He do smell a bit, but in a couple of weeks you won't hardly notice it a'tall."

THE summer days faded like golden shadows one into the other, and the first frost came to leave its delicate traceries on the earth and a riot of color behind it. Danny went into the deep woods with Ross, packing loads of traps and caching them in hollow stumps and caverns where all traces of man scent would be eliminated. He climbed mountains and travelled streams, blazing with his axe every place where a set trap might take a fur-bearing animal and getting ready for the long winter to come. But, when he was not doing that, he was abroad with Red.

The big setter had learned his most important lesson well, and no longer chased whatever ran before him or leaped on bushes when they moved. Slowly, bit by bit, he became woods-wise, and as soon as he had learned that partridges were the game desired, he worked conscientiously on them. He had that all-important requisite of a



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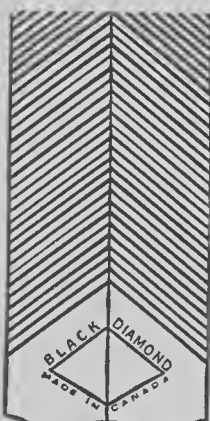
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shooting dog—the willingness to enter whole-heartedly into the spirit of the hunt, and when his roughest faults were smoothed over, he learned fast.

Danny taught him to quarter before him, always staying within sight, to respond to the wave of a hand when Danny wanted him to hunt cover to the left or right, and always to obey whatever other commands were given. The dog heeled perfectly, lay down on command, and remained there until instructed to get up. With difficulty Danny taught him to return to the house, leaving Danny in the woods, when told to do that, and started him retrieving with a soft ball. And, when he was finished, he knew that he was going to have a partridge dog.

Red was not perfect; it would take a season in the field and birds shot over him to make him perfect. Danny thought longingly of his shotgun, and the few birds he would have to shoot to give the big dog his final lessons. But the season was not open yet. He and Ross had never broken game laws, and he was not going to start now. Red's final training would just have to wait until it was legal.

With Red frisking before him, Danny tramped out of the beech woods on a frost-tinged evening in early autumn, and into the cabin. Ross was sitting at the table, his chin in his hands, staring out the open door at the haze-shrouded peak of Stoney Lonesome. Ross's four hounds had come out of their kennels, and each sat at the end of its chain staring at something that only they could see. Danny grinned. It was this way every year. When summer started to fade Ross worked hard and long to prepare for the trapping season. But little by little he became impatient, and by the time the first frost struck impatience would be a raging fever within him. Then he must take his hounds and go into the mountains for the season's first varmint hunt.

"Danny," said Ross, "do you think the trap-lines are in good shape?"

"Sure they are. We got a right handy lot of trappin' laid out for us," Danny grinned to himself.

His father resumed his staring out the door, while Danny busied himself preparing the evening meal. Ross was a proud man and a hard worker, and little was ever permitted to interfere with essential work. Because varmint hunting was his pleasure, he hesitated to go while there was other work to be done.

"Supper's ready," Danny announced.

ROSS moved moodily over and sat down, staring at the food before him. Danny watched him covertly, and a little anxiously. Ross had been working very hard, and his eyes showed it. But he was still trying to convince himself that there was work to be done on the trap-lines, and he could not possibly take a varmint hunt. Danny stopped eating, and said carelessly,

"Pappy, if the hounds are goin' to be in shape for the winter, they got to have some chasin'."

"Yeh, I know," Ross said absently.

"Then," Danny continued, "why don't you take 'em out for a varmint hunt, come mornin'?"

"Well, there's a little work to be done on the Lonesome Pond line . . ."

"You can't be caught in the winter with soft hounds," Danny warned.

"By Joe!" Ross slapped the table with his fist. "That's right, Danny. Guess I'd better take 'em out!"

"Sure. It's just as important as trappin'. You catch a lot of varmints with those hounds."

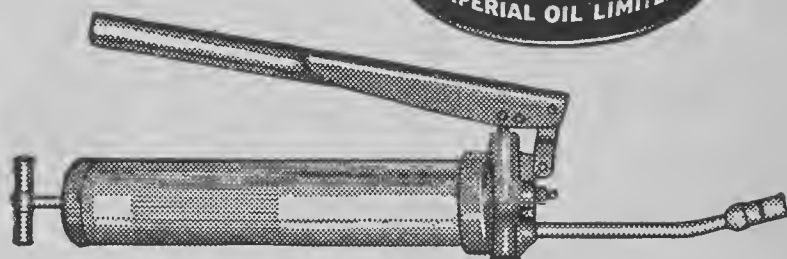
"That's right," Ross repeated. "Can I take the Red dog with me, Danny?"

Danny fidgeted. "That Red, I gotta work him some more."

"Mebbe so. I'll take him the next time."

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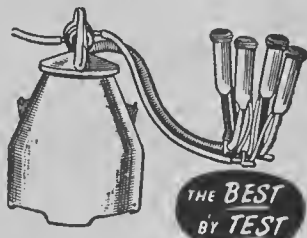
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Danny washed the dishes and read the latest issues of the outdoor magazines while Ross prepared happily for his hunt. Danny went to bed early, and when he awoke Ross had taken the four hounds and gone into the mountains. There was a roughly pencilled note on the table:

"Danny, don't worry if we ain't back tonight. If we jump a long runner, we may stay two days."

Danny went out on the porch to look at the weather. The maple tree in the pasture, under which Asa and the black and white cow rested when the sun shone hot, had streaks of red running through its leaves. The leaves on the beeches hung listless and yellow. A cold wind blew down from Stoney Lonesome, and Danny whistled happily. Autumn was surely the finest time of all. Partridge season opened in just a little more than three weeks, and he could go shooting with Red. Afterward he and Ross would lay in their winter's supply of venison, and when the deep snows came they'd don snowshoes and hit the long trails into the back country. Spring and summer in the Wintapi just couldn't compare to fall and winter.

Danny prepared breakfast, fed the big setter, and did the few other chores that needed doing. Then he took a pack basket from its hooks on the shed wall, and dumped thirty number-one steel traps into it. Ross was worrying about the Lonesome Pond trap-line, but he could stop worrying when he came home to find it all finished. That was the last line; all the others were ready.

Danny shouldered the basket, and the big setter frisked happily before him as he set off through the beech woods. The cold wind sighed down from Stoney Lonesome, and far off Danny thought he heard the mournful baying of a hound. He stopped to listen, but the sound was not repeated. Red walked toward a small hillock that was carpeted with wintergreen, and looked invitingly over his shoulder. But Danny snapped his fingers.

"Come back here, dog. There's work to be done."

He strode up the valley, following the course set by Smokey Creek through the huge beeches. A buck deer, with the last shreds of summer velvet gone from its branching antlers, stood silently as a wraith in the trees before him. The buck snorted, stamped the ground with a forefoot, and bounded away. A couple of crows cawed raucously from the top of a beech, and flew on the devil's business that their kind are always about. Then Danny broke through the last of the beeches on to Lonesome Pond.

THE beech woods ceased abruptly, and in an almost perfectly straight line flanked the edge of a weed-grown meadow. Here and there, ragged tamaracks reared their green heads through the great expanse of withered cat-tails and bulrushes that lined the suddenly widened valley.

The pond itself was a mere widening of Smokey Creek, a mile and a half long by a half a mile wide. Lonesome and sluggish, it rested between the acres of reeds and was flanked by the straggling tamaracks. It was a desolate place, but the little, conical houses that muskrats had built were strewn thickly wherever there was shallow water, and freshly cut reeds floated almost everywhere. Every year Ross and Danny took a hundred muskrats from the pond, and caught eight or ten mink on the little mud paths around it. Danny knelt to examine the bank.

Muskrats had been digging there, coming out of the water to root for the succulent bulbs that grew so abundantly around the pond. Danny deposited his pack on the bank, and went to one of the discouraged tamarack trees. With his knife he cut half a dozen forked

branches from it, and from a grove of willows beside the pond took twenty more. He returned to the water, took a trap from the basket, and thrust one of the sticks through the ring at the end of its chain. He drove it deep into the bank, pounding the fork down until nothing showed, and cast the trap into the water. Even muskrats were sometimes wary and hard to take. But they would become accustomed to the trap by the time the season opened, and pay no attention to it when it was set.

Danny worked slowly around the pond, leaving an unset but firmly staked trap at every likely place. He already knew the narrow paths under the banks where wandering mink ran, and he set the basket down forty feet from the first one. Red looked questioningly at him.

"Down!" commanded Danny.

The big setter crouched by the basket, and Danny took out a trap. He waded into the water, thirty feet from where he was to make the set, and made a long half-circle toward the spot. Careful to touch nothing that might retain human scent—mink were among the wariest of beasts—he staked the trap chain in the water. Then, with the blade of his axe, he lifted the trap onto the path and splashed water over it. He and Ross would be along later to set the traps, but when they did they would use deodorized gloves.

THE sun was sinking when Danny straightened up from the last trap and swung the empty pack basket to his shoulders. He sighed, and stretched his cramped muscles. But the Lonesome Pond line was finished and ready. There remained only the setting of the traps. Danny grinned down at Red.

"I feel like supper. How 'bout you?"

Together they walked back to the cabin in the beech woods. But the kennels were still empty; Ross was not back. If he didn't come before dark it meant that he would not be back. But it was best to give him an hour or so more. A man who had been tramping through the mountains all day would be hungry, and appreciate a hot meal.

With Red beside him, Danny walked out on the porch and sat on the top step sniffing hungrily at the fresh breeze that eddied about the cabin. It was just right, and smelled just right, with a strong hint of more frost and the barest promise of snow to follow. A straggling V-line of geese flew over the cabin, and their quavering calls drifted back down to it. Red raised his head with Danny to watch, and fell to sniffing at the bird-laden beech woods that began where the pasture ended. Danny pulled his ear.

"Stop sniffin' for partridges," he admonished. "We can't shoot 'em now anyhow."

In spite of his advice, he rose, and with Red circling happily ahead of him walked down the steps. The big dog snapped to a stiff point before a little group of pines that had somehow managed to find a root among the beeches, and when Danny advanced two partridges thundered out. Red danced on eager feet, watching them soar and disappear in the beech woods. Danny swung toward the barn, and passed it to enter the forest. The sun was almost gone now and the huge, gloomy trees, that had already shed a fair portion of their leaves, stood in the dank chill of an early autumn evening. Danny threaded his way through them to Smokey Creek.

Its dark waters curled around the beech roots, running alternately in quiet, leaf-laden pools and leaping rifles. Danny knelt to read in the mud bank beside the creek the story of the wayfarers that had been most recently along it. A she coon had led her family

along the stream, and under the small stones in a little back eddy they had caught crayfish. The restless trail of a wandering mink mingled with that of the coon family; he also had been fishing. A muskrat had been digging in the bank.

Danny wandered back to the house, cut chops from a side of pork in the spring house, peeled a kettle full of potatoes, and brewed fresh coffee. The day had been pleasantly warm, but the night was definitely cold, so he stuffed two blocks of tough oak wood into the stove. The lid glowed red, and the pleasant aroma that wood fire always creates filled the cabin. Danny put the potatoes over to boil, and laid the pork chops in a skillet. Probably Ross would not come. But he might, and if he did he would expect a hot meal ready. When the potatoes began to bubble, Danny moved them to a back lid and put the pork chops in their place. If Ross didn't come to eat his share, Danny could always make breakfast on whatever might be left.

He stood over the stove with a fork in his hand, and was just about to turn the sizzling pork chops when Red sprang to his feet. A little growl bubbled in his throat, and his hackles raised. Danny shoved the pork chops to the back of the stove and went to the door.

A moment later he saw Ross swing out of the forest into the clearing and start across it. Ross's rifle swung from his hand, and the pack was on his shoulders. Danny swallowed the lump that rose in his throat and went quietly back to the stove. His father's hunt had gone amiss. Of the four hounds that had started out with him that morning, only three were coming home. The missing one, Danny knew, lay somewhere in the mountains and would never hunt again.

TWENTY minutes later Ross entered the house. Danny had known that he would be that long; having had hounds in the mountains all day, Ross would take time to feed and care for them before attending to his own wants. Red rose, and padded politely across the floor to greet this other occupant of their home. Danny turned from the stove, and the cooked supper, to smile at his father. He knew better than to question Ross about his hounds.

"Hi, Pappy. I didn't know for sure whether you'd get home or not."

"Yep. I got here."

Ross's face was haggard, as were his eyes. Wearily he hung his rifle beside Danny's, sloshed water from one of the two tin pails into a tin basin, and washed his face and hands. He dropped on a chair and sat staring dully across the table. Danny tended busily to the already cooked pork chops, and glanced furtively at Red. Ross Pickett set a lot of store by his hounds, and it always cut him deeply to lose one. With the long fork Danny put the pork chops on a platter, and emptied the potatoes into a dish. He set them on the table along with butter, milk, and bread, and tried to make his voice gay.

"Supper's ready, Pappy. How'd it go today?"

Ross Pickett shook his head. "Bad, Danny, bad. I lost a hound."

"No!"

"Yes," Ross corrected. "The likeliest of the three pups it was, too."

"How'd you lose him?"

"Killed by a varmint, a cat varmint. We jumped him in that sag just under Stoney Lonesome, and I heard the hounds bay him a mile back in the brush. Time I got there, they'd gone. The pup lay by a rock, ripped to ribbons. We followed the varmint all day, but I never got a shot."

Danny said, "I'm right sad about it, Pappy."

Ross pecked at the food before him, still staring aimlessly across the table.

Danny busied himself with his own food, avoiding his father's face. Whoever hunted dangerous game with hounds was sure to have one killed once in a while. But Ross always grieved over such mishaps, and blamed himself for them. He picked up a pork chop, gnawed on it, and put it back on his plate.

"It's a big cat varmint, Danny," he said. "A big lynx or catamount."

He resumed his vacant staring over the table. Never given to futile outbursts, he would not now storm and rage. But Danny knew that his present moodiness was not wholly grief. The varmint that had killed the hound was still running free in the mountains. And even while he mourned the loss of one of his cherished dogs, Ross could still lay plans to avenge it. Danny knew that he was plotting the varmint's downfall now, and also that he was quite capable of pursuing it until he finally did overtake it, regardless of when that might be. No varmint of any description ever killed a Pickett hound and went scot-free.

Danny finished eating, and sat silently at the table until Ross, by pushing his plate aside, signified that he wanted no more. Danny flipped the half-eaten pork chops to Red, and the big setter carried them to the porch where he lay gnawing on them. Ross turned the kerosene lamp a little higher. He took his best hunting knife, one that he himself had made of tool-steel and that was always reserved for special occasions, and began to whet it on the fine side of an emery stone. The next time he went into the mountains he would carry that knife, and its next function would be to remove the pelt of the varmint that had killed his favorite pup. Danny shivered. There were grim depths in his father that only an occasion such as this could bring to the surface.

Quietly Danny gathered up the dishes, poured hot water from the tea kettle into a basin, and washed them. He glanced dubiously at his father, still sitting at the table whetting his knife to a razor edge. Ross raised his head, and stared fixedly at the flickering lamp before he spoke.

"Danny, I think that's a bad varmint."

Danny listened attentively as he always did when Ross spoke of varmints. He had hunted them all his life, and certainly no man knew more about them. Ross rested his chin on his hand.

"I do think so," he said, more to himself than to Danny. "It's no ordinary cat. It trapped that hound, and waited until it could trap it without hurt to itself. Then it got slick and clean away. It's a cunnin' thing, and a big one, and I think it aims to make itself boss of Stoney Lonesome. Danny, do you go up there, you carry a gun."

"I won't go without I'm ready for it," Danny promised.

"Don't," Ross admonished.

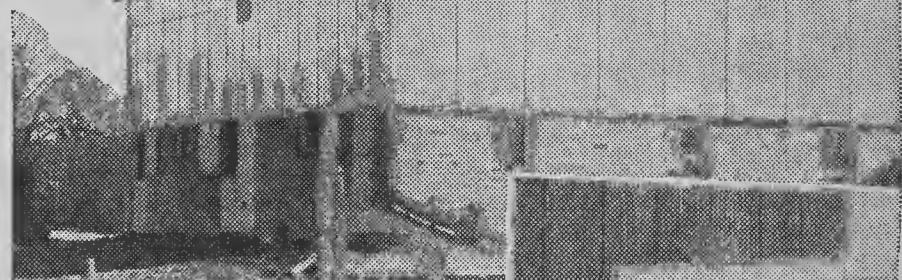
He fell to whetting the hunting knife again, and Danny stood uneasily watching him. Tomorrow morning, with his three remaining hounds, Ross would be again on the trail of the varmint. There was no use in even asking to accompany him because Ross would flatly refuse all aid. The varmint was a personal affair, and one that concerned him only.

"Guess I'll go for a walk," Danny said.

"Sure. Go ahead."

Danny walked down to the creek with Red, and took a swing through the beeches. When he came back to the cabin it was dark. Without striking a light Danny sought his own bed. In the black hours of the next morning, so early that the first hint of dawn had not even begun to show in the sky, he was awakened by Ross kindling a fire in the stove. Danny lay sleepily on his cot, and reached over to caress Red,

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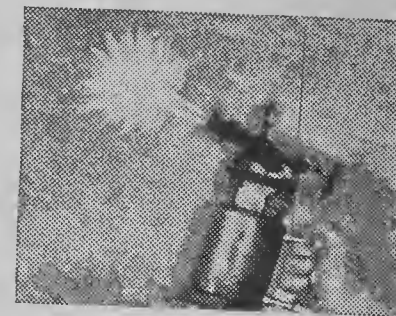
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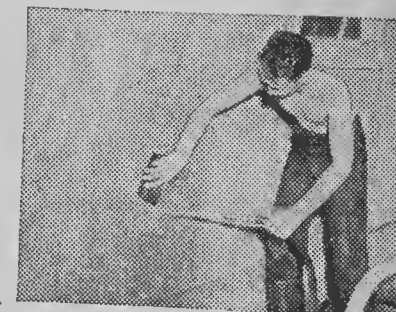
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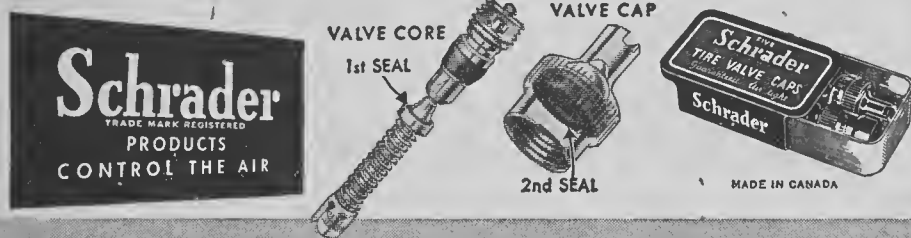
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VA-TRO-NOL**

while he watched his father prepare breakfast. Ross ate, and made a small pack in which he put bacon, salt, bread, and tea. He rolled the pack in his fringed hunting jacket, slung it across his shoulder, strapped the knife about his middle, and took his rifle from the rack. Quietly he stole out the door and closed it behind him.

Danny heard Old Mike, the leader of the hound pack, whine eagerly as Ross went to the kennels to release the hounds, and his father's gruff command to be quiet. Then there was silence, and Danny turned over to sleep until a more reasonable hour. There was nothing special to do today, aside from splitting a little wood, and therefore no reason to be up so early.

WHEN he awoke again, sunlight was streaming through the windows and a bluejay in the maple tree was shrieking invective at the mule. Red padded over to Danny's bed and scratched with his front paw at the blanket that covered it. Danny looked at Ross's empty bed, and the space on the deer horn rack that was usually occupied by Ross's rifle, and sighed. Ross would be far back in the mountains by this time, looking for the trail of the varmint that had killed his hound. Danny swung out of bed, and opened the door to let Red make his usual morning tour of the clearing. He washed, put on his clothing, and was preparing breakfast when he heard Red bark.

The dog barked again, and a series of challenging barks rolled from his throat as he ran toward the Smokey Creek trail. Danny reached for his rifle, and went to the door. Red stood just at the edge of the clearing. There was motion within the trees, and Red trotted forward with his tail wagging. A moment later John Bailey, the game warden who patrolled the Wintapi, broke out of the trees and with Red beside him started toward the cabin. He paused at the bottom of the steps, and grinned up at Danny.

"Are you going feuding?"

Danny grinned back. "Pappy had a hound killed by a varmint yesterday, and he allows it's a bad 'un. When I heard Red, I just thought I'd be set for anything. That's how come I got a gun."

John Bailey nodded. "What kind of varmint?"

"A cat varmint. Pappy's back in the hills huntin' it now."

"Hope he gets it," the warden said thoughtfully. "We can't have any cats killing deer in the Wintapi. Danny, are you too busy to do a little job for me?"

"Reckon not. What do you want?"

"There was a big buck hit by a car on the highway yesterday afternoon. Almost certainly he has a broken leg and internal injuries. But he isn't hurt so badly that he can't run. I tracked him a ways, to Blue Sag up on Stoney Lonesome, and marked where I left off with a handkerchief. He laid down three times, and there was blood in each bed. Do you want to pick up the trail and finish him?"

Danny nodded. A wounded beast, left alone, would run until it thought itself safe from pursuit. Then it would lie down, usually to suffer days of agony that would only end in death. It was far better to put the buck out of its pain as swiftly and mercifully as possible.

"Sure," Danny agreed. "Red and I'll go after him."

John Bailey reached down to tickle Red's ears. "Aren't you afraid the dog will learn to hunt deer?"

"No, sir," Danny said stoutly. "That dog hunts just what I want him to."

"Okay. When you get the buck, bring him here to your house and I'll come get him. Of course the meat will have to go to a hospital or the county home, but I'll pay you for your time."

"Sure thing."

John Bailey disappeared back down the trail, and Danny took his own rifle from its rack. He gave Asa a measure of oats, milked the cow and put the milk in the spring house, packed a lunch, and with Red careening happily before him set off through the beech woods toward Stoney Lonesome. A grey squirrel scampered around the side of a tree, and Red looked interestedly at it but let it go. He glanced back at Danny, and grinned foolishly. Danny grinned back. Red had learned his lesson well.

Danny toiled up Stoney Lonesome's steep slope, and halted before a huge, grey-trunked beech to get his bearings. Red stopped beside him, sitting on the ground with his plumed tail outstretched. A pileated woodpecker hammered on a tree, and a chipmunk with his cheek pouches stuffed full of beech nuts dived backward off a stump. A little gust of wind blew across the forest floor, and ruffled the fallen leaves. Danny cut a little to the left, and came to the edge of the shallow gulley that was called Blue Sag. He stood on the rim, his eyes roving up and down. Red walked into the gulley, sniffed interestedly along it, and raised his head suddenly to stare toward one of the big blue rocks from which the sag took its name. Danny's gaze followed his, and he saw a corner of John Bailey's white handkerchief beside the rock. Danny snapped his fingers and called Red to him.

"Heel," he ordered. "If there's tracks, I don't want 'em messed up."

With the dog walking behind him, he made a slow way to the rock and knelt to study the ground. A low whistle escaped him. John Bailey hadn't exaggerated when he called this a big buck. The imprint of its cloven hoofs were huge and plain beside the rock. But there was a little line where it had dragged one hind foot, and it had fallen twice in climbing out of Blue Sag. Danny put his hand in the scuffed leaves, and brought it away wet with blood.

"He's hurt, right enough," he murmured to himself. "It looks like he's hurt mortal bad. But he might go a smart piece yet."

He followed the trail to the top of Blue Sag, and stood pondering. Badly injured, the buck would not be likely to climb any hills or seek any other hard going. He would choose the easiest way, and that was straight around the rim of the mountain. If he deviated from that course he would go downhill. Danny followed the trail, walking swiftly where scuffed leaves made it plainly visible and painfully studying it out where the buck crossed hard or rocky ground. Red walked beside him, and when he would have gone uphill to hunt some partridges that he smelled there, Danny called him back.

By late afternoon they were far around the side of Stoney Lonesome, in a region of big and little boulders. The buck was walking more slowly now, and lying down more frequently. But he was only a little way ahead, floundering and working mightily to keep away from the pursuer that he knew was on his trail. Danny kept his rifle poised, ready for the first shot that might offer.

Then he walked around the edge of a boulder and placed his foot within six inches of the prostrate buck. For one brief second he had a glimpse of a huge, tortured grey body surmounted by a superb rack of horns. In split-second decision he raised his rifle and shot. At exactly the same second the buck, able to run no more and prepared to fight, hurled himself up and over. Danny scrambled wildly, and felt his flailing hand brush the side of the boulder. His head thudded against the rock and blackness enfolded him.

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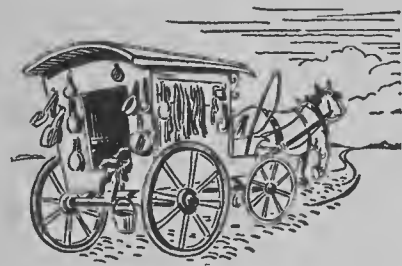
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EATON'S

WHEN he awoke it was night. His head throbbed painfully, and a great weight seemed to be crushing his right foot. For a few seconds he lay quietly. There was motion beside him and Red's anxious whine sounded in the darkness. Danny flung out a hand, found the dog, and felt Red's wet tongue licking his arm. Slowly he raised himself to a sitting position, and as soon as he did that his head cleared.

But when he tried to move his right foot, he could not. It was bent around the boulder, and held there in an unbreakable grip. Danny fumbled in his pocket for the box of matches that he always carried, and struck one against the boulder. In its wavering glare he saw the buck's head, upper body, and one of its huge antlers. The other antler was pressed tightly against the rock. Danny gulped. The antlers ended in a wide fork, and when the deer had thrown itself over on its back the fork on the right antler had closed over his leg, then wedged itself deep into the earth and against the rock to form an almost perfect trap.

Danny moved a little down hill to ease the strain. Sweat rolled from his forehead, and sharp pain travelled the length of his body as he strove with all his strength to pull himself loose. But the dead buck did not even move; the antler that pinned his foot was firmly wedged. Danny sat up, and leaned forward. By extending his fingers he could reach around the edge of the rock and touch the dead buck's throat and muzzle. But there was nothing on which he could get a firm hold. He lay back down.

"No time to lose your head, Danny," he murmured to himself. "You can't do a thing by flyin' off the handle."

A sharp wind blew around the side of Stoney Lonesome, and fluttering leaves rustled. Red snarled fiercely and rushed, barking, into the night. Danny whistled him back.

"Don't get excited," he murmured. "Little old leaves a-blowin', that's all. Take it easy Red."

Suddenly Danny was afraid. That wind would carry all along the side of Stoney Lonesome, and blow leaves before it. It would cover whatever trail he had made so thoroughly that nothing could follow it. Nobody, not even Ross, could guess exactly which way this buck had come or where he was. A search party would certainly be organized, and in time would find him. But how much time would that take? Danny felt as far as he could in every direction, but his groping fingers could not touch the rifle. Probably he had flung it when he fell.

He snapped his fingers. Almost immediately Red stood over him, half-seen and quivering in the darkness. The dog lowered his cold nose to touch Danny's cheeks, and whined. Danny lifted a hand to stroke his shoulder.

"Listen," he said, slowly and emphatically. "Listen careful, Red. Go home!"

RED whined and backed away. Danny waited eagerly, his fingers crossed and an unsaid prayer in his heart. If Red went home alone, Ross would know that something was amiss. He would also bring Red with him when he came to look for Danny, and almost certainly the big setter would lead him back here. But Red only sat on his haunches and bent his head down.

"Go home!" Danny ordered angrily. "Go home!"

Red whined again, and stood up to face into the darkness. The wind increased, and another gust of leaves blew around the side of the hill. A snarl rippled from the big setter's throat, and again he raced, barking, into the darkness. Danny felt cold despair creep through him, and then anger. For the first time Red had shown a flaw. Afraid

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1-1/2 teaspoons ginger	1/2 cup shortening

Tap with whipped cream and candy Easter eggs.

Sift flour once, then measure. Sift flour and

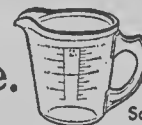
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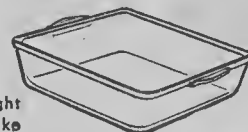
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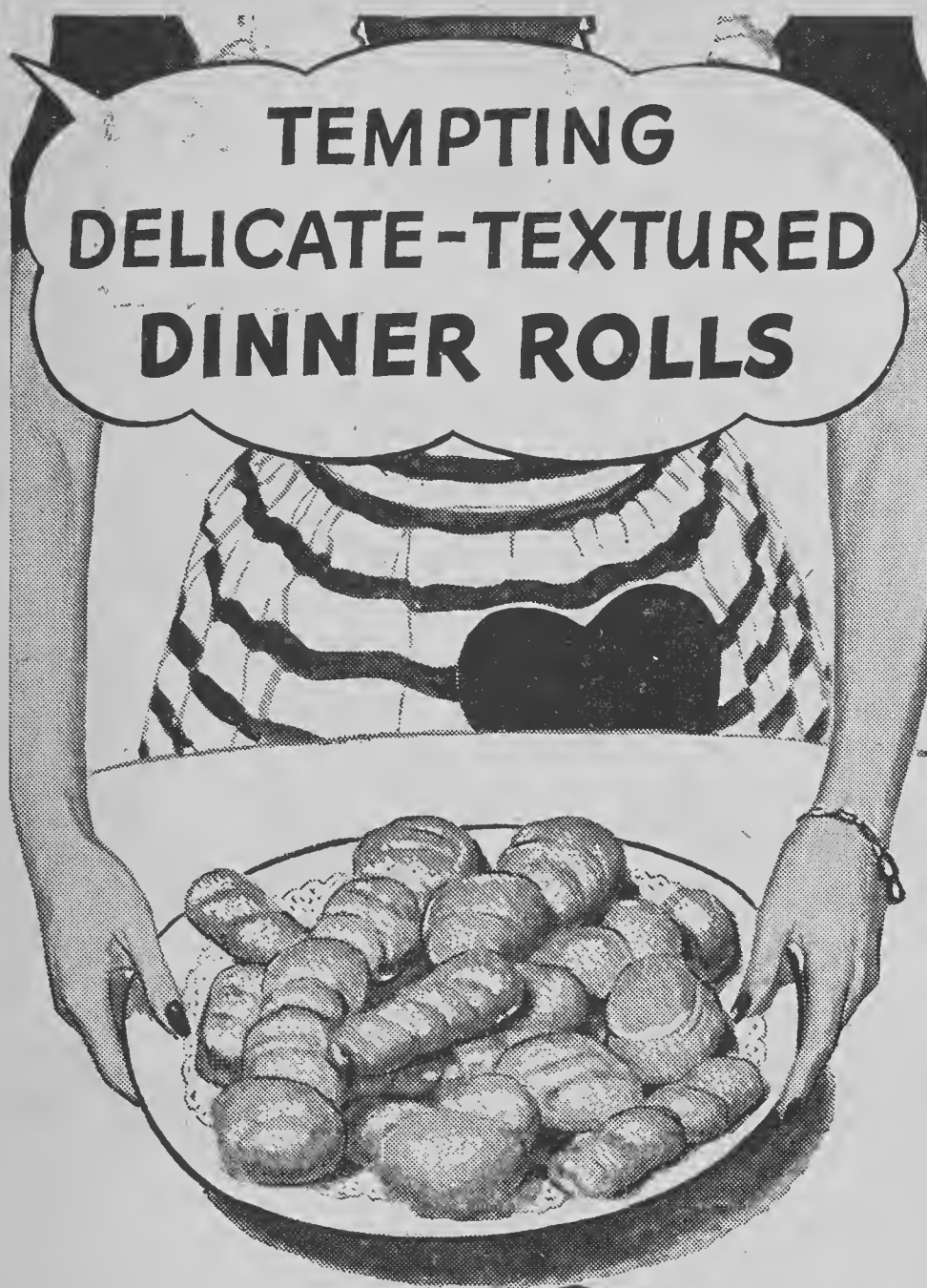
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of leaves blowing through the darkness! Danny choked back the sobs that rose in his throat. Red emerged from the night to lie beside him, and Danny brought his right hand up to cuff the dog's head.

"Go home!" he yelled. "Go home!"

Red backed a few feet away and sat down uncertainly. Danny writhed on the ground, but the antler that imprisoned him could not be moved. He was as helpless as if he had been tied.

"No time to lose your head," he repeated. "If that fool dog won't go home, think of somethin' else."

But there was nothing else except the darkness, the great pain in his foot, and the long, endless minutes. He bent his head toward the dog, and snapped his fingers. Red came cringing in to lie beside him, and Danny stroked his back.

"I'm sorry, Red," he muttered, "sorry I hit you. But, oh dog, if you'd just go home!"

The long night dragged painfully by, and twice more the leaves rustled. Each time Red ran, barking, into the darkness. At long last grey morning spread itself across the sky. With it, so suddenly and unexpectedly that Danny jumped, came the clamor of hounds. They were very close, baying within a few hundred feet of where Danny lay. Ten minutes after they arrived there was the sharp snap of a rifle. Danny sat painfully up and shouted.

"Hall-oo-oo!"

And he heard Ross Pickett's answering, "Hall-oo!"

Danny sat very still, listening to the rustling leaves that told him his father was on the way. He saw Ross, followed by the three hounds, appear among the trees and toil up the hill. Ross knelt to examine Danny's foot, and the swift concern on his face changed to a grin.

"It's what you get for shootin' deer out of season. But you ain't hurt bad. How long you been here?"

"All night."

"I'll get you out."

Ross caught the dead buck's antlers and heaved upward. Danny felt his foot come free, and rolled gratefully over. He sat up, and leaned forward to watch Ross massage his cramped foot. Red stretched full length in the leaves and watched approvingly. Danny glanced reproachfully at him.

"I'm sure glad you came, Pappy," he said. "I thought you might be home, and tried to send that fool dog there. But he wouldn't go. Mebbe he ain't as much dog as I thought he was. Every time the leaves rustled, he ran toward 'em barkin like all get out. A dog, scared in the dark! 'Tain't right."

For a moment Ross looked steadily at him. "I got the varmint," he said at last. "It's a big lynx."

"Yeah? I heard you shoot. How'd you get him, Pappy?"

"I kept the hounds on leashes, and slow-tracked him all day and all night," Ross said soberly. "When the trail freshened, I let the hounds go and they bayed him. Danny, that trail freshened within five hundred yards of where you're sittin' now, and there wasn't no low wind to rustle the leaves last night. That varmint was studyin' you, and the smell of the dog, and the smell of the dead buck, all night, and tryin' to figger if he was safe. It was him you heard, rustlin' the leaves when he came towards you. If it hadn't been for your dog... How you goin' to make it up to him, Danny?"

But just at that moment Red came forward, buried his nose in Danny's cupped hand, and closed his eyes blissfully while Danny scratched his ears.

There was nothing to make up.

(To be continued)



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The Countrywoman

ON a search for ideas of what farm people could use to make their houses more attractive, comfortable and efficient, I talked one day with a man who held a leading position in a business connected with building. In speaking of where people's money would likely be spent in the postwar period, he expressed the view that likely much more money would go into the building of good roads and highways than would go into the building of new and better houses and the renovating of old ones. Then he said: "Sometimes I think that it would be a good idea if for say the ten years following the end of the war no money were spent on furthering good roads. Then Canadian people might put more into the provision of better and more con-

There is need of giving high priority to better housing in the minds and plans of rural people

By AMY J. ROE

plan is a safe anchor for people when the winds of adversity blow. It can yield rich returns in comfort and satisfaction. A nation, where large numbers of people have a stake in homes is a comparatively secure nation.

Throughout the history of the human race it has always been necessary for the average family to devote a large percentage of its income to building or owning a house. Are we willing today to make the sacrifice of travel, ownership of cars and machinery towards the objective of an attractive and efficient home? In the farmer's budget there are many items which compete with the improvement of his house. Land, herds, barns, machinery and tools, those things through which the farmer hopes to increase his income often get top priority and the "better house" often has to wait until long after the children are grown and have left home. In the meantime possibly the homemaker has worn herself out trying to cope with work in an inefficient and uncomfortable dwelling.

We need to re-sort our values today and decide where we are going to spend our money; where we are going to seek social satisfaction. There is no doubt but that women are going to play an important part in helping set those values. I would like to quote here the words of a speaker at a conference on Farm Housing held in Kentucky in 1945. "We have all seen literally thousands of farm homes changed because of the viewpoint acquired by the woman of the family. Women have obtained these viewpoints from magazines, picture shows and the radio, and have desired changes which have been made without great difficulty. Many of the small homes where standards are low also change."



Showing improvements made to farmhouse of Ernest Cockle, Leross, Sask.

venient houses. As it is very likely to be, much will be spent on roads and highways. Then people will want to buy more cars and travel about, feeling that pleasure comes by getting to somewhere else than home."

We are now in the postwar period. Already governments are getting ready extensive good road programs and making the necessary provision for huge expenditures of money. They are much more definite about roads than they are with programs of building of houses.

There is much more money in the country today than ever has been—fully twice as much as there was seven years ago. Perhaps there is enough for better houses and better roads and highways. It is not that people have not the money for house building today. Rather the lack is in materials, in knowledge of what type of design and construction is best and advice from competent sources on many practical matters such as insulation, heating, plumbing, electrification and storage.

We are still terribly short on the actual number of houses. Last July the Dominion Government set 60,000 as the number of houses that would be complete in 1946. The actual number turned out to be 62,500. So many houses in occupancy today are desperately in need of repair and remodelling. For many years before the war, and even before the depression, and very notably in the boom times of the depression there had been a decreasing interest on the part of Canadians in providing themselves with good housing. Economists have shown that the percentage of the national income going into housing has been falling all the time from the end of the First Great War to the beginning of the depression.

This can partly be explained by the inactivity of building trades and by the steady drift of population from the country to cities with the consequent demand for small rental units; rooms, suites and duplex quarters. Today there are not enough even of these to go around. A suite in town, some furniture, some savings and a car affords no real security when either a great boom or a severe depression comes. A well constructed, attractive and comfortable home, paid for or arranged for on a long-term payment

Story of Two Houses

"WE came to Canada in 1927, with five young children and determined to make a home for ourselves and family. I will leave you to judge how we succeeded," writes Mrs. Ernest Cockle of Leross, Sask. "Despite the depression we hung on and did our best. Our family has increased as has our worldly goods. What we have now was won through the combined efforts of all the family. We had two sons in the Services during the war. My husband is himself a disabled veteran of World War I.

"The small porch was built on in 1944 and in 1945 we finished the front porch and by spring plans were made to have it screened. Trees, shrubs and flowers were planted by my husband and I in an effort to make our surroundings attractive. We were anxious that our children should, as they grew up, always remember home with pleasant thoughts. We live in a mixed farming district 60 miles straight west of Yorkton. I keep daily weather records for the Meteorological Department at Ottawa, this work being entirely voluntary."

Mrs. Chris Boehmer who lives on a farm located two and a half miles west and one mile north of Balgonie, Sask., explains to our readers the improvements made on their house. "Our house was 18 by 42 feet, built of lumber. The built-on kitchen was taken down and the lumber used for changes. The whole house was raised and a foundation put under it. The north wall was taken off up to the roof and six feet were added to the north and south sides. A six-foot enclosed verandah on the south side has six windows in it. The six feet on the north made a nice kitchen from a tiny bedroom and a large bedroom from the hall. The stairs now go up between the kitchen and the dining room. We have a dining room and a living room. There are four bedrooms upstairs. The walls were covered with insul brick. We now have an exceptionally warm house. We have a 32-volt wind-charger and have sufficient light for the house and the dairy barn."

Using Personality Assets

PERSONALITY assets and liabilities, as well as financial ones should be taken stock of periodically. It is never too late to make changes and improvements. We may be the happier at the end of a year if we have closed out an old annoying characteristic. According to Dr. Margaret Wylie of the New York State College of Home Economics, the three most important ways to develop personality are: expression, control and improvement.

"The expression of the personality is both through word and deed, and any change in the type of expression means a change in the personality itself. Our words should be simple, clear, and vital; our talk free of gossip and malice. Our voices should be used well, kept low-pitched and well-modulated. This automatically rules out whining, scolding, nagging and complaining.

"Control is indispensable in personality development, especially control of emotions such as temper, excitement, suspicion and fear.

"Material possessions and ease do not make grown-ups happy any more than plenty of toys and nothing to do make a child happy. Creative activities help to bring happiness. Advancement depends upon our ability to do more things well and to find 'safety valves' and 'shock absorbers' in the form of humor, fun and creative outlets, to tide us over in times of trouble and sorrow. This means that we must learn more activities, to acquire new hobbies and interests to play and relax."

Prayer of the Harper

GILEAN DOUGLAS

*Lord, let the deep strings thunder, thunder;
Lord, let the soft strings croon and sigh,
Let them be telling of life and wonder,
Let them be showing the heart that I
Have plucked from the wind and the gannet's cry;
Have runed from the waves of the nested shore—
After our night of death and dying
Let there be singing, Lord, once more.*

A Planning Centre

A PLANNING centre in the home is an important convenience in these days when so many records and accounts should be kept. It saves time in locating wanted items and it saves much confusion and possible loss. A place where letters, bills, account books and recipes, each have a separate compartment and are easy to locate when wanted quickly; a place where scissors, paste, pens, ink, labels, ruler, paper and string—that is the nucleus planning centre.

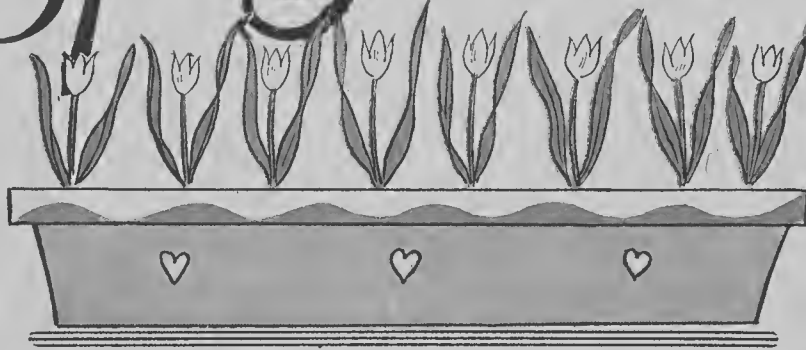
Such a centre is often handiest in the kitchen. It may be a desk, or simply a closet shelf or drawer, sub-divided with beaverboard or plywood partitions

Turn to page 91



An attractive dwelling made by alterations to the house of Chris Boehmer, Balgonie, Sask.

Spring Forecast

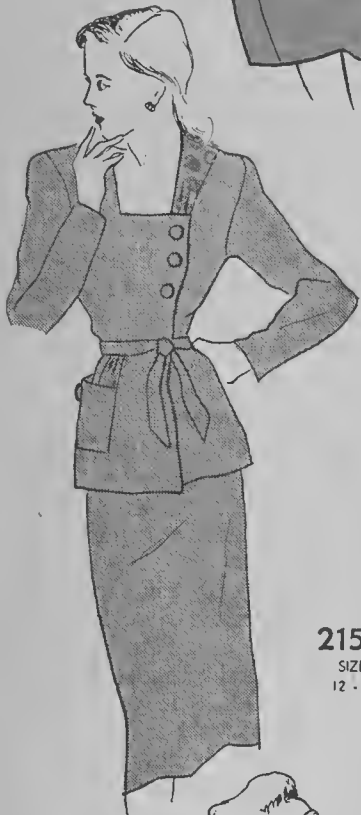


... this season's styles are feminine with softly rounded lines, touches of drapery and added fulness

by Marion R. McKee



2775



2155
SIZES
12 - 44



2668
SIZES 12 - 46

WHEN the first fresh breezes of spring blow, the feminine half of the population begins to think in terms of a new wardrobe and the newest fashion trends. Seldom are they disappointed, for each spring new and different styles point the way to smartness. Spring 1947 is no exception. The fashion designers have been freed from the restricting influence of textile shortages and government regulations, and may again follow their hearts' desire in lavish displays of fabrics.

The silhouette this year is longer, softly rounded and very feminine with no squared lines. The shapely padded shoulder has given away to a soft curve. Back interest is stressed with the use of bustle effects and peplums. Pleats are news for spring and add a delightful swish to skirts. They also show their appearance in sleeves and peplums. Lowered waistlines with a snug fitting top and a full, loose skirt are also part of the silhouette for spring.

Hemlines are dipping down, and the average length from the floor is now between 14 and 15 inches. Wearing the skirt two or three inches longer than previously is about right for spring. The skirt hem should reach the widest part of the calf curve. The longer skirt lends itself beautifully to the perfect balance of the hip interest of today's skirts. The uneven hemlines of the 1920's are also making a re-appearance in some of the more extreme styles.

Suits for 1947 are mostly non-classic in design, featuring no sharp or squared lines. The over-all picture of suits for spring presents a variation in pattern and design allowing any type of figure a choice of one that flatters. Skirts may be straight and narrow to go with the longer jacket, or full and loose to go with the shorter, tighter jackets. This fullness may take the form of flares, or be generously pleated all the way around, or only part way. Accordion pleats are back and very smart. The longer jacket in some suits dips below the hipline, with the skirt fairly long to carry out the line. Shoulders of suit sleeves are rounder and less severe, and softly feminine. Some suit sleeves boast of cuffs which are new and young looking. Pockets that are real and not just decorations are being used extensively, and patch pockets with a flap lead the field in popularity.

THE very latest in suit news is the new cutaway jacket, which swoops down from a high waistline in front and hugs the hips at the side and back in a long, graceful line. Another variation of this may be a flare of the jacket at either the side or back or both. Sometimes a half belt is placed across the back and lends a dashing air. This type of jacket is usually accompanied by a very slim, well-fitting skirt.

Short jackets buttoning snugly to the throat are the complement of the newer, fuller skirt. Some of these jackets have small collars, and some have not, depending on choice. The battle jacket, which has a band around the waist, is a delightfully informal type of spring suit, and lends itself well to bolder fabrics. New, too, is the short boxy jacket with the slim skirt.

Turn to page 88



2623
SIZES 10 - 20



2119

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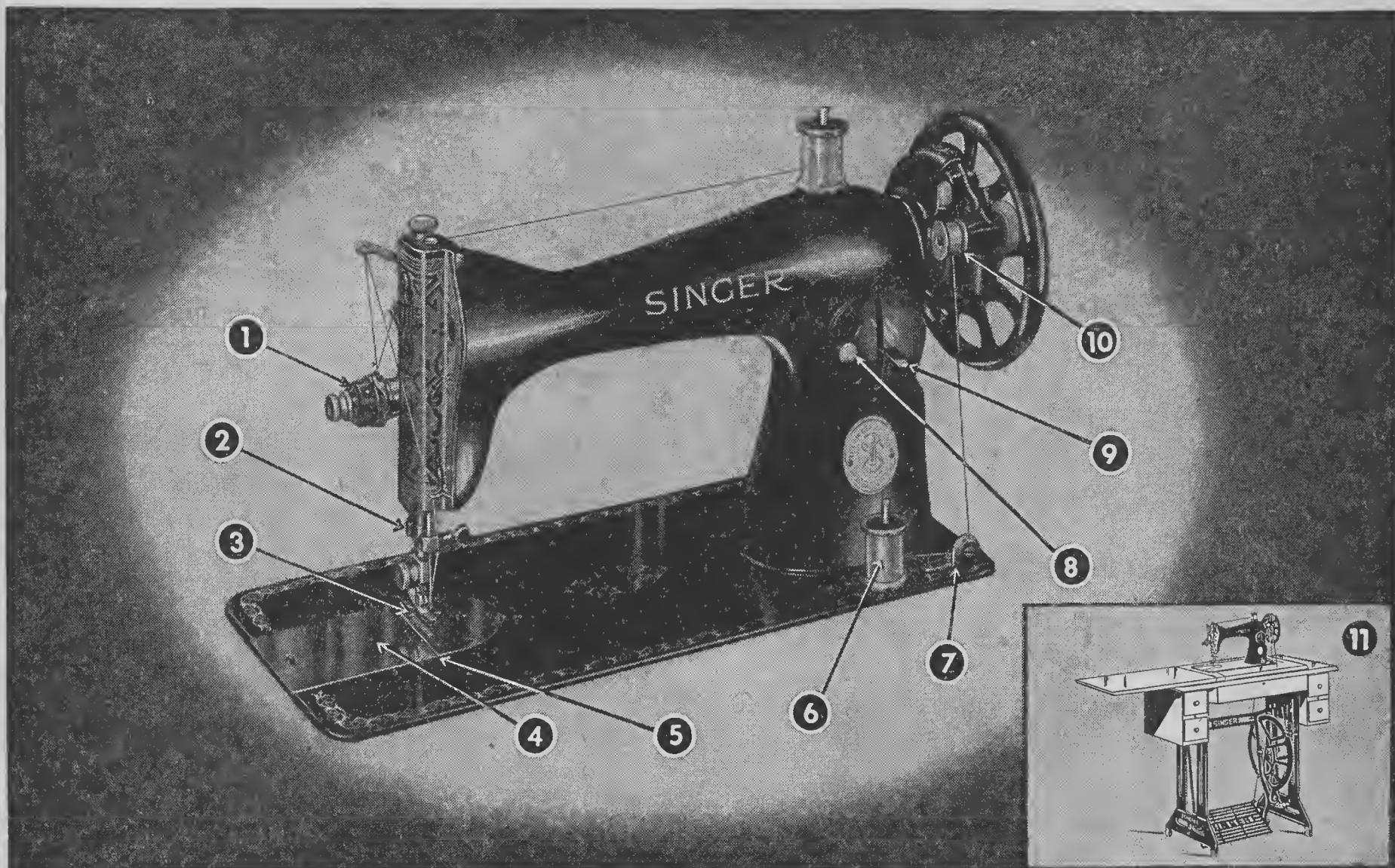
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Hot Breads

Afford a welcomed variety for springtime meals

THERE is no better way to revive a tired spring menu than by the use of quick breads. Ordinary bread is an old standby and a great favorite as an accompaniment for meals and for use in sandwiches, but a little variety and change is always welcome.

School lunches, which tend to become tiresome during the springtime, may be pepped up with sandwiches made from delicious quick breads. The children will love the change. The richer breads may take the place of cookies or cake in the lunch box. They are also ideal for the after-school snack.

Speed in mixing quick breads is highly recommended. It not only saves time but gives a finer product. After mixing, the batter is allowed to stand in the pan for 10 to 20 minutes before being baked. This gives the baking powder time to work, and makes a lighter, more tender loaf. It is best not to use too deep a pan to allow the centre to finish rising before the crust forms on top.

Cocoa Bread

2½ c. flour	1 egg
3 tsp. baking powder	1½ c. milk
½ tsp. salt	4 T. melted shortening
4 T. cocoa	
½ c. sugar	

Sift flour, add baking powder, salt, cocoa and sugar and sift again. Beat egg, add milk and melted shortening. Stir liquid ingredients into first mixture, blending only enough to moisten dry ingredients. Pour into greased loaf pan (about 10½x4x2½ inches deep) and allow to stand 15 to 20 minutes. Bake in a moderate oven (325 degrees Fahr.) for about 45 minutes.

Prune Bread

2 c. white flour	½ tsp. cinnamon
1 c. whole wheat flour	1 egg
½ tsp. baking powder	1 c. prunes, cooked and cut in pieces
1 tsp. baking soda	½ c. prune juice
½ tsp. salt	1 c. sour milk
½ c. sugar	2 T. shortening, melted

Sift the flour, measure; add whole wheat flour, baking powder, baking soda, salt, cinnamon and sugar; sift again. Beat egg, add prunes, prune juice, sour milk, and melted shortening. Stir liquid ingredients into first mixture blending only enough to moisten dry ingredients. Pour into greased loaf pan (about 11½x4½x3 inches deep) and allow to stand 20 minutes. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degree Fahr.) for about 45 minutes.

Banana Bread

1½ c. sifted flour	½ c. shortening
¾ tsp. soda	½ c. sugar
1¼ tsp. cream of tartar	2 eggs, well beaten
½ tsp. salt	1 c. mashed bananas (2 or 3 bananas)

Sift the flour, soda, cream of tartar and salt together three times. Cream shortening; add sugar and cream till light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat the mixture well. Add flour mixture alternately with the banana, a small amount at a time; beat the mixture after each addition until it is smooth. Pour into a well-greased loaf pan and bake it in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahr.) about one hour or until bread is done.

Orange Nut Bread

2 c. flour	2 T. strained lemon juice
½ tsp. salt	1 T. grated orange rind
½ tsp. soda	¼ tsp. grated lemon rind
¼ c. sugar	2 T. melted shortening
½ c. broken walnut meats	
1 well-beaten egg	
¼ c. strained orange juice	

Sift flour, salt, soda, and sugar. Add walnuts. Combine egg, orange juice, lemon juice, orange rind, lemon rind, and melted shortening; add to dry ingredients and stir until just mixed. Turn into greased 4½x8½ inch loaf pan lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahr.) 75 minutes.

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Casseroles are popular with the family and a help to the busy housewife



Boston baked beans are an old favorite, rich in flavor and food value.

FEW main dishes are simpler to prepare and more pleasant to eat than a steaming hot casserole. A whole dinner in the form of one of these one-dish meals may be quickly made and placed in the oven to cook along with a batch of cookies, a pie, or other oven dish.

Casseroles are thrifty for cheaper cuts of meat may be used. When these are combined with ordinary vegetables and just the right amount of seasoning the result is tempting and delicious, rivaling the more expensive dishes for flavor and food value. The combinations of meats, vegetables, fish, eggs and other foods in casseroles are almost limitless, thus providing the home maker with a great source of variety in the menu.

Left-overs are just the thing for use in casseroles. The remaining portion of a roast, chicken, or fish, may be combined in layers with left-over or new vegetables and seasonings, popped into the oven, and come out so appetizing the family will never think of it as a meal of left-overs. Using up odds and ends of an egg yolk or white, a small portion of gravy or soup, hard ends of cheese, and stale bread in the form of crumbs, is easy when preparing a casserole.

Besides being easy to prepare and economical, casseroles are time-saving. Instead of preparing three separate dishes only one is needed. A minimum time for watching during the cooking period is required, so other duties around the kitchen may be attended to. Dishwashing is cut down with just the one dish to clean. Serving dishes are eliminated as the whole casserole may be taken from the oven to the table and served as is.

Maryland Chicken en Casserole

1 to 3 lb. chicken
1 egg
1½ tsp. salt
2 c. bread crumbs

2 T. butter
6 slices bacon
Sprigs of fresh parsley

Clean the chicken and cut into suitable sized pieces for serving. Beat the egg well, add the salt and cover all parts of the chicken with the mixture. Then roll each piece in the bread crumbs until the entire surface is covered and arrange the pieces in a well buttered casserole. Dot with bits of butter and bake in a hot oven (425 degrees Fahr.) for approximately one and one-quarter hours. Serve from the casserole, garnished with bacon which has been cooked to crisp curls and with sprigs of fresh parsley. Serves five or six.

Boston Baked Beans

1 quart pea beans
¾ lb. fat salt pork
1 T. salt
3 T. sugar

1 T. to 1 c. molasses, according to taste
½ tsp. mustard, if desired
Boiling water

Pick over beans, cover with cold water, and soak overnight. Drain, cover with fresh water, heat slowly (keeping water below boiling point), and cook until skins will burst. Drain beans. Scald pork and scrape, remove ¼-inch slice, and put in bottom of bean pot. Cut through rind of remaining pork every half inch, making cuts 1-inch deep. Put beans in pot and bury pork in beans, leaving rind exposed. Mix salt, molasses, and sugar, add one cup boiling water and pour over beans; then add enough more boiling water to cover beans. Cover bean pot and bake 6 to 8 hours in slow oven (250 degrees Fahr.), uncovering the last hour of cooking, that rind may become brown and crisp. Add water as needed.

Scalloped Ham and Vegetables

In the bottom of a greased casserole place small pieces of left-over cooked ham. Cover with a layer of thinly sliced raw potatoes, then a layer of thinly sliced onion. Continue the layers thus until the dish is filled, having a layer of ham on top. Season with pepper, paprika, a dash of sage and thyme and a little mace. Blend two tablespoons of flour with two cups of milk and pour over the ingredients in the casserole. Bake for one half to three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven (375 degrees Fahr.).

Egg and Potato Casserole

3 large cooked potatoes
6 shelled hard cooked eggs, sliced
2½ c. peas
2 T. minced onion
Milk

3 T. butter
2 T. flour
1½ tsp. salt
Speck pepper
½ c. soft bread crumbs

Arrange the sliced potatoes, eggs, and the peas, from which the liquor has been drained and reserved, in alternate layers in a greased casserole. Cook the onion until tender in 2 T. of the butter, cooking in the top of a double boiler over direct heat. Add the flour and blend. Add the drained vegetable liquor with enough milk to make 2 c. liquid, and cook over hot water until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly. Add the salt and pepper and add to the casserole. Top with the bread crumbs mixed with the remaining 1 T. butter. Bake in a moderately hot oven of 400 degrees Fahr. for 30 minutes. Serves six.



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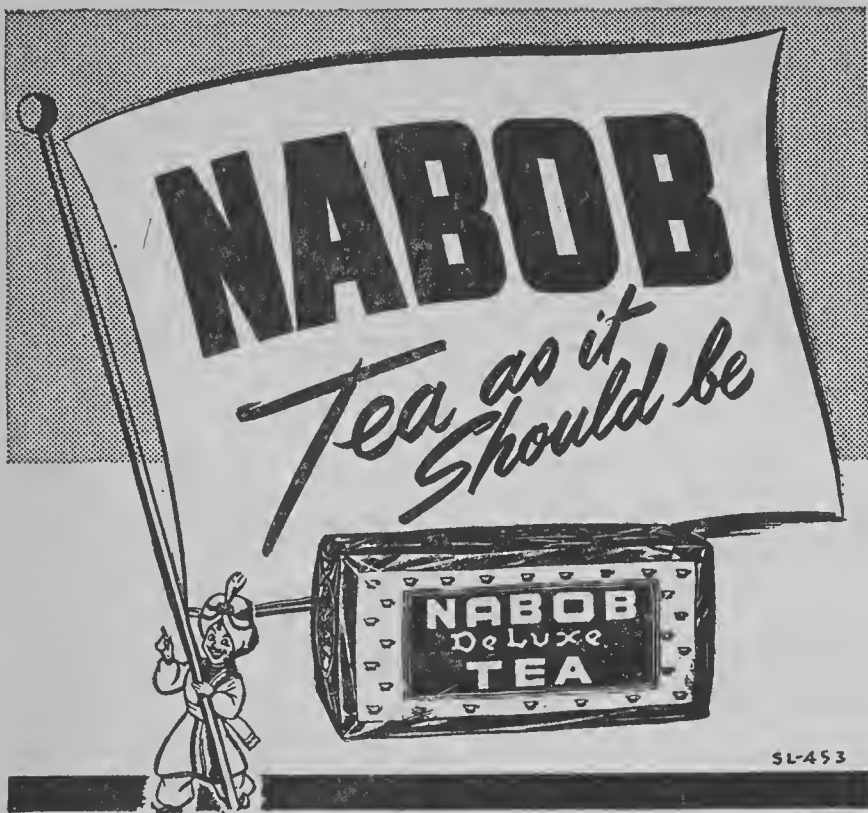
¼ cup shortening
1½ cups sugar
4 eggs
4 squares (4 oz.) unsweetened chocolate
1 teaspoon salt
2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour

3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
1½ cups milk
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
½ teaspoon peppermint extract
Mocha Frosting
Walnut halves

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition. Melt chocolate over hot water; add melted chocolate. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. Add vanilla and peppermint extracts. Pour into two greased 9-inch layer pans. Bake in moderate oven at 350°F., 30 minutes. Cool 5 minutes. Remove layers from pans; cool on wire rack. Spread frosting between layers and on top

and sides of cake. Decorate with walnut halves.

Mocha Frosting—Cream ¼ cup butter; Sift together 2½ cups confectioner's sugar and 2 tablespoons cocoa; gradually add, creaming constantly. Add about 3 tablespoons freshly made coffee to make mixture right consistency for spreading. Add a few grains salt. Mix well. If desired, a few drops of peppermint may be added to provide a Mint flavor to the frosting.



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Lamb, Lima Bean, Tomato Casserole
1½ lb. lamb or mutton 1 c. boiling water
1 tsp. salt
¼ c. flour ½ tsp. pepper
3 T. drippings, or 2 c. stewed tomatoes
bacon fat 2 c. fresh lima beans

Use uncooked meat from the neck or breast or left-over meat from any part; cut it in one inch cubes; roll these in flour and saute them in drippings until they are browned; then add the water and seasonings, and simmer about two hours, or until the meat is tender. Less time will be required if left-over meat is used.

Add the tomatoes and beans, bring the mixture to a boil and turn into a casserole. Bake it, covered, in a moderate oven (about 350 degrees Fahr.) for about one-half hour, or until the beans are soft. About six servings.

Easy Spaghetti Dinner

8 link sausages	2½ c. canned tomatoes
1 c. diced celery	1 tsp. pepper sauce
1 c. sliced onion	2½ tsp. salt
1 c. spaghetti	1 c. grated American cheese
1 c. diced carrots	

Brown sausages. Add celery and onion; brown. Add uncooked spaghetti, carrots, tomatoes, and seasonings; cover; simmer 35 minutes. Add cheese; cook five minutes. Serves six.

Liver and Spaghetti Casserole

1 c. beef or pork liver (diced)	½ tsp. salt
¾ c. tomato pulp	Pepper
½ T. chopped parsley	½ c. spaghetti
4 T. chopped onion	Boiling salted water
	1 T. fat

Add the onion to the melted fat and cook until lightly browned. Add the diced liver, parsley and seasonings, and cook for ten minutes. Add the tomato pulp obtained by forcing partially drained canned tomatoes through a sieve, and simmer for twenty minutes. Pour this mixture over the spaghetti which has been cooked until tender in the boiling salted water, drained and turned into a buttered casserole. Sprinkle with grated cheese and place in a moderate oven until the cheese is melted.

Spring Forecast

Continued from page 84

The jacket may play double duty as a shortie for print dresses and summer cottons. It is new and smart to line the jacket with a print or material to match a blouse or dress. The long cavalier jacket which is nipped in at the waist is dashing and different. Bolero and skirt outfits hold a favorite spot in the spring picture. A short belt at the back of the jacket is a variation, and may top a pleat or peplum contour. Slim, double-breasted suit coats are new and very smart.

There is a return of the ensemble, and a matching coat to go with the suit or one in a contrasting color is fashion news. If the suit is a plain color, the coat may be plaid or check, with the suit color in the design. The opposite of this combination could be used with the suit in the check and the coat in a plain color. Endless combinations of colors could be used in the ensemble.

Gabardine is still the favorite suit material for it makes a slim, slick line. However, all fabrics are good which are suited to the design, with the addition of the new corduroy which is being used a great deal.

Coats are especially interesting this season, showing a wide variation of styles. Generally speaking, the newest lines in coats are wide swinging and loose. Some of the coats even have hoods, and these may be lined with self-matching materials, or with a contrasting color. Looseness is stressed with a wide flaring back developed into a fish tail, and many folds of material. These coats usually have an open front falling gracefully from the shoulders. The sleeves are large and easy, and may be full length, or even three quarter and worn with long gloves. Balloon sleeves are the order of the day, and appear in all kinds of coats. Drop line shoulders with a rounded, easy-padded look make their appearance. These coats are long in length to match the longer hemlines of dresses.

Also sharing the coat popularity of spring are the shorties that have been with us for two seasons. New to the shortie lines are the full, wide, loose backs seen in the longer coats. They may also be boxy in contour with a smart, double-breasted closing in front and a wide swinging back. The straight up and down shortie is well liked and ideal for wear over dresses and long skirts. Plaid is to the fore with these short coats, and checks are a close second.

Classic lines of coats are always fashionable, and the tailored classic is

with us again this year. The belted type polo coat will be worn as usual, and be practical as well as smart. Princess line coats are shown, which feature buttons all the way down the front, with a small, round collar. Coats which tie at the side are popular for the mature figure.

Dresses feature the new points of spring. Smart indeed is the sheath-like skirt with emphasized fullness in the form of a peplum around the waist, or side drapery caught up at the waistline. The fullness may take the form of a bustle effect in the back gathered in pleats or ruffles, often leaving the front plain and unbelted. The longer line for spring is achieved by the use of a longer tunic and a longer hemline. Beltless dresses are news, featuring princess lines broken only by fullness in the back. Drapery in skirts and blouses is still popular and lends a graceful air. Side interest in the form of drapery, buttons, and openings shows the designers' desire to escape from the strictly central point of interest. The hobble skirt has made an appearance with the fullness gathered around the hips and tapering off to a minimum hem width. It is very smart for the slender figure. Pleats are especially new to dresses, and have a wide use in the all-around skirt, the pleated peplum and pleated cape-like sleeves.

NECKLINES for dresses have changed to a new and softer line. Cowl necklines, which add softness without adding bulk, are flattering to even the heavier figure. Draped necklines are feminine and delicate. Boat necklines are making an appearance, and sometimes go so far as to give a romantic, off-the-shoulder effect so flattering to youthful contours. Very new, too, is the square neckline in front with the V in back for afternoon and party wear. The high, round neckline, which lends itself so well to the wearing of costume jewelry, is still with us and as popular as ever. Little round collars and ruffles for the sweet look blend in beautifully with spring dresses. Bows at the neckline are making a re-appearance, and promise all sorts of variation in materials and colors.

Sleeves are taking an interesting turn. The brief cap sleeves are still in the limelight, but newer to the field are the capelike sleeves that fall softly from the shoulder. These may be pleated, softly draped, or almost straight across. Sometimes the cape extends across the entire front or back of the dress, and may even be removable. Capes in many forms are news for spring. Full balloon sleeves that are gathered on a tight band may be pushed up over the elbow or worn below at their three-quarter length. Long, full sleeves that are gathered on a wrist band are flattering and new. The dolman sleeve, which

enjoyed such popularity a season ago, is still on the fashion list. The sleeve interest may be concentrated on fullness below the elbow and around the wrist, while the upper part of the arm has a fairly narrow contour.

Boleros matching or in contrasting colors are being shown with dresses for spring. Redingotes are popular for prints. Fine dressmaker touches are being shown instead of little or no detail.

There are more fabrics available this year than previously. Lovely rayon materials in both prints and plain colors are more plentiful than last spring. Gaily colored real silk prints are coming back in yard goods and ready-made dresses. Sheer nylon fabrics are being shown, which are ideal for blouses and lingerie. Woollens are presented in beautiful colors and weaves and many different weights. Neither the cotton nor woollen materials are as plentiful as would be desired, but there is sufficient quantity available.

There is bolder use of color this year with no particular shade being stressed. Neutrals such as beiges and greys are favorites as always, and especially for coats and suits. Greens, blues, browns, reds, and every known color will take its place in the spring parade. Soft muted and greyed colors are flattering and delicate. Two and sometimes three colors will be used together this spring, in a single ensemble with a very striking effect. Prints are gay and combine colors in an effective manner.

THE new spring hat is always a point of interest to the feminine fashion mind. This year, hats tend to be smaller and more head fitting, with less decoration in the form of flowers and veiling. However, for those who desire a dressier hat, there are still straws and felts decorated in the traditional spring veiling and flowers. Large, top heavy hats are out, and few will be shown this season. Derby hats fitting closely to the head are ideal for the tailored outfit. Generally speaking the hats for 1947 are round, smallish and simple.

No spring costume is complete without accessories which are fitting to the outfit. Purses have become medium sized again instead of extra large as they have been the past few seasons. Shoulder strap purses are especially popular, and are ideal for tailored clothes and suits. Shoes are plainer and lack the former fussy bows and decorations. High heels are popular, and wedgies and low-heeled shoes are still fashion news. As a rule, shoes are closed more than previously.

Natural leather gloves are ideal for tailored clothes, while fabric gloves in many-colored designs are worn with dressy outfits. The fine leathers, such as kid or suede, are perfect for dress-up occasions. There is a choice of length, and either the short or longer glove is worn where it is suited.

Narrow belts, or no belts at all, are the note for spring. Very new and very smart is the umbrella walking stick covered with matching material, to be carried with a suit or dress. Metal buttons are by far the most popular for all types of wearing apparel and are shown in a variety of sizes. Scarves are worn as ascots for suits, over the head as a hood, or under the belt as side drapery. Lace is coming back as trimming, and is seen on cuffs and at the throat of many blouses, lending a delicate air. Insets of lace at the neck of a blouse is feminine and dainty. Blouses present a wide choice, and range from prints to the plainer colors. Long and short sleeves share popularity, and cap sleeves are ideal for suits.

Glamour pins have a new twist and are sometimes worn on the shoulder line of the suit for spring. Chatelaines lend themselves very effectively to this new treatment. All sorts of pins in various shapes and sizes are on the jewelry list for this season. Earrings may be large or small, to suit the wearer.

Just a word about hair styles. This year the hair is short, neat and rounded, rather than long and complicated. This type of hair style goes beautifully with the new, smaller hats.

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Canadian Writer

Autobiographical note by Elsie Fry Laurence, author of a short story in this issue

BORN and formally educated in England. At eighteen, went to Russia, and taught English, privately, for a little over two delightful years, with a gap at home between. Came to Canada to join brothers, with rest of family, a week before war was declared in 1914; when, brothers, of course, reversed the procedure. Married within a year, eldest son born while husband was overseas. A few years of office work, celebrated the return to domestic life with twins.

Reading a review of a novel in the "Sphere," my sister said: "Didn't you write a book called: 'Half a Gypsy'?" True: it was mine: written between the two Russian years and left in England with a friend. I had forgotten it entirely during the march of events, which sometimes move faster than pub-



Elsie Fry Laurence of Edson, Alta.

lishing. It was published under a pen-name, and there was a note to the effect that the author had died in Russia, of pneumonia; a supposition never explained.

Raising seven children (though we lost one, at nine), and battling the depression, were just too much for a few abortive attempts at novel and short story writing; though another novel was accepted by the same London firm, but returned later when they were also cutting down. A couple of short stories were sold and fifty odd poems. Have had two Ryerson chap-books out, and one larger collection of poems printed. And when one of my poems was included in the "Spirit of Canadian Democracy," I hoped that I had graduated as a Canadian. We had two sons and a daughter in the Air Force, all three are now in different universities!

In the last few years, have tried to stage a comeback: sold a number of stories to "Chatelaine," and "Modern Romances" (U.S.), a few more poems; and am trying to finish another novel, which I had hoped to finish last winter.

Small Canadian houses are not built for privacy (a furnace would help!), and we still have two children in high school—a husband who goes to work at the time they come home! The moral of this is, to those alike handicapped: just keep right on going. Some day you may have regular hours and no interruptions.

THE COUNTRYWOMAN

Continued from page 83

into sections for unanswered letters, cancelled cheques and similar items. In fact a drawer may be so constructed that bills, receipts and other papers can be dropped quickly into the right compartment. Or they may be put into large manila envelopes, marked clearly to indicate their contents. Having such a file, it should be gone over thoroughly once in a while to eliminate things which have become out-dated.

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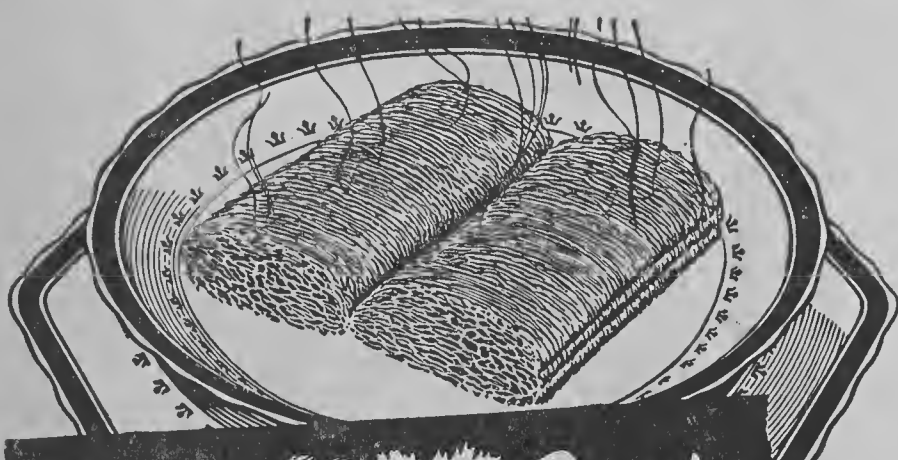
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In England Now

The effects of a trying winter on our spirits and daily occupations

By JOAN M. FAWCETT

Thursday, February 20, 1947. I have just been listening to the one o'clock weather forecast. We listen to nearly all the weather forecasts now in the hope of hearing the magic word "thaw" but so far it has only been "very cold, frost day and night, more snow." Every day it is the same and every day we hope may be the last. This very cold weather, so grey and still—we have had no sun now for twenty days—with slowly falling snow and icy winds, coupled with our acute shortage of coal, electricity and gas, has turned our lives into a series of dull workless days that go on and on in a joyless infinity. We feel and are paralyzed mentally and physically by the cold. At first I thought that it was perhaps only myself who felt this queer numbed feeling. I had had influenza and I thought that it was a result of that illness but now the influenza has worn off and after ten days of being pretty well snowed in, I have got out again and seen one or two friends in the little town nearby and I find that they all feel the same. They are all mentally and physically paralyzed with the cold. All one's energy seems to have departed. If you are a woman, you find that day after day you get up, very reluctantly, cook what is necessary for the family, then with a great effort you make yourself brave the icy rooms and passages to sweep and dust until it is time to sit over what small fire you have to knit and read. But even these pastimes you find yourself doing with only the minimum of pleasure and energy.

When you meet your friends out shopping, they say: "When this is over you must come and have lunch or tea, or we might do a cinema but it is no good asking you now; the house is like an ice house and the buses are running very late and are none too safe."

To my annoyance I have found myself quite incapable of writing or even of altering my clothes for the spring—when it comes. And our men folk are in a worse plight for they have less that they can do even than we have. My husband is reduced to taking the children for a walk every afternoon. The farmers feed their stock and milk and then sit in the kitchen and watch the important days of planting slipping by with nothing going into the ground. And as for the two million people unemployed because of the fuel cuts, they can have nothing to do at all. You meet them on the buses and in the shops, doing the shopping with their wives and looking like lost animals.

Friday 21, 1947. The bright light from the snow was reflected on the bedroom ceiling as I woke and wondered if today perhaps the thaw would begin. But now it is evening and colder than ever with more snow falling as I draw the curtains. This is the end of the second week of our fuel cut. During the first week all industry in the Midlands, the northwest and southeast and London might have no electric power or coal, then during the second week the cuts were widened to take in all England. Private people and shops were cut hard too. No one, other than hospitals and essential services such as sewage and water, may use electricity between the hours of nine a.m. and twelve or two p.m. and four. I never realized before today how little daylight creeps into shops. One shoe shop I went into had just the light that came through the glass door and all customers had to bring their purchases into this light and fumble there for their coupons and money. In the library, you were sup-

plied with a candle to go round the shelves to choose your new book.

Even our wireless programs have had to be cut and we have only one program now until six o'clock in the evening, then two instead of three, and there is no broadcasting at all between nine in the morning and twelve and between one-thirty and four in the afternoon. Daily papers continue to arrive but weekly papers and magazines are to stop publication for a fortnight to save fuel. Cinemas and theatres open only after four o'clock and are so cold that you have to sit huddled in your coat and gloves during the performance. One would be tempted to take a rug and a hot water bottle if it were possible. This evening I got a card giving the times of the church services for Lent and on the bottom was printed: "Owing to the coal shortage there will be no heating in the church for the weekday services, will you please come prepared."

I thought the roads around here a bit better today but they have been and still are very bad in places. It is not that the snow is so thick but it has frozen into ruts that would break the springs of cars and has overturned lorries and buses. In consequence the children have not been able to go on the bus to school; it would not be worth the risk of their getting injured or at best, frightened.

One of the miserable effects of this fuel cut is that it will narrow down the variety of food to be bought in the shops for some weeks to come, for there has been no manufacture of such things as biscuits and sweets during this fortnight. Also, it is said, our clothing coupons may have to last even longer than the six months for which they were issued.

It has been a long, trying winter and this crisis coming at the end of it is trying us very high. If we knew when it was coming to an end it would be easier to bear, we should at least then have the satisfaction of crossing off the days on a calendar. As it is the endless snow and dreariness are getting on everybody's nerves. It takes it out of you being cold day after day.

Saturday, February 22, 1947. What a grouse I had yesterday! But it is lovely to have someone to moan to who will not at once expect you to listen to their moan—burst pipes, sick children and empty larders—in return. Just as it is one of the bright spots that we can hear all about our Royal Family in South Africa enjoying hot sun and good food, wine and flowers. It makes it better somehow to know that they are spared this, who have borne so much with us during the war. And we seem to get a whiff of sunshine ourselves too in those broadcasts. Now we hear too that electricity is to be restored to industry in the Midlands on Monday. So far there is none for anyone else but perhaps it is a beginning of the end of our austerity. Some of the works in the Midlands say they can't start working without more coal than the thirty per cent promised them but if even a few can get going it means a few less people idle and a few more things being manufactured for export!

No window is complete without proper blinds. Only shades of green or cream are available at the present time, but they are inexpensive and useful besides being very simple to keep clean. Old rollers in good condition could be recovered in materials to match the drapes, in a plain color to go with the general color scheme, or in plain factory cotton.

Spring Cleaning Your Skin

Thorough cleansing is a real complexion beautifier

By LORETTA MILLER



Lovely Diana Lynn, Paramount star, uses a light touch of makeup.

ONE of the most stubborn of all skin troubles is a combination of oiliness, large pores and blackheads. This triple-threat to the complexion requires a three-fold or triple corrective routine: Thorough and correct cleansing of the skin at least twice each day; careful use of cosmetics, as well as cleanliness of everything that touches the skin, and, a balanced and well disciplined diet.

The first step in this spring cleaning routine is thorough cleansing. Have a clean washcloth, wring it out in hot water, rub your soap over it and literally scrub your face. Have the washcloth wet enough to make a lather, but not too wet or it will drip. Remove all surface soil with the lathered washcloth then rinse off all soap.

Next, if you have a complexion brush, moisten it with hot water, rub it over your soap, then scrub over and over your face. Scrub upward and outward over your chin, cheeks and temples; in a circular movement over your nose and forehead. Scrub lightly the first few times until your skin becomes accustomed to this robust cleansing method. All soap should be rinsed off with warm, then liberal dashings of very cold water. As soon as circulation has been stimulated, you will notice a tingling sensation and your skin will be pink and glowing. The skin may feel a bit irritated after the first cleansing, and if so, it might be well to go more gently in the future. If you do not have a complexion brush, a man's shaving brush may be substituted, or you may simply use your washcloth. If you do use a washcloth, try to have a rather rough or coarse one in order to scrub the skin and stir up circulation.

After rinsing the skin with lots of cold water, pat it dry. Then as a facial mask which also has a tendency to refine the pores and do away with oiliness, make and use this eggwhite and rosewater blend: Place the unbeaten white of an egg in a small bottle and to it add two tablespoonfuls of rosewater. Cork the bottle and shake it ever so lightly. Keep this mixture in a refrigerator or any cool place and it will retain its freshness for ten days. To use: Spread a thin film of the eggwhite and rosewater over your face. Try not to talk, smile, or move the muscles of your face while the mask is drying. When dry, make a second application of the mask, and when it has dried, make a third application. Let these three coatings dry and remain on for three quarters of an hour. Then wring out a washcloth in hot water, spread it mask-like over your face and

gently remove all eggwhite and rosewater. Repeat the thorough scrubbing morning and night, but apply the egg and rosewater mask once each day.

If you prefer another type of "astringent," I suggest you follow the daily cleansings with a mixture of lemon juice and water. Squeeze the juice of half a lemon and strain it through a fine sieve or double layer of gauze and add the juice to one-half cup of water which has been boiled. (The water should be boiled before measuring.) Place the lemon and water in a bottle and keep corked when not in use. This liquid should be applied with a little piece of cotton, and will undoubtedly cause a slight stinging. If the stinging is uncomfortable, however, a little more water may be added to the lemon juice. This liquid may be used once each day. Its application may remain on all night, or, if applied during the day, it may be rinsed off after half an hour.

Witchhazel, bay rum, and of course any of the splendid tonics, astringents or regular skin lotions may be used in place of the home-made preparations. Those purchased in your local stores are accompanied by detailed directions for using. Be sure to follow all directions carefully.

Whether or not one should ever remove a blackhead or pore impurity is entirely up to the individual. However, if you are going to force the impurity from the pores, by all means follow correct procedure or you may cause further irritation. First cleanse the skin, rinse off all soap, and "steam" your face. That is, wring out your washcloth, or a clean one, in very hot water and place it over the area of skin to be "treated." Use three or four hot compresses. Then cover the fingertips with a clean kerchief or tissue and gently press out the blackhead. See that your fingertips, especially your nail tips are protected in order not to break through or irritate the skin. When you have forced out the blackhead, place another hot compress over the spot for a few seconds.

Don't make a practice of fussing with the skin every day or you will have it most unattractive and irritated. Make a thorough job of cleansing every day, and of removing pore impurities every ten days or two weeks.

The external care of the skin is only half of the complete routine that does away with unattractive complexion. The other half, which is equally important, is a corrective diet. And although the diet is simple, you may find it a bit difficult to follow. You'll have to discipline yourself and be firm when, perhaps, your favorite foods must be refused. Here, in a nutshell, is the diet that does wonders for the complexion and will, at the same time, trim off unwanted pounds: Avoid an abundance of over-rich, greasy, fried and starchy foods. Eat liberally of salads, fruits, and either boiled, broiled or roasted meats. Drink enough water to flush the system and get plenty of fresh air and exercise. Exercise is important because it keeps circulation normal. Get your full share of sleep each night.

Powder and rouge puffs, washcloths, towels, and, very important, your fingers, must not touch your skin unless they are very clean. Soil put on the skin may find its way into a pore to help form an ugly blackhead. Shampoo your hair every ten days or two weeks, or just as soon as it appears the least bit soiled. Put all these suggestions together, follow them faithfully and thoroughly and you'll have a soft, smooth skin to be proud of.

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46 G

VOTE OF CONFIDENCE

Continued from page 12

stuffed animals and cartoons and pen-nants, scattered books and clothes. She picked a sweater from the floor and straightened the scuffed loafers beside the bed. Suppose it were her appendix. That was a simple thing now. And yet . . .

"I would feel safer with Dr. May," her mother said heavily.

Gerry closed the door softly behind her. "When there were three doctors here, Dr. May never did more operating than he could help," she said. "Bruce was the one. Look, I'll call Uncle Harry long distance in the morning. Bruce worked with him at the General for several months before he came down here."

"If my brother is satisfied . . ." Her mother's plump form disappeared inside her room, the door closed, her slippers went flap, flap on the floor, her light went click, each sound denoting rebuke.

GERRY went into her own room, sat down before the mirror. "Why do you have to have red hair and get mad with your mother?" she said to her reflection. "Why are you so stubborn about Bruce?" There was no answer to that. The house was quiet, and she lay still in her bed, but she could not sleep.

She was able to telephone her uncle in the morning before Dot awakened to be violently sick. Uncle Harry's answer had been reassuring enough. There was only her mother's disapproval that filled the house like smoke.

Her hand trembling on the receiver, she rang up Bruce. Then she found relief in action, straightened the living room, put on coffee, made toast. The doctor's car reached the door as she was setting out cups and saucers.

It did not take him long to decide what to do. "I'll take her right along to hospital now," he said. "You can bring anything she needs later. I guess you figured it was her appendix."

She nodded, not trusting herself to speak.

"Mrs. Moore not up yet?"

"She—she's dressing," Gerry felt horribly guilty now, with him in the house and Dot in his charge; her conscience was disorganized.

"Well, either of you could come to hospital for a minute, about eleven, if you want. Saturday, isn't it?"

She was glad he had noticed it was not a school day. Men so seldom noticed times and seasons. "Thanks. I'll come. Unless Mother . . ."

She was following him along the passage, Dot, blanketed, in his arms, when Mrs. Moore popped out of her room. "Good morning, Doctor," she said dubiously, her eyes cold as a sea gull's. "You are taking my daughter to the hospital?"

In her regard was the essence of so many that had been directed at him since he returned to Meadows, an interested suspicion. His face stiffened to meet it.

"Nothing else for it, I'm afraid. It'll soon be all over, won't it, Dot?"

"I hope so," quavered the little girl. "I hope so, too."

Gerry tried to put her own trust into the look she gave him. She squeezed Dot's hanging hand.

"Nothing to worry about, I give you my word." His dark eyes were as steady as her mother's coldness.

Steadfast, Gerry thought. That is the word. That is what he must keep. Nothing must break it. Nothing must wear it away. That is one of the things that

women are for, to believe in men. Suppose he had gone away without a ring and a promise to hold her, this was more important than what he meant to her. She felt exalted for a moment, as if she held a little corner of his fate in her hands.

The car left. The house was immediately silent. Gerry and her mother drank their coffee and fingered bits of toast.

"You should eat a boiled egg," said Mrs. Moore severely. The girl laughed and the tension cracked. Whenever they were going on a trip, whenever there was something special afoot, her mother always said that. Gerry detested boiled eggs first thing in the morning.

The next two hours spun themselves out like a long piece of dead elastic. She tried to stop herself looking at the clock. Her mother sighed heavily, at intervals of fifteen minutes or so. She said, as if the waiting were thrust upon her, that she would wait to see Dot until the afternoon.

Ten fifteen and she could dress. Ten thirty and she could go, if she walked slowly, and went to the Post Office first to see if there was any mail. Gerry went out of the disquieting atmosphere of the house, her heart caught in her throat, into the marvellous release of a crisp winter morning. One should always get outside, she thought, whenever there was friction between close people within the walls of a house. Everything aired was partially evaporated.

The still air steadied her, slowed the urgency of her steps. The sun was melting the burdens of snow carried by the patient pines, as she left the cluster of frame houses and took the road to the hospital. She wished she had not even phoned Uncle Harry, but that was for her mother's sake. There was no reason for her to clench her hands inside the pockets of her fur coat as she went up the hospital steps and looked about her for information.

A nurse came up to her with the cool impersonal smile that is part of training. "You were looking for someone?" Her eyebrows signified that it was not a visiting hour. Gerry felt suddenly young and vulnerable in the impenetrable atmosphere of suffering.

"Dr. Carlton said I could see my sister, Dorothy Moore, as soon as she had her operation."

"Oh yes, just go upstairs and one of the Sisters will take care of you."

More stairs leading into a smell of ether and the human instinct of apprehension. A short round-faced Sister in the grey of her Order under her large white apron, carrying a bundled baby easily on either arm, met her in the corridor with an encouraging smile. "Just a minute till I put these young men to bed," she said.

Gerry felt better. There is a difference between a profession and a vocation, she thought. There is something in personality which has nothing to do with songs and Salome. Bruce was a real doctor: all her thinking swerved in his direction.

"Now," said the Sister returning with a radiant smile, "Everything's all right but they were a little longer than they expected. Sit down in the doctors' room. She'll be out in a few minutes."

"She didn't have a general anesthetic, did she? The smell . . ."

"Oh, that's our general ether smell." The Sister laughed like a pleased child. "Two babies during the night. Such beauties! Eight and nine pounds. Can you imagine that?"

Gerry could not imagine anything at the moment except Dot, unconscious beyond walls, and Bruce perhaps bending over her; but she tried to pretend delight in the weight of strange infants. She sat on the edge of the couch in the doctors' sitting room, her violet eyes wide, her hands clasped in her lap. She looked at a crucifix over the door, a

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telephone on the table, an alcove with a wash bowl, and a pile of magazines exuding the treacherous air they have in such circumstances.

DOORS opened. Voices were approaching. That was Dr. May's: "Congratulations, Doctor. Very neat piece of work." He came in, pulling at his gown, a short paunchy man with a clipped moustache and manner. He nodded to Gerry, but her eyes were on Bruce, following. His own were grave, unsmiling, and before he spoke the phone rang at her elbow. She took it mechanically.

The Sister came forward to take the message. "It's my mother," said the girl quickly. "Yes, Mother, it's all over and everything's fine. I'll be home in a few minutes."

They looked at her curiously, as she set down the receiver. Her hand was shaking. "Well, it is all right, isn't it?" she said.

"Well, it will be, I think," Bruce spoke carefully, and as if to a stranger. "It had ruptured. I had to put a tube in. But there's very little danger now. Don't let your mother worry if you can help it. Take a look at Dot if you want. They're just wheeling her back. Then I'll drive you home."

The last four words came out of the past, warm with remembrance, and he smiled then almost as he used to on the brief bright occasions when they had been out together before the war: in his car, skiing, skating at the rink, and once to that dance in the country when they had been closest of all.

Gerry walked down the corridor, looked in at her sister, the fair hair curled damply about the pale face, bedclothes pulled up close to the sharp little chin. Dot opened her eyes, "Hi, Gerry," she said. "I'm O.K. Tell Mum I'm O.K."

"Fine, pet," Gerry looked at the Sister's serene face. What is faith, she wondered. Dot would be all right if Bruce said so. Life seemed to flow back into her, relaxing her limbs.

Outside, in the cold sunlight, was Bruce's little blue car waiting. "Hop in," he said.

As the car started, Gerry's tears started. She reached wildly for her handkerchief.

"Quite inadequate," he said. "Take the one in my side pocket."

"I don't usually cry." She fumbled for it.

"I guess, in a small family, the young one is mighty important."

"It's not just that."

"Maybe I can guess."

"Oh, please don't think that we . . ." she floundered. She told herself she might have known it could be a bad case. The large soft handkerchief smelt slightly of tobacco. Her thoughts went round and round.

"How about going for a drive tomorrow?" His deep voice laid itself quietly on a confused silence.

"That would be fine. Do I look dreadful?"

"You'll look better in an hour or so." "You do stick to the truth, don't you?"

"I try to. We don't always know."

She turned and ran quickly up the cement walk. Her mother was at the porch door. She looked at her daughter's red eyes. "Dot was bad, wasn't she?" she began accusingly. "I knew it wouldn't be one of these nothing-at-all cases they advertise."

"She'll be all right. You can go up yourself this afternoon."

"I certainly will, and I'll talk to the Sister Superior. You can never trust these young doctors. Why, Mrs. Parker was telling me, only last Wednesday—no, it must have been Thursday, because I was on my way to the ladies' aid meeting . . ."

Gerry did not wait till her mother

disentangled whatever it was Mrs. Parker had said. She went up to her own room, pushed the door to gently, sat down on her bed and dropped her face to her hands. "Help me to keep on believing," she whispered.

But Sunday was a dreadful day, and there was no thought of driving. Dot was very ill indeed, running a high temperature. Bruce was just a doctor, very serious, withdrawn into himself. He spoke of peritonitis, infection . . . she didn't pay much attention to the words. She had never seen anyone belonging to her suffer physically before.

As they were leaving the hospital, late that evening, Bruce offered them a lift, looking wearily at Gerry as he spoke.

Mrs. Moore turned on him. "I would prefer to walk," she said grimly. "If it had not been for Gerry's foolish desire to involve you in our affairs, our little girl might be on the road to recovery. As it is, if anything happens to Dot, I will see that people realize how dangerous a bungling surgeon can be."

"Oh, Mother!" The cry was wrung from Gerry's heart. "Not this, surely!"

Bruce turned white, opened his mouth, closed it tightly, shouldered into his overcoat, and went quickly down the steps.

The two women walked home in silence.

That night was the longest Gerry had ever known, and the next day was almost as bad. She walked straight up to the hospital from school. Her mother was sitting by Dot's bed, looking like the last of the three Fates. Quite suddenly, some of the soreness went out of Gerry's heart: she realized that life could never be as hard on her as on people like her mother.

Dot herself lay quiet. She smiled at Gerry, managed a feeble monosyllable; and the girl did not like to ask any questions. She kissed her sister, and said gently: "I'll go home and get some supper ready, Mother," and went out into the lonely grey dusk. A wet snow was falling. It clung to her cheeks.

Mrs. Moore did not come home. Gerry ate a little herself, and then went out again, a scarf over her bright hair. As she looked down Main Street, she saw a light burning in Dr. Carlton's office. Her heart went out to him.

WHATEVER happened, he must not feel that they—both of them—blamed him.

She walked fast. She was there in too short a time to think what she should say. The outer office was empty, bare and dreary under a dim light. The inner door opened and Bruce's head came out, his dark eyes tired, his hair rumpled. "Gerry! Something wrong?"

She couldn't begin. She just looked at him.

"You're worried about Dot. But every-

thing's going better today. Didn't the Sister tell you?"

"Oh, I'm . . . glad. It wasn't Dot exactly. I thought you . . . well, you needed to have things go right . . . so you'd feel better about working here. People . . ." Why couldn't she talk properly? She usually talked quickly enough.

He smiled slowly. "I'll tell you something," he said. "Dr. May had to leave town today, and I'm taking over his work for a couple of days. Got a nasty compound fracture to do tomorrow. But he . . . well, he said he had every confidence in me. He didn't like my leaving him you know; but I think everything's going to be all right."

He sat down on the edge of the desk. "The other thing," he said, "the thing that has kept me away from you . . ."

"You don't have to tell me," she began.

"I want to. There isn't much to it. We had a batch of men from the front line and one of our doctors had just died so we were more short handed than usual. I hadn't slept for three nights. It was like working in a nightmare. They brought me a man who was dying from a shot through the brain, and his arm was broken. I fixed his arm, because it was the first thing I noticed, not knowing what was what till he died. It didn't make any difference. Nothing could have saved him. But I felt that I might fail some time to see something of the utmost importance. I did have a sort of breakdown a little while after that. For a long time, I used to wake up sweating in the night . . ."

He looked at her and his eyes softened. "It was wonderful of you to come to me like this, to help me. And after I had kept you waiting so long, because I could not be sure of myself. Oh, Gerry, my darling girl . . ."

At long last, as it seemed to her, he left the desk and pulled her out of her chair, held her close to him, his lips against her shining hair.

"Nothing matters, if you believe in me," he said.

Crowned Barley King

AS this issue of The Guide goes to press, George C. Elias, 32-year-old farmer of Haskett, Man., is announced first prize winner in the National Barley Contest staged by the maltsters and brewers. He was handed a \$1,000 cheque by Hon. J. G. Gardiner at Brandon Fair in a colorful ceremony at which the official announcement was made. There were nearly 1,250 competitors in this contest which called for car lot entries. The other winners were Geo. W. Johnson, Red Deer, Alta., \$500; Donald Bradley, Portage la Prairie, Man., \$300; and John A. Wylie, Norquay, Sask., \$200.



Floyd Munson and his sister Mrs. C. T. Styles of Oneway, Alta., with a snowy owl whose last act was to frighten a flock of turkeys. This bird had a wing spread of fifty inches.

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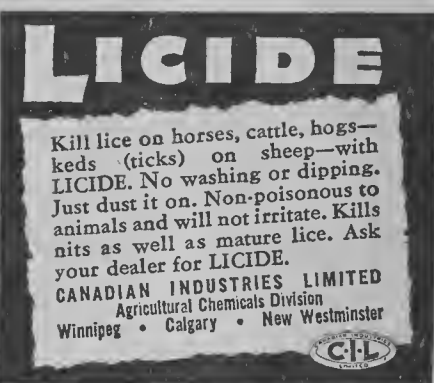


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Russian Colored Cotton

FROM the Soviet All-Union Cotton Cultivation Research Institute comes word that cotton fibres of brown, red and green colors are being grown experimentally. Such naturally colored fibres are said to fade less than white fibres artificially dyed and, owing to the amount of waxy and fatty matter they contain, resist decay better.

The brown color is caused in nature by the oxidation of a substance related to tannin and called catechol, which, when combined with iron, copper and chromium salts, gives a color fully equal to the best artificial dyes. Catechol makes it possible to vary the color. In the Turkmenian Soviet Republic, I. Maximenko, a research worker, has developed one plant with green fibres, by crossing Russian, American and Egyptian types. Careful selection has developed shades of color previously unknown in nature. The green color in this case is not chlorophyll and is easily changed. Excess moisture in the soil produces a very dark green, and the lack of moisture a lighter green. These green fibres, however, are said to be naturally weak and the yield small, but the varieties of brown colored cotton fibres previously referred to, ripen fairly early and yield reasonably well.

Hybrid Corn Takes Over

IN 1933, only one acre of corn in a thousand acres planted in the United States, was planted to hybrid corn. By 1939, one acre in four, or 25 per cent was hybrid corn. By 1943, the proportion had increased to one acre of hybrid corn for every two acres in all field corn; and for the seven years 1937-1944, the increase in hybrids was nearly seven million acres per year. This year in the United States, 67.5 per cent of all field corn, or two acres out of every three were planted with hybrid seed.

Nearly seven-eighths of the hybrid acreage is in the north central States. Iowa's huge corn acreage is practically 100 per cent hybrid. Illinois and Indiana, 99 per cent; Ohio, 97 per cent; Minnesota, 94 per cent; Wisconsin, 92 per cent; Missouri, 91 per cent. Yields are higher in the corn belt, so that the United States Department of Agriculture believes that approximately four-fifths of all corn production in the United States this year will be grown from hybrid seed.



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Community Nests for Laying Hens

A little ingenuity has produced a type of nest that will overcome a lot of troubles that make their appearance felt in the heavy laying season

R. M. Blakely, Dominion Experimental Station, Swift Current, Sask.

NESTS which are found in poultry houses throughout the country are many and varied. They range all the way from apple boxes tacked to the wall or orange boxes set in tiers to elaborate single compartment nests built according to various available plans. Whatever the type of nest used, however, there has always been the problem of proper ease of cleaning. The small size of each nest in the single compartment type results in only one or two inches of nesting material. Crowding and fighting for possession of favored nesting compartments results in broken eggs which soil this nesting material. One broken egg may mean a dozen soiled ones within an hour. Cleaning soiled eggs takes up a good many hours in the course of a year as well as resulting in lower grades.

To overcome this problem of soiled and broken eggs and to facilitate the collecting of eggs generally, enterprising poultrymen in the United States have developed a community type of nest. Basically this consists of one large nest usually 24 inches wide and anywhere from 4 to 10 feet long. The idea behind this type of construction is that one large nest with from four to six inches of nesting material will eliminate the problem of a number of hens crowding into a single nest and fighting for possession.

Various types of entrances are recommended. In general, however, one entrance 8x8 inches should be used for nests up to six feet in length. Longer nests can have an entrance at each end, although reports of success with only one entrance to a long nest have been made. In general, community nests are made without a bottom. They are placed on a permanent platform (see figure No 2) so that they can be lifted off and the platform swept or scraped clean. The type of construction shown in figure No. 1 also dispenses with a back in the nest. The nesting box is placed against a wall thus eliminating the necessity for a back.

The community nest shown in figures No. 1 and No. 2 has been tried out at the Dominion Experimental Station, Swift Current, and has proven very successful. They have proven much superior to any single compartment type experienced. A study of the construc-

tion details shows that each nest is 4 feet 6 inches long by 24 inches wide. This length is preferred because of the ease of handling during cleaning. In addition this size is sufficient for small flocks up to 50 birds.

For flocks of 100 birds two sections can be placed end to end on a continuous platform. The slope of the cover has proven steep enough to prevent birds from perching on it. It will be noted that the ends are boarded vertically. This is necessary because of the backless construction.

In the type used at Swift Current, the six-inch walk in front of the entrance has been carried the full length of the platform. It is possible that this could have been reduced to a three-foot walk immediately in front of the entrance. Very few eggs have been laid directly in front of the opening. The hens have preferred the darker ends. This suggests that a piece of sacking hung part way down the entrance would further darken the nests and make them more acceptable.

A few observations on the results of the use of these nests are given below:

1. Dirty eggs have been reduced to a minimum.
 2. Broken eggs are almost non-existent.
 3. The gathering of eggs is greatly facilitated.
 4. Changing nesting material is the work of only a few minutes.
 5. As many as eight hens have been observed sitting visiting at one time in a 4-foot 6-inch nest.
 6. The large amount of nesting material provides a door mat, in front of the entrance, for hens with dirty feet.
 7. In laying houses which become overheated during the summer it may be necessary to draw the nest forward a half-inch to provide a circulation of air within the nest.
 8. The actual nest is 6 inches deep and should be kept well filled with nesting material at all times.
 9. The nesting materials recommended are, shavings, sawdust or cut straw.
 10. Nests, platform and wall behind the nests should be painted with creosote for mite control.
- Plans for the construction of these nests are available on request from the Dominion Experimental Station, Swift Current, Saskatchewan.

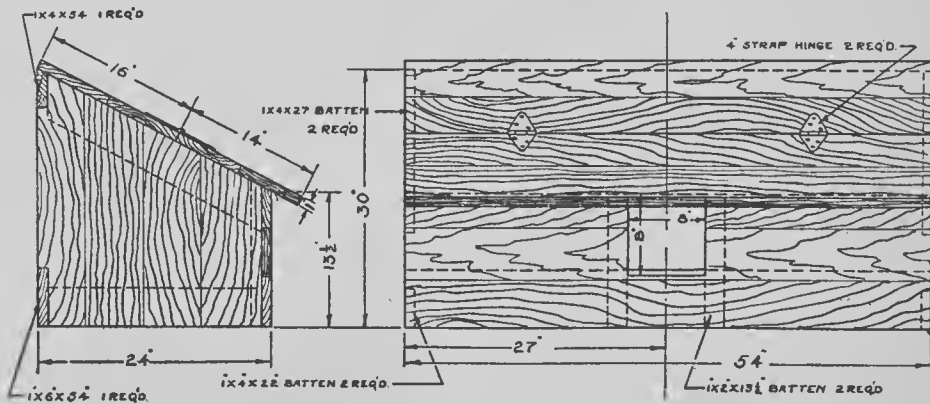


Figure No. 1. Construction details for the Community Nesting Box.

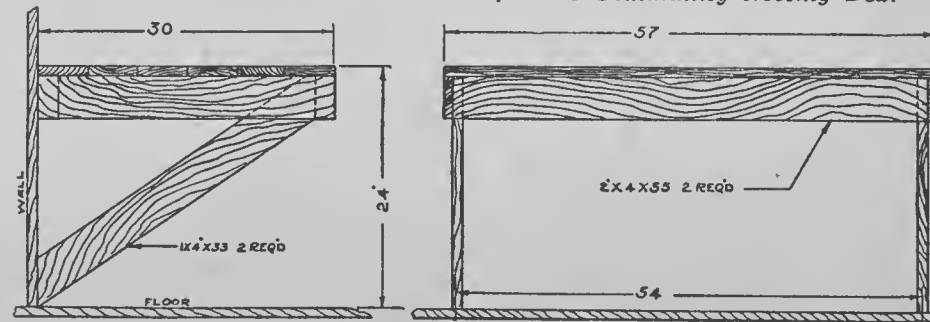


Figure No. 2. Construction details for the platform for Community Nesting Box.

The Country Boy and Girl

Honey Bunny's Easter Bonnet

By Mary E. Grannan

LITTLE Miss Honey Bunny had made up her mind. She was going to get a new Easter bonnet. She'd never had a bonnet in all her life. Ear ribbons . . . yes . . . but never a bonnet. She had seen some beautiful ones in Madame Squirrelina's store. Her little bunny heart had gone out to a yellow straw creation. It was trimmed with red roses and had streamers of bright green. It was expensive, but Miss Honey Bunny had been saving all winter for this occasion. She went down to the hat shop.

"Good morning, Miss Honey Bunny," said Madame Squirrelina. "Have you come for some new ear ribbons? I have just opened a box of ribbons that came in this morning. There's some deep rose velvet here that will blend beautifully with your pink eyes, and white coat."

"Thank you, Madame Squirrelina," said Honey Bunny. "But I don't wish any ear ribbons today. I came to buy a bonnet."

"A bonnet, Miss Honey Bunny," said the milliner in surprise. "But my dear Miss Honey, you're joking. You don't wish a bonnet. But perhaps a little pillbox hat? I have a very dainty creation in pale lavender, with the most attractive forget-me-not trim. It will set right between your long ears and look very fetching."

Miss Honey Bunny's face carried a look of annoyance. "I said, Madame Squirrelina, I wanted a bonnet. I want to try on the yellow straw one in the window . . . the bonnet with the red roses and green streamers."

"You may try it on of course, Miss Honey Bunny. But I advise against it," said Madame Squirrelina.

"I'm not asking your advice, Madame," said Honey Bunny indignantly. "May I try the bonnet?"

The milliner brought the beautiful bonnet from the window, and Miss Honey Bunny tried it on. It was most becoming. Her ears fitted neatly into the tall crown. The wide brim cast a golden glow on her little face. "You see, Madame Squirrelina, it does look well on me," she said to the milliner.

"Yes, my dear, it does. I knew it would. I was thinking of your safety when I advised against it. You need your ears and your eyes, any rabbit does. This bonnet covers your ears, and gives you only a front view of what is going on about you. I have heard that there is a fox in the woods near by, and I do think it rather unwise to run yourself into danger because a bonnet looks well on you."

"Madame Squirrelina, I can look after myself. I will have the bonnet please," said Honey Bunny.

Madame Squirrelina sighed, shook her head and boxed the bonnet. The vain little rabbit hurried home with it. She was so pleased with her purchase she forgot completely about what Madame Squirrelina said about the fox. The next day was fine. Miss Honey Bunny brushed her white coat, put on her new bonnet and started off. She was going to call on all her friends so that they might see how lovely she looked. She crossed the south pasture, seeing only the things in front of her. She could not see the sharp eyes of the slinking fox watching her from the alder bushes. She did not see him as he leaped out at her. But she screamed loudly as he dumped her, new bonnet and all into a sack and slunk away with her.

That might have been the end of Miss Honey Bunny. But it wasn't. Madame Squirrelina, sure something like this was going to happen, had asked the

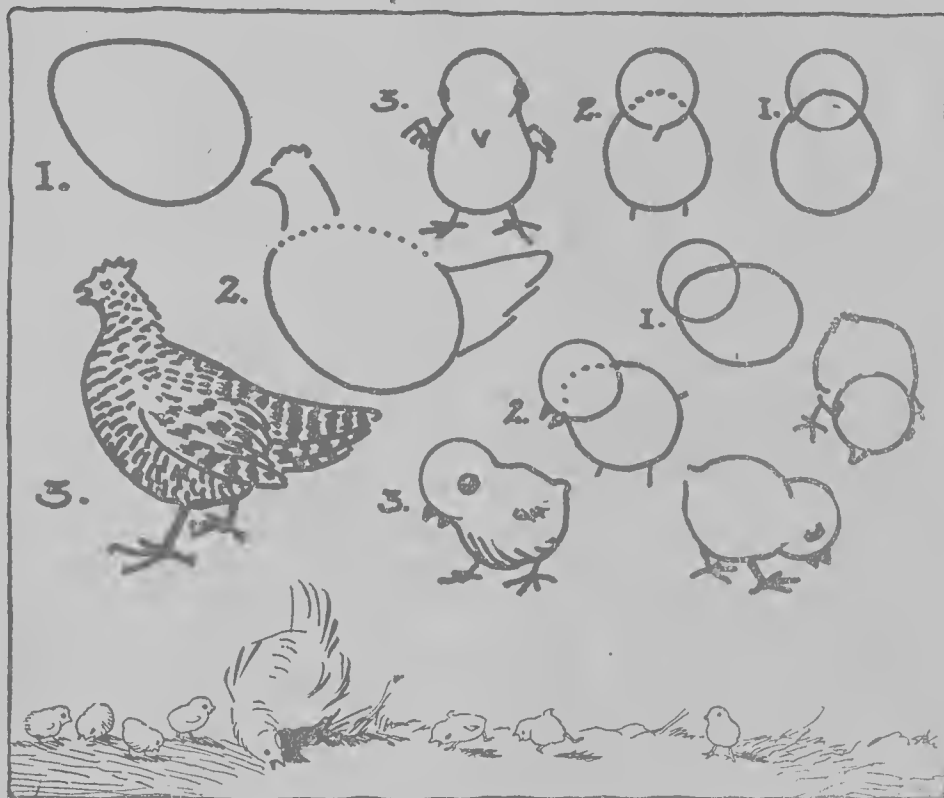


"For happiness it seems to me
A robin is the thing to be."

"**CHEER-UP! Cheer-up!**" What a thrill of pleasure for any girl or boy to see the first robin in the spring. Our robins are very sociable birds who build their nests near buildings and who like nothing better than a farmyard with horses and chickens and pigs around. Have you noticed robins fighting in the spring? A male robin comes to a certain territory and sings to announce to the world that he owns this place. He will fight off any male robin who tries to come into his territory. When he takes a mate then the two of them together fight to hold their land. Have you noticed that one robin may build its nest on the north side of a house and claim the area on that side while another robin builds on the south side and patrols the territory there, but never will they both build on the same side of a building.

Plenty of chicks are appearing on your farm these days and now is the time for you to begin drawing them. The chicken comes from an egg so you can begin with an egg shape when drawing the hen. Follow these easy steps shown to draw the hen and chicks together.

Ann Sankey



neighboring farmer's dog, to keep an eye on Honey. He saw what happened and made quick work of the fox. A frightened and shamed face little Miss Honey Bunny went back to the millinery shop.

"I . . . I'll have two ear ribbons of deep rose please, Madame Squirrelina," she said.

"Yes, Miss Honey Bunny. Anything else?" asked the milliner.

"Yes. Thank you for saving me. You knew best. I was very silly," said the little rabbit.

"Oh, we all are, about hats," said Madame Squirrelina. "Hats are the silliest things."

Your Personal History

PREPARE a copy of this questionnaire for each guest at your party. You will have fun reading aloud the answers given and each one present will feel important for a few minutes.

1. Who are you?
2. Where do you live?
3. What is your occupation?
4. Where do you spend your vacation?
5. What is your worst fault?
6. Whom do you love?
7. How late do you stay out at night?
8. What is your favorite amusement?
9. If not yourself whom would you rather be?
10. Why?

To the first question each one writes her own name. The others are answered by words that begin with the same letters that the names do. For example, Who are you? Joan Marcus. Where do you live? Jonesville, Manitoba. What do you do? Juggle Matches. Each one writes her own history.

What Do You Want To Be?

A Career With a Camera

HAVE you a small camera now or the prospect of receiving one? If so you can start right in to take pictures with an eye towards the kind of pictures that sell, for photography is one profession where you can "earn while you learn." One seventeen-year-old boy has sold more than 150 photographs as well as a cover picture for a magazine. Just glance through any newspaper or magazine and note the many illustrations used for stories and by advertisers to sell their products.

What will you photograph? Follow your interests—if you like animals, photograph them, if you are interested in birds try photographing them on their nests or perching in the sunlight. A poem or story which could be illustrated with a photo of your own arranging would make interesting work. Look through the pages of a dozen or so issues of several magazines and study the types of photography they use, then try to supply that market. When you have four or five pictures that seem suitable write short descriptive headings for them and send them in to the editor, enclosing postage for their return should they fail to hit the mark. A series of pictures that tell a story, if they are good, should find a ready market. Ideas for pictures are all around you and with practice you will develop a "nose for pictures." Avoid stiff unnatural poses, let every picture be lifelike and interesting.

Up to this point your camera work has been a hobby. What can you expect

to do in the way of using your camera to make a living? Newspapers and news-picture agencies employ a large staff of photographers. Their work is to photograph every type of news from weddings to parades and court cases, they lead an unsettled but interesting life and get an opportunity to see and do things which are beyond our everyday life. They photograph kings and gangsters, train wrecks and boat races. Their cameras are the passports to exciting events from which other people are barred.

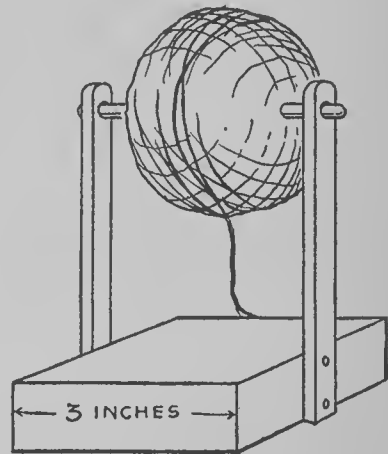
In magazine work, the photographer who can write as well as handle a camera is valuable to his newspaper. Develop your talents along this line by paying special attention to your literature and composition courses in school. Read widely if you wish to develop a good literary style.

In advertising photography is the big money for you and your camera. "One picture is worth a thousand words," is the slogan of the advertisers. This work requires a knowledge of arranging and staging articles in such an attractive manner that the public is urged to buy the article whether it be tins of soup, hams or furnaces. For this work try getting a job, no matter how small, with an advertising-photograph studio and learn the business from developing of film rolls for that is the place where you can study the shots of professionals. Enroll in a class where advertising layout is taught.

Fashion photography also pays big money, so if you like fabrics and posing and color contrasts your camera may work for you in this field. Magazines and newspapers have a ready market for carefully planned pictures of women's clothes.

Your camera and you, if skilled, may find a career with police departments, law firms, insurance companies, museums, the medical profession, explorers and airline companies. Don't forget too that many people are employed in the construction and repair of cameras, an ability to fit delicate lenses, to do research work in color photography is open to you here.

This profession is one that grows readily from a hobby, so try your luck today. Who knows, this may be the first step in your career.—A.T.



String Holder

THIS is a very handy gadget and easy to make. Take a block of smooth wood three inches square and one and one-half inches thick for the base. Nail two upright bits of wood on this. Now cut a bit off an old curtain-rod, or other small round piece of wood, three inches long, and fix it like a roller between the two uprights. A coat of bright colored enamel completes the job. To use, the string is wound around the roller.—A.T.

Ad. Index

Apart from giving Guide readers a ready reference to items advertised in this issue, the coupon below may be used to order literature, samples, etc., offered our readers, by our advertisers. Advertisers offering literature, samples, etc., are numbered at the left and these numbers should be used in the coupon. Where stamps, labels, etc., are required an "X" appears alongside the number. The ad. itself will tell you what to send.

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THE COUNTRY GUIDE, April, 1947
Winnipeg, Man.

From the items numbered I have selected the following in which I am interested in the literature, etc., offered.

Name.....

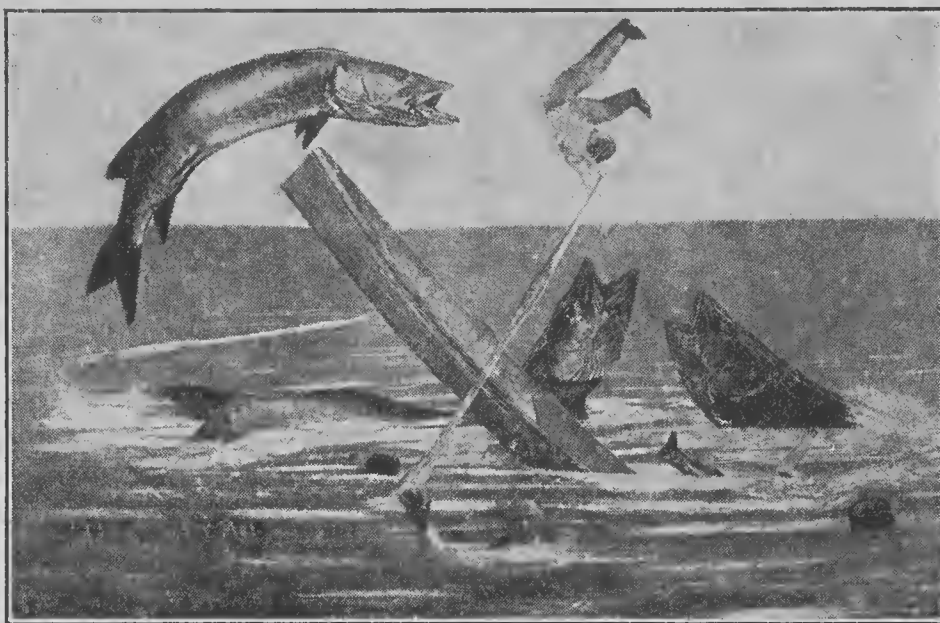
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Please print plainly.

Between Ourselves



IN spite of the picture, supplied by A. E. White, Coronach, Sask., we are not convinced. Never will we believe a fishing story again. Not since a trip we made to Gull Lake, Alta., in company with Geo. DeLong of the Lacombe Experimental Station. So far as we are concerned small fish come from fish monger shops, and large ones, like dinosaurs, are restricted to museums.

* * *

YOUR article, liberally splashed with red, on America's farm future, in the March issue is a typical politician's performance. I am sure it will make a hit with your city readers who will reach the end with silken satisfaction that all's well with the world, now that agriculture and industry both know what they have to do to prevent an economic depression such as we had after the last war. But it doesn't require much perception to see the great big qualifying "if" which Mr. Anderson cleverly concealed near the tail end of the article. There is no use kidding ourselves as to the part industry will play in any coming economic dislocation. Agriculture will be left holding the bag, as before.—COLIN McLEOD, Medicine Hat.

* * *

WE do not know what you think of the story, Big Red, but we are confident that you will O.K. the illustrations that appear with it. Seldom have story and illustrator been better adapted to one another. Clarence Tilenius is really having a field day. Each instalment enables him to draw a different wild animal. His one regret is that the story does not go on indefinitely to enable him to depict the whole fauna of western Canada. Clarence is a little lucky in the availability of models. He lives not far from the big Hudson's Bay Fur Farm, whose manager, W. O. Douglas, has accorded him some rare privileges. The next instalment of the story calls for the picture of a fisher. Mr. Douglas has in captivity a fisher which for size and ferocity must surely be the daddy of them all. Between the same covers which carry Mr. Tilenius's picture we will publish a dramatic experience which a keeper had with the same animal. Watch for it.

* * *

WE do not know how Harry J. Boyle's little farm skits strike our readers but we think as a rural philosopher he ranks among the best. Although he is now on the staff of C.B.C. in Toronto he must have spent many years in Ontario farm houses to acquire the sureness with which he handles scenes like those on page 65 of this issue, dealing with the hired men of his acquaint-

ance. Perhaps somewhere in the world there is someone with a gifted pen who can tell the other side of the story, somebody who has spent years as a hired man and can speak with as much restrained good humor and objectivity of the bosses for whom he has worked. If there is we shall find some space for him in The Guide. Have we any takers?

* * *

I TOOK the advice of The Guide and went to see the Australian picture show, The Overlanders. It is as good as you promised. But why don't we in Canada publicize some of the similar feats which have been carried out in Canada? Why not invite the English producer Harry Watt to come here and re-create Pat Burn's overland journey with cattle to the Yukon during the Klondike gold rush? Dean Grant MacEwan has been saying some pertinent things lately about the drama of the development of the Canadian West. Let's hear some of it through The Guide.—SYBIL THATCHER, St. Vital, Man.

* * *

WE'LL draw the curtain aside a bit for you to see one incessant struggle which goes on in every magazine publishing office. Because of the high reader interest in magazine pages, which have a longer reading life than those of daily papers, all manner of people are forever trying to get "plugs" in reading columns to boost something they have to sell, or some cause with which they are connected. The ABC Co. want an editorial reference to a slight price reduction in their product. The DEF Co. are celebrating their 100th anniversary and feel sure readers will forsake fiction to read a column devoted to their past. The GHI Co. have won a long and bitter strike against employees in one of their mills and want to share their rejoicing with their reading public. The KLM Co. are marketing a tractor adjustment billed as new but embodying a principle which is 20 years old. Nevertheless, they regard it as "hot news." The NOP Society want to appeal for funds to promote the reading of Hansard. We have no criticism of these aims or achievements. Some of them are very praiseworthy. But publishers feel that the general public is not likely to be as much impressed as the sponsors believe. They know that survival for the publication depends on providing impartial reading matter, attractively written, with a wide appeal, and which will never lessen the confidence of the reader in his publication. Magazine columns remain valuable only to the extent "plugs" are refused. Having said "No" to an unusual number of applicants this month we cannot resist coming to our readers for a pat on the back.

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APRIL, 1947.

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